

# Cosmopolitan



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# COSMOPOLITAN

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## *Sic Transit Caesar*

By Herbert Kaufman

**P**REDACIOUS nations are destroyed by the forces they pervert.  
The energy and vitality squandered upon victory exhaust  
governing and constructive strength.

Peoples cannot live for territorial aggrandizement without neglecting progressive urges.

Idealism and education mark time while armies march.

Polemical profits are canceled by civil losses.

We were designed to vanquish darkness, to enslave spaces, to  
invade horizons, to subdue beast and barbarity—to humble moun-  
tains, not neighbors.

Skill, imagination, and humanity—the cog-wheel, the dynamo,  
and the propeller—these alone shall have and hold.

Egypt is a shabby sexton of splendid tombs. Scythia and Baby-  
lon and Assyria are crumbs in history's rubbish-heap. Persia is a  
rusted hasp left from a mighty chain of dominions—Macedon, a  
weed-patch—Rome, a branchless tree. The glory that was Genghis  
Khan's and Timur's and Islam Shah's rotted with their bones.

Earth has eaten the Golden Horder. Spain is a crippled beggar  
drowsing by a broken clock. Islam hugs the last few acres of her  
Byzantine estate, and every mile Napoleon gave to France is gone.

Shishak and Pul and Cambyses and Iskander and Darius and  
Mohammed and Caesar and Nurhachu and Pizzaro and the Little  
Corsican all lost their bloody loot along the road.

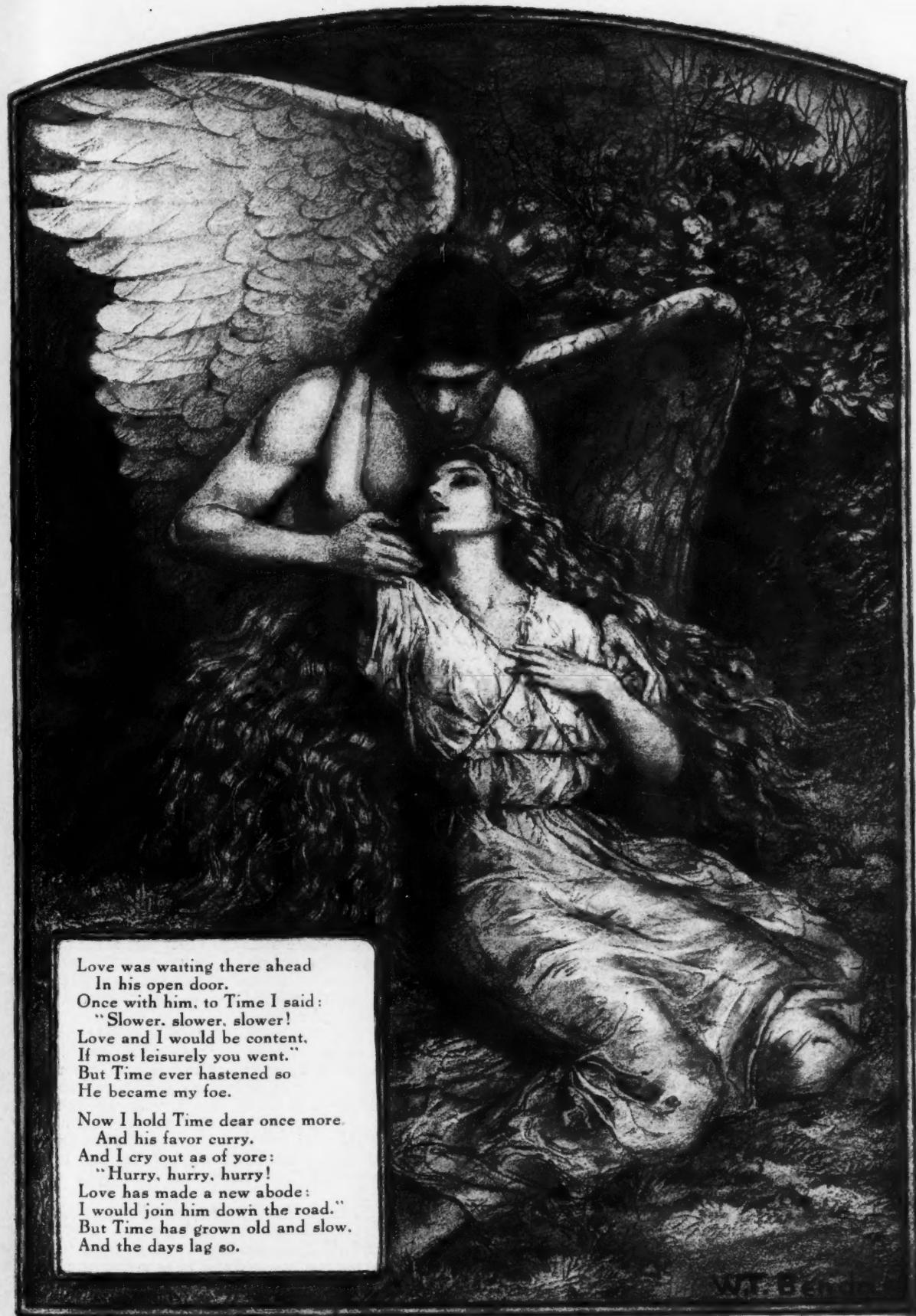
The sword-won empire ever slips from the conqueror's blade.



## TIME AND I

*By  
Ella Wheeler Wilcox  
Decoration by W.T. Benda*

TIME and I were friends long gone.  
Though he was my master.  
I would say to him each dawn:  
"Faster, faster, faster!  
Somewhere farther down the road.  
We will find fair Love's abode.  
He is waiting me, I know.  
Let us swifter go."



Love was waiting there ahead  
In his open door.  
Once with him, to Time I said:  
"Slower, slower, slower!  
Love and I would be content,  
If most leisurely you went."  
But Time ever hastened so  
He became my foe.

Now I hold Time dear once more.  
And his favor curry.  
And I cry out as of yore:  
"Hurry, hurry, hurry!  
Love has made a new abode:  
I would join him down the road."  
But Time has grown old and slow.  
And the days lag so.



"If you want to serve," the War Department had said, "why don't you fight?"

**H**E wore the uniform of a major; but the Red Cross band on his sleeve, the stoop of his shoulders, and the fact that he did not stand with his feet at right angles to each other proved that he was nothing of the kind. The uniform was his by courtesy of the War Department. It helped him to get swift access to the dead, and to those who could tell him how they had died.

The War Department had not wished to give him the uniform or any other privileges whatever. "If you want to serve," the War Department had said, "why don't you fight?" The War Department had said this not only with reference to Locksley but to the nineteen other young men for whom the Red Cross had asked uniforms and privileges.

"What's the idea, anyhow?" the War Department had said. And the Red Cross, a Harvard graduate with very much better manners than the War Department, had patiently explained:

"When a man is killed, one of our men will find out just how he died, and will write the facts to the man's mother or some member of his family, and make them just as comforting as he can. The men we want to send will all be trained writers—"

"Why don't they fight?" interrupted the War Department. "I can send out the death-notices. I can send out ten thousand in a night."

"Did you ever read the letter that Lincoln wrote to the mother who had lost her boys? That is the ideal our men will have before them. The other extreme is the cold-blooded and brutal notification which the department sends out. What our men succeed in doing will be somewhere in between. You merely tell a mother that her boy is dead. You don't tell her that he was going forward over the ditch when the bullet caught him, or that he was trying to rescue a friend, or that he spoke of his mother while he was dying. You don't do anything to soften the blow or make the mother proud. You simply give her a smack between the eyes and call it efficiency."

Much pressure had to be brought on the War Department before he saw the light. And it is doubtful if he ever did see it. He learned that the British Red Cross had such a system, and that the whole army and the whole of England swore by it, and finally, though grudgingly and calling himself a soft-hearted fool (under his breath), he granted the uniforms and the privileges.

# The Unsent Letter

By  
Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

Locksley had been at the front for three months. During the lulls to which the battle, which for years now has been going on between the North Sea and the Swiss border, is fortunately subject, he wrote fiction, and type-wrote it, and posted three copies (the first story he sent was blown

up by a submarine and after that he always sent three at intervals, so that one would surely reach the publishers), and supported his wife and their two children.

His wife and their children were Locksley's answer to the question: "Why don't you fight?" And they were the reason why he kept out of danger whenever it was decent to do so, and why he nursed his health and prayed that the war would end before a splinter of shell got him.

He had figured that after battles he could find out, in complete safety, who was dead, who was wounded, and who was living, that from the survivors he could get the details, that, whenever it was practical, he could see the wounded for himself, and that afterward, at some well-lighted table in some old French château, he would piece together the notes that he had taken and write his letters.

Things had turned out very differently. One of the first twenty to be sent out, he had now many men under him, one or two to every thousand soldiers, and in addition to his field-duties and his desk-duties and his duty to his family, he had many others. They were of an executive nature. If some part of the line had hit hard or been hit hard, he had to gather his investigators and writers and find transport for them and concentrate them upon that part of the line, and, though he wasn't a real major, he had as much work to do as any of the real majors, and, because of the mobile nature of his job, saw more fighting than any of them, and was quite as often under fire.

He hadn't supposed that he would be called upon to do first-aid work or stretcher work, to squirt morphine and antitoxin into the wounded, and to help carry them out of the iron rain in which they were so inconsiderate as to be lying. He hadn't supposed that, in volunteering to help the Red Cross, he was risking his life as much as, and perhaps more than, the average soldier. If he had supposed any such thing, he would never have volunteered. It would have been the height of selfishness. But there was no turning back.

"I'm here under false pretensions," he often thought, "but I'm too good a coward to back out now. I'd be Cain-marked for life. The magazines would no longer buy my fiction, and my family would just be as unsupported as if I got killed. And they'd rather starve because I was dead than because they were ashamed to bear my name."

Sometimes it made him proud to think how many letters

he had written to mothers whose boys had been killed or hurt. He had put all that was best in him into those letters. He had tried to make the mother's sacrifice seem beautiful to her. And such was his love of motherhood that twice he had swallowed his hatred of the Germans and written to two German mothers to tell them (in very bad German) how splendidly their boys had died.

These letters had been difficult to deliver; but the general having given permission, Locksley had slipped them into empty bottles, and Corporal Fagan (a major-leaguer in his day) had taken the bottles by the neck and thrown them with perfect accuracy into the nearest stretch of German trench. Usually when Fagan threw things into that trench, the things exploded, and sometimes the fragments hurt enemies, and the enemies threw explosive things back. But, on the present occasion, after a discreet interval, nothing more dangerous was returned than one of the bottles. It contained a slip of paper on which some one had written, "Danke schön."

The work fascinated Locksley when it did not appall him. He felt that it had brought him out of a deep shell into which he had half retired. There was no pleasant château to live in. Life was dour and without amenities. His fine sensibilities were often on edge. He waged steady warfare on fleas and lice. And there was never a day when he could have said, "Behold me; I am clean from head to foot!" But although he had loved, married, begotten children, and seen them born, he felt that now he was really living for the first time.

During the hour which precedes and the hour which follows daybreak, there had been a short, sharp advance over a shell-hilled terrace. The regiment which had been chiefly involved was consolidating its gains, and Locksley was on hand, running more risks than he liked, and helping to locate the dead and the wounded.

It was a terrane full of pits and subterranea. The Germans had moleled it up and down and crisscross. Out of their sheltered holes and wallows, it had been necessary to blast and prick them. During the process, certain shelter-

roofs had collapsed, destroying friend and enemy together. In areas the caved-in labyrinth would have to be explored by the Engineer Corps if it was to be explored at all. But there were other areas (from some of which groans issued) which could be explored by men with electric torches and very flat stomachs.

It was rather like pretending that you were a fox (on a large scale, of course) and that you lived in a lair that had an unusual number of exits and entrances and secret chambers.

From one of the entrances to such a place, Locksley saw emerging, with powerful twists of his big body, Private Strong. There followed Private Strong into the daybreak certain groanings and bleatings that sounded un-American in Locksley's ears.

"I was just goin' to stick him, sir," said Private Strong, "when the roof caved in and laid him by the hind legs, and now I suppose we got to try and pry him loose. I couldn't manage alone, but if you'll lend a hand, sir—"

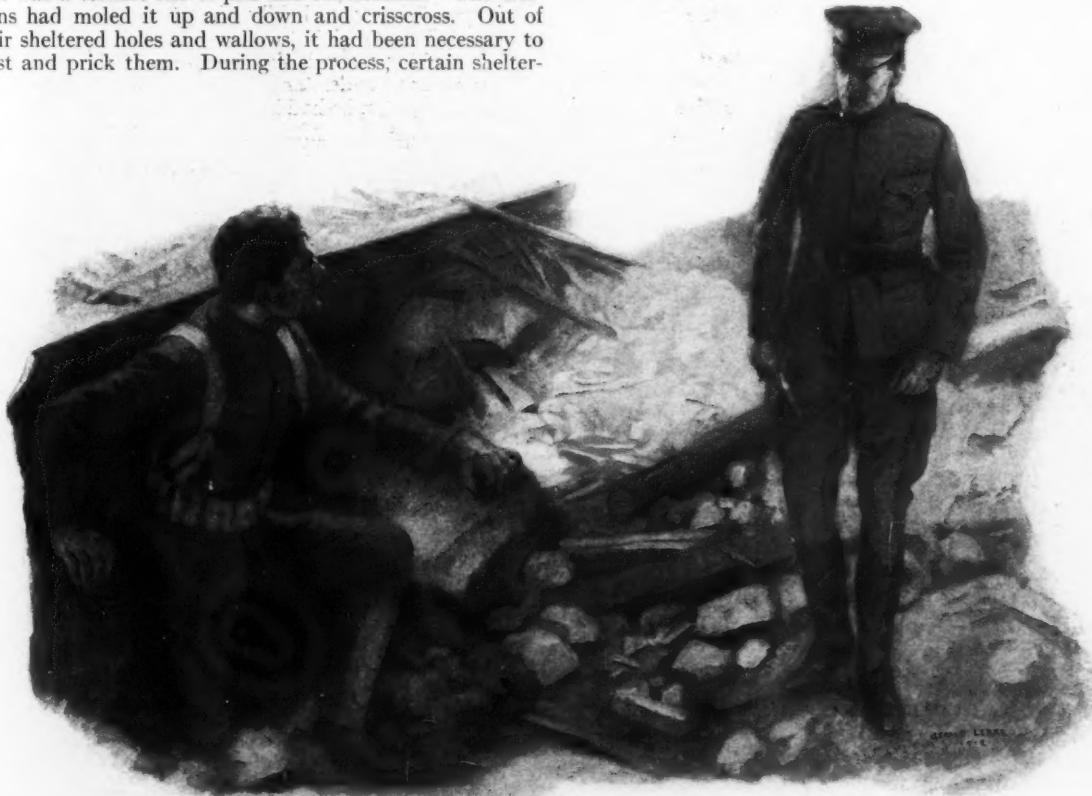
"Of course," said Locksley. "After you."

Private Strong turned, drew a big breath, and crawled back into the burrow. As soon as there was no danger of being kicked in the face by the soldier's heavy hob-nailed boots, Locksley knelt and followed.

The electric torch showed him circles of concrete, of raw earth, of wooden trestlework, a German head caught between two beams and mashed almost flat. As he passed, he could feel the drip from the thing on his shoulder. After fifteen feet, the passage widened and you could kneel upright. A moment later, Private Strong, who was six feet three, rose to his full height and said,

"All right, Dutch; we've come for you."

He took the torch from Locksley and directed the beam upon the head, then the shoulder, and then the torso of a German officer lying face down, arms extended. The light next revealed the eight-by-four timber which had pinned



"I was just goin' to stick him, sir," said Private Strong, "when the roof caved in and laid him by the hind legs, and now I suppose we got to try and pry him loose."

## The Unsent Letter

the man to the ground. His legs were concealed by a foot of earth and broken concrete. He made sounds that were somewhere between groaning and bleating.

"That timber seems part of a framework, sir," said Strong. "When I get my back under this beam over here and lift, his beam lifts, too. But I couldn't lift and pull him loose at the same time, and that's why I need you. Now, sir, if you'll get him by the arms and pull when I give the word——"

"I get you," said Locksley shortly.

It all happened very suddenly. The whole burrow was shaken as a rat is shaken by a terrier. And Locksley, opening his eyes, remembered very distinctly that a giant had thrown him flat on his face and at the moment was sitting on his legs to keep him down.

That thing in his left hand was not, as he had at first thought, a banana which he had tried to steal from the giant's table, but an electric torch. Intuitively, his thumb pushed the switch forward, and there was light.

"Y' all right?" It was the voice (but not the natural voice) of Private Strong. It was a strained, worried voice.

"All right, but can't get up," said Locksley. "He's sitting on my legs."

"It's more roof fallen in," said Strong. "What'd ya put the light out for?"

"Guess my fingers did it without my knowing." Locksley's brain was clearing.

"Flash her round."

Private Strong did not seem to have moved. Legs bent, he was still straining upward against the great beam which rested on his shoulders. And something in his face and eye and something in the quivering of his great muscles seemed to say that he had been so straining for a long time.

The German officer no longer groaned or bleated. Or, if he did, the earth and concrete under which he was buried completely muffled the sound. Locksley managed to look over his shoulder for his legs, but they were too well buried to be seen. He tried desperately to move them.

"I'm stuck," he said feebly; "stuck tight."

He raised himself on his elbows and looked over his other shoulder and searched with the torch for the tunnel by which they had entered. That, at least, was unchanged. It was still a tunnel, and, so far as the light penetrated, the roof had not fallen.

"You must dig me out, Strong," he said.

"If I give," said Strong, "the whole roof comes down."

"What happened?" Locksley asked.

The answer came in a series of grunts.

"A shell, somewhere up above, started 'nuther cave-in. That's all." A moment later, he added, "Dutch got his."

Locksley tried to think and couldn't.

"Is it very heavy?" he asked.

"It sure is."

"But——"

Locksley did not finish his sentence. The full extent of their calamity had, for the first time, dawned upon him. The moment the strength of Private Strong proved unequal to the weight that was imposed upon it, they would be buried alive. He felt for the moment as if he was falling through space. There was a rushing in his ears and confusion. The torch slipped from his fingers and he groaned.

"Hurt?"

His brain cleared and began to work.

"Nope," he said curtly. He recovered the torch and had a look at Private Strong. The bent legs, the bent back pressing upward were splendid to see—the thick, foreshortened face of which the expression was stubborn and angry.

"How long can you hold out?" asked Locksley.

"Dunno."

There was something which Locksley felt that he had to say. The saying of it would be a proof to him that he had done his duty by manhood and by civilization. But, for a few long moments, it made him inarticulate.

He was surprised at the sound of his own voice; it was so natural and conversational. The fact comforted him so that speaking was no longer an effort.

"Strong," he said, "I'll turn the light over the ground between you and the tunnel. Then I'll hold it square on the tunnel. The roof won't fall like lightning, and if you are quick and don't trip over anything, you've an even chance of getting out of here."

The eyes in the strained, stubborn, angry face of the private followed the beam of light, but with no great show of interest. He shifted one of his feet a little, with a kind of grinding, heel-and-toe, sidewise twist. Then he grunted,

"How about you?"

"You'll get hold of a bunch of sappers and dig me out. I shouldn't wonder if I came through all right."

He spoke in a smooth, confident voice, which deceived no one.

"Not a chance," said Private Strong.

There was a dead silence.

"What—" said Locksley petulantly, "what is the use of both of us getting killed?"

"No use 't I can see."

"You've got a chance—you ought to take it."

"Both got a chance—can hold roof up."

More long moments of silence followed, during which Locksley felt a curious warming of the heart and a detachment from the ultimate horror of his fate.

He got a scratch-pad out of his pocket and some pencils, raised himself on his elbows, arranged the torch so that it illuminated the pad, and began to write.

"Whad ye doin'?"

"Attending to business," said Locksley. "If they ever dig us out and find what I've written, your mother will know how you took yours when it came."

Private Strong felt a dimness spreading over his eyes. He snuffed once strongly.

The pencil scratched boldly, almost merrily.

"Wha'y'keep lookin' at me for?"

"I'm making a rough sketch—to show the fix we're in. It'll be easier to understand."

A moment later, he had begun to write:

TO THE MOTHER OF PRIVATE STRONG. DEAR MRS. STRONG:

Then, with the aid of his lettered and numbered sketch, he explained the situation. He went on:

The first time I noticed your big boy was about six weeks ago. His company had done its turn in the trenches and was resting up. I noticed Joe because he was so very big, and because the little girl he was riding on his shoulders was so very little.

About a week later, I came across him cleaning his rifle. You might have thought it was a diamond ring that he was going to give to his sweetheart. A good soldier loves his rifle. You ought to know that Joe is one of the best soldiers in the army. And most everybody thinks he is the strongest. It must be fine to have him alongside of you in a fight. You simply couldn't be afraid.

He's as gentle as he is brave. I've seen him helping an old French woman put her little garden in order, after a shell had dropped into it and tossed most of the early vegetables over the garden wall. He didn't know much about gardening, and the old woman was very severe with him. He pretended to be very much frightened, but all the time he was laughing up his sleeve.

No use, I suppose, telling you that he's a daredevil. There's nobody quicker to volunteer for trench-raiding or going out at night to cut wires. But one man can't fight a whole war. It ought to comfort you to know that Joe hasn't been a vain sacrifice. When you kissed Joe good-by, you weren't kissing any ordinary boy. You were kissing a boy who was going to do a whole lot more than his share.

There aren't many quitters in the army and everybody has done the best he could; but there are soldiers and soldiers. And Joe is one of those with a wonderful natural talent for war. If we had half a million like him, I think we'd have reached Berlin about yesterday.

I stole a look at him just now. He looks like a wonderful statue by Michelangelo. The muscles of his thighs and shoulders are almost bursting his clothes. I never saw him look so big or so splendid. I asked him to save himself, but he wouldn't. So he is giving his life, not to save me, but that I can live a little longer. You must not hate my memory. I don't really come into it at all. He's the kind of man who has to die for some one—for some one who is helpless, just as I am, and not much account anyway—



DR. WENDE GIBALY / TIME  
"If they ever dig us out and find what I've written, your mother will know how you took yours when it came"

## The Unsent Letter

Locksley paused.

"What you thinking about, Strong?"

"Dunno."

I've just asked him what he is thinking about. He is thinking about you, and how all this is going to hurt you. And it will hurt you. I cannot go into that. But I know that it will exalt you and make you glad that you have lived, and that you have borne a son——

"Pret'near through."

"Yep."

"So'm I."

"You're a great man, Strong. I've been trying to put some of it down. Can you hold out a little longer?"

"Dunno."

The giant was beginning to shake as if he had the palsy and to sob for breath. Locksley finished his letter.

There's not much time left now, Mrs. Strong. Joe tells me that he's all in. I hope God will give you strength in your trouble.

He signed his name and stuffed the sheets into his pocket. A look at Private Strong told Locksley that their time had come.

"Joe," he said, "you're a great man. God bless and keep you!"

The giant made a sudden, plaintive, sobbing noise, his muscles relaxed, and he fell forward in a heap. The great beam against whose weight he had for so long put forth his strength dropped sharply a matter of four inches and stuck fast. A little shower of earth fell from the roof of the dugout, a few small lumps of concrete, and that was all.

The two men lay for a long time without moving. Except that, at first, Private Strong's great torso rose and fell with the powerful expansions and expulsions of his lungs. He was the first to move. He was blubbering. He sat up and had a first-class fit of hysterics. Locksley, on the other hand, felt perfectly calm and peaceful. There was no sensation in his legs, and he imagined that they were sound

asleep. The rest of him could have slept with a little encouragement.

"Joe," he said sharply, "stop that! Pull yourself together and go get some one to dig me out. Shut up! Don't make a fool of yourself."

The tone of command had its effect.

"Dig'y out meself," said Private Strong.

He had no entrenching tool, and the business took a long time. It required strength and delicacy.

When, at last, his legs were free, Locksley could not move them. They were sound asleep. And even after they had been slapped and pinched into wakefulness, they remained for a long time groggy.

When the two men crawled into the sunlight, their contours were the only human thing about them. They looked as if they had been entirely made from whitish-gray dirt. Private Strong found some dirty cigarette-papers and some dirty tobacco somewhere in a pocket that was half filled with dirt, and they rolled dirty cigarettes and enjoyed to the last gritty mouthful a dirty smoke.

They rested luxuriously against the mound beneath which they had suffered.

"Don't know as I ever noticed the color of the sky before," said Locksley.

"Nor I," said Private Strong.

"It's blue," said Locksley rapturously.

Locksley reached out a grimy paw and saw it swallowed in one that was even grimier. Locksley's face twisted with pain.

"Darn you," he said; "I thought you were all in."

The strong man chuckled sheepishly.

Captain Cary, of the Engineers, had dropped in to borrow some tobacco. He found Locksley bent over a scrap-basket and reducing some very grimy sheets of manuscript into very small pieces, by tearing.

"What's the matter?" said Cary, "Wouldn't the story tell itself?"

"That's just the trouble," said Locksley. "I started out to write a thrilling tragedy, and just when—well, you may say just when the roof was going to fall in—the story took itself out of my hands and insisted on having a happy ending. And, of course, that's rotten bad art."



"Darn you," he said; "I thought you were all in"



"Where are the camellias, man?"

CAMILLA TRENHOLME, an American *divorcee*, living in London, is going to marry Michael Nancarrow, a member of a conservative English family. On account of her status, there is considerable prejudice against her on the part of Michael's mother, but on better acquaintance the old lady is won over by Camilla's personality, and withdraws her objection to the match. Because of what she considers the humiliating conditions placed upon the remarriage of a divorced person in England, Camilla decides to have the wedding in her own country and so returns. Nancarrow is to follow shortly. On the voyage, Mrs. Trenholme reviews her whole life. She was born Camilla Charlton, the youngest of three children, the others being Julia (Mrs. Plumstead Atherley) and Lucy (Mrs. Cushing). Camilla was a delicate child and was taken South every winter by her mother to her grandfather Charlton's home in

Florida. Here, her nearest friends were the Sambourne children—Willis and Mary (considerably older), Lowe and Harrington and Tina, the latter twins, and Jimmy. At the age of twelve, Camilla is sent to a New York boarding-school where Mary Sambourne is. Mary has a handsome boy cousin, Leroy Trenholme, the only son of a very rich father, who, known only by his photographs, is the idol of the school—and of Camilla especially. When Leroy runs away with an actress, she is almost broken-hearted. But this affair blows over, and Leroy goes to the Spanish-American war of 1898, where he is wounded. Four more years pass, in the course of which Camilla's mother dies, and she devotes herself to her father. She is eighteen when, on Easter Sunday, returning from church, she sees a group of young people at a window of the Sambourne house, where she is visiting. Leroy Trenholme is one of the group.

## XIX

### VANDEWATER'S LANDING

SEEN from outside, Roy had been in front of the window group. Now he was at the back. He hadn't even the advantage of his height, for he had sat down on the window-sill. And still he dominated the room. To the innocent eye of eighteen, he looked like a king enthroned. Any touch of arrogance in Roy's good looks was softened by the look in the gray-blue eyes he fixed upon Camilla as he sat there, saying never a word.

Harrington Sambourne interrupted his twin's effusive welcome and presentation of Camilla by saying:

"This is Tina's Bob Lenox. And that one with his back turned on the past—the man you sniped on your way in—"

"'Sniped?'" she repeated, as Leroy came forward and took her hand.

And still it wasn't he but Hal Sambourne who went on:

"Our poor friend has *already* been wounded—several dozen times"—the others duly punctuated that point with laughter—"but never before in the memory of living man has he been reduced to dumbness."

## Camilla

Leroy was looking at her still in a curious, unconscious way.

"Maybe I've changed," she said, foolish with shyness.

"Yes; you are changed," he agreed. The talk and laughter rose and beat round them like seas round an atoll in mid-ocean. Through these surf-sounds she heard herself greeting Mrs. Sambourne, who had come in from church. And she heard the lady call out across the hall:

"Granger, Camilla's here! And luncheon's ready."

In the general movement, "Where did we meet before?" Leroy demanded. He was smiling now.

"We didn't exactly meet. You used to ride by—There wasn't time for more. It was plain he hadn't a glimmer of a notion what she was talking about.

"Then I'm right about the change!" He flashed the quick words in her face. "If you'd been at all—like this—I could never have forgotten. Because I could never have thought of anything else. I can't now. Do you want me to try? I shan't. Give you fair warning—" And that was before they got as far as the library door on the way to the dining-room.



He had come back to where Camilla was and stood beside her.  
"My mother!"

Mr. Sambourne wasn't in the library. He and Jimmy hadn't got back. That Jimmy! Instead of coming to church, he had seduced his father into taking him to see the bears in Central Park. Evidently they were making a day of it. Mr. Sambourne was represented as the hopeless slave of his youngest son. Everybody had an illustration of the abject condition of the head of the house—everybody, that is, except Mrs. Sambourne. She changed the conversation.

Mrs. Sambourne, as Camilla found out later, was the sort of person who quietly did what she liked in the way of directing the choice of topics. But so unobtrusively, you thought, "It just happened like that"—or even that you yourself had done it.

Mrs. Sambourne was still a strikingly pretty woman. One of those Americans who at middle age retain a look of youth that borders on schoolgirlishness. It was, with Mrs. Sambourne, a look as distinguished from an air. Her manner seemed designed to erase or to cover that schoolgirl stamp.

While Leroy joked and told stories—about the Spanish War, about Cuba, about everything under the sun—Camilla sat listening and trying not to stare at him the *whole* time. Oh, yes; he *was* changed! He was more the man—accustomed to command other men in the field, and accustomed to lording it elsewhere—here unbending and being the boy again.

The flowers on the table were sumptuous. Camilla pulled herself together to admire them.

Roy stopped short in what he was saying to ask,

"You like flowers?"

"Well, doesn't everybody?"

"Oh, no! Besides"—he glanced round the table—"you are the only lady here who isn't wearing any."

"Am I? Well, you see, I hadn't any to wear."

"Do you mean nobody has sent you any flowers?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know anybody who would."

"I do," he said.

A feeling of rippling warmth flowed over her like a tide.

"Oh, as to that, so do I!" Hal Sambourne protested.

Roy ignored him and kept on looking down at Camilla with a concentration that she could feel without seeing. It cut off the others. It isolated him and her.

"What sort do you like best?"

She reflected without raising her eyes.

"Camellias?" he suggested. "You ought to have camellias. Did anybody ever give you camellias?"

No; nobody ever had.

"Look here, Hal! We've got to get Miss Charlton some camellias."

"Sunday—"

"The house is full of flowers," said Miss Mary.

"Camilla can have all she wants." Mrs. Sambourne smiled at the girl.

"I haven't noticed." He looked round. "You haven't got any camellias?"

"Nobody has."

"What? Hard to get, you say?" He challenged the table.

"Impossible to get."

"We'll see about that!"

"I don't care about them," said Miss Mary. "So stiff!"

"Well, she's stiff," retorted Roy, with his eyes on

his neighbor. The table dissolved in merriment. Curiosity for the sequel brought the sudden silence.

Roy waited. The others, too—smiling, watching. She would have given anything she had to be able to break through the dumbness that possessed her.

"I'm sure you *love* camellias. do." He said it with a smiling recklessness, with a fervor that made it sound like a declaration. A mischievous laughter went rippling round the board again.

"This is all very fine," Hal protested. "But what I'd like to know is: what would Linda say?"

"Oh, Belinda has a soul above flowers!" Roy answered, with a tartness that brought another burst of appreciative laughter from Harrington. But the ladies of his family cast covert looks of warning his way. The introduction of that name had been like a stone cast in a glassy pool.

Again Mrs. Sambourne changed the conversation. But the waters were troubled. The images that had been so clearly mirrored did not recompose themselves.

Leroy asked if he might use the telephone.

While he was gone, the conversation broke up into *tête-à-tête* carried on in lowered voices.

Camilla heard Mrs. Sambourne telling Miss Mary that some one she'd met coming out of church said Linda was on her way back to America.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Mary airily.

Mrs. Sambourne stared.

"It's true, then. I don't see how she can stay with us," she added, with an accent of anxiety.

"No," said Miss Mary; "neither do I." And both Miss Mary and Mrs. Sambourne broke off as Leroy came in.

Mrs. Sambourne called down the table to her son,

"What are you going to do this afternoon, Hal?"

"What do you say," Leroy suggested, as he slipped back into his place, "to motoring up to Vandewater's Landing?"

Mrs. Sambourne thought it was too far. They'd be late for dinner.

According to Roy, that was precisely what shouldn't happen. He swore it shouldn't. Did Mrs. Sambourne want to gamble on it? He'd give her five hundred dollars for her pet charity if he didn't get them home in good time.

As one of those trifles which, for no discoverable reason, stand out in memory, Camilla, looking back, remembered

being struck that day by a quite new light on the Sambourne domestic relations. The lady, still thought of as Miss Mary's mother, was not, it appeared, in complete harmony with her step-daughter.

"Heavens!" Camilla said to herself, startled for a moment out of her own preoccupation. "They don't like one another at all!" The realization came while the young people were putting on hats and things up-stairs in Miss Mary's room.

Mrs. Sambourne came in and began instantly to talk about Linda. What were Linda's plans? Mary, absorbed in putting on her veil, hadn't a notion.

"We may be sure," Mrs. Sambourne insisted, "her first plan is to come here."

"Well, she can't."

"No; not now," Mrs. Sambourne agreed, without enthusiasm, her cool blue eyes fixed on the face in the glass. "Since you knew she was sailing, I wish you had told me."

"Oh," said Miss Mary, "I thought you knew—in a general way."

"General way? How could I know unless I was told? A girl we left on the other side of the water not two weeks ago."

"You must have foreseen she'd take the next ship. No"—Miss Mary seemed to grant some unspoken objection—"it's hardly decent. But there you are. It's Linda."

"You are rather hard on poor Linda."

Miss Mary pushed out her lips against her veil, and with thumb and finger pulled the tightened cobweb away from her nose. She didn't say another word till her stepmother had gone.

Camilla, with some difficulty, elicited the fact that she had been given the only remaining spare room. She offered at once to make way. After all, she could sleep at the school, and this Miss Ballard couldn't.

Linda had twenty places she could go to. "And she's no loss to us. Nobody wants her—except mother—and she doesn't *want* her. Mother went to school with Linda's mother, and she has a theory that if Mrs. Ballard hadn't died, Linda'd have been an angel of light. Come; Roy'll be in a fever if we keep him waiting."

"Where is Isabelle?" Camilla whispered, as they ran down.

"Isabelle! You mean that actress that got hold of him? Oh, uncle James bought her off. She's married to some one else."

"Did he mind?"

"Leroy mind? Perfectly enchanted! There never was anything in that but a boy flattered by a much older woman. A singer, too—yes, and a beauty. She *was* that. And all the other boys had gone mad about her. Very catching—that kind of thing."

They crowded into Leroy's big car, Miss Mary very kind and insisting on having Camilla by her.

"No; she's to sit outside with the driver," Roy said.

"Indeed she's not, poor child! She'll be blown to bits."

So Camilla sat in the corner, and Roy changed his mind about driving. After all, it was a pull on the muscles. So the chauffeur was left in possession, with Harrington beside him. Miss Mary made room for Leroy. But he had to sit on the other side, he said, so as to be near the chauffeur—a new man. And this was no pretense. Leroy directed every twist and turn in that unforgettable race—after the brief calm of the ferry—through more Sunday streets, over tracks, along suburban roads, on through sunshine and wind. Everybody else talking, only she listening, listening to the voice at her side and to the laughter trailing out behind them like a dust of happy progress. Miss Mary suggested presently that it might be better if he changed places with Hal. But Leroy appeared to prefer punctuating the gusty, spasmodic conversation by continuing to lean over and hurl out: "Right! Steady here! Left! Sharp turn at the foot of this! Look out! Now let her rip!"

And rip she did.

Looking back later, Camilla felt that afternoon had set the pace of all her days at this man's side. A pace of the sort that made it often impossible to collect one's wits. It was as much as you could do to hold your head on.

When she found they were going to the Trenholmes' place on the Hudson, she asked if they would find the family there.

"Haven't got any family except the governor. He's out West. But when he gets back, I've an idea *you'd* get on with the governor." Leroy leaped out and swung back the two leaves of an immense iron gate. Then he jumped on the footboard and stood there as the automobile rushed up the drive and stopped before a pillared and porticoed dwelling like the picture of some summer palace of a king.

A man servant came to the door.

"I've only opened a few of the rooms, sir. Shall I—?"

"No! No!" Leroy shook him off. "I'm only going to be here a minute. Where's Poole? What's wrong with your telephone? I want some flowers." He was walking rapidly all the while, Miss Mary and Camilla almost running to keep up with him, the others quite abandoning the attempt and distributing themselves about the various rooms full—far too full—crowded and cluttered with beautiful, far-sought things.

Leroy was striding along a colonnade now, and out across a lawn. Just before they reached the glass houses, a gray, square-bearded man appeared.

"Hello, McAndrew!"

"Eh, ye're back!" he said shortly. He treated "Mr. Rahey" in a manner half disapproving, half affectionate.

"Got some camellias?" the young man demanded.

"Oh, aye; I doot ye'll be robbing ma hoooses in the auld way—?"

"Look! Look!" Miss Mary stood in an ecstasy, gazing down a flowery vista.

Leroy clapped the old man on the shoulder.

"See here, McAndrew; we aren't going to waste time over all this truck—?"

"Trruck?"

"Where are the camellias, man?"

Grumbling half-intelligible remarks about "expecting meeracles" and "may be two or three," he led the way.

"Yes—there! That's something like! Take all you want."

"Indeed 'n she'll not," said McAndrew, under his breath.

"I wouldn't dream—I don't know how. Won't you give me some, Mr. McAndrew?"

"What!" Leroy whispered. "Must McAndrew love you, too? He'd died for you now, I haven't a doot."

They were about to go back, Camilla with her hands full, when a tremendous commotion was set up in the kennels, Such a baying and yelping as almost drowned McAndrew's, "They've heard yer voice."

Roy stood still, as if he listened for some note lacking in that chorus.

"What's the matter with Cousine Bette?" he said sharply.

McAndrew shook his head. He didn't know, and Johnny Tooley wasn't about that afternoon, but, in McAndrew's opinion, Bette was "vairy bahdd." He had done as Mr. Rahey said, put her kennel between the potting-shed and the orchid-house. And it *was* warmer, and she'd been better for a while.

All her life, Camilla felt, she would remember the rapture of that ugly, spotty, old French bulldog when she caught sight of her master. And how Roy had responded and tried to quiet her. He advised her humanwise not to go on like that or—yes, there, you see! The poor creature coughed and wheezed and lay gasping, Roy patting her and Bette trying, between paroxysms, to lick his hand, looking at him with cairngorm eyes of utter devotion.

"Ye'll have t' come to it," McAndrew said to Roy. "She'll be better dead."

"How do you know? We can't find out what Bette thinks—but considering how full the world is of useless old men who don't seem in any hurry to get to heaven, we may—just let old Bette stay there between the shed and the orchid-house as long as—if she can stick it out, we can, I guess."

"I knew he'd say that," McAndrew said, laughing in his beard and looking at Miss Mary. "And does Mrs. Callahan know ye're here?" Roy didn't answer; he was examining Bette's mouth. "Because, if ye haven't let Mrs. Callahan know—?"

"No; and don't mean to," Roy said shortly, getting up off his knee and brushing his trousers.

"Why not let Joanna know you're here?" Miss Mary backed up McAndrew.

"Why? Oh, because I don't care *how* much worse her bad leg is," Leroy said brutally. "I'll send Transome up to see Bette," he told McAndrew, and hurried his party back toward the house.

"Oh, darn my luck!" he said, under his breath, as a voice sounded behind them. They turned and waited till a gaunt figure in black caught up with them, a woman with thin gray hair parted above a broad, bony forehead, sunken temples, salient cheek-bones, and a smallish nose set up in such fashion that the nostrils opened vertical upon the world instead of horizontal. In spite of these hampering circumstances, Mrs. Joanna Callahan contrived, by dint of kind pale-blue eyes and a look of radiant goodness, to make a positively agreeable impression.

She opened a wide mouth full of yellow teeth and smiled broad affection on the young man.

"Mr. Rhoy!" She greeted him with more than a touch of brogue. "An' how arre ye, Miss Mary?" She glanced with a polite inclination at Camilla. "Excuse me, Mr. Rhoy." And she moved to one side in order to give a semblance of privacy to her more intimate salute of: "Oh, me darlin'! An' is it well ye arre?"

"Yes, yes; fit's a fiddle. Great hurry."

"Faith and ye'll not leave this place"—she laid her hand on his arm—"till I've told ye—it's the life of my Patrick ye've saved. Sure it's gospel I'm speakin', Mr. Rhoy! The blessin' o' the saints on ye fur ahl ye've—?"

"Yes, yes; but the important thing what I want to know is: *how's the leg?*"

Miss Mary turned her back abruptly so that she might indulge her smiling without offense.

"The boys' old nurse," she whispered. "Always took Roy's part against Jim and all the world. She would even defy uncle James for Roy's sake. If anybody wants to make



DRAWN BY ALPHONSE MUCHA.

They were never alone a minute. Yet had they been by themselves in a desert, though he might have said other things, he could hardly have conveyed more than he did as he passed her from time to time, going round the billiard-table

## Camilla

a friend of Joanna for life, they've only got to let her talk to them about Roy."

Camilla dearly longed to make a friend for life.

But Roy had broken away as Tina and Lenox and Harrington came down the colonnade.

"Ye've seen Misther English?" Joanna's voice followed the fleeing Roy. "Not been to the stables? Look at that now! Whatever John English'll be saying, I don't know."

"Scotland and Ireland's all I've got time for," Roy called back. "Small and insignificant as they are, can't cover all the British Isles in ten minutes. Tell that to English."

They heard Mrs. Callahan's laughing.

"Sure I'll be keepin' yer impudence to m'self, and not fur the furrst time!"

Roy had hailed the others. "Say, that's not the way to the new swimming-pool!"

Tina answered that she was taking Joe to the racket-court, "unless you're going to show Camilla the gallery now."

He couldn't give them more than five minutes, he said—they could spend it as they pleased.

Then came that piece of legerdemain which so bewildered Camilla at the time. Leroy, answering questions, tossing out others, hurrying his party along passages, stopped at a door, which he held open. Mary and Tina went in first, and the door was closed without a sound behind Harrington and Joe. Leroy turned, silent, as swift as a wild animal, and drew Camilla into a darkened passage.

"Quick!" he said.

Another door opened and shut. She was in a room so dark that she could distinguish nothing. Her heart had jumped into her throat. Instinctively she put her hand up. He seemed to divine some motion on her part.

"Don't move—not on your life!" he whispered. "I don't want anybody else in here." They stood as still as mice till all the sounds behind them died. Then, walking very softly on the polished floor, he crossed the room to what now, with eyes growing used to the dimness, appeared as a curtainless but shuttered window. He labored with a stiff catch, swore softly under his breath, and finally raised the sash. He opened the outside shutter only a crack, as though afraid his presence might be detected from outside. But the crack was all sufficient. A strong ray of light shot in and revealed the room—small, white-paneled, every picture and every piece of furniture shrouded.

"Sh!" he said, as though Camilla had spoken. With great precaution against noise, he got a heavy holland-covered chair in front of the fender. Balanced with a foot on either arm of the chair, he was able to loosen and draw aside the covering from a life-size portrait in oils over the mantelpiece—the white-satin figure of a lady leaning a little forward out of a high carved seat. She held a half-open Watteau fan in her hand, and over it she smiled out at her

visitors. He had come back to where Camilla was and stood beside her.

"My mother!"

"She is very beautiful." Camilla turned from the lady to her son. There was something in his face she hadn't noticed before or thought possible. A curious, sulky sadness. What made him look like that, she wondered.

"That was done before my brother was born. I never

saw her so happy as that." He spoke of it as a grievance. "But she was beautiful."

"I wish she was here," Camilla found herself saying.

And then he voiced Mrs. Sambourne's sentiment with regard to Linda's mother.

"If she'd been here—things might have been different." Then his gaiety came back. "I don't need her so much now." He glanced at the face beside him. "Why don't you ask why?"

"Well, why?"

"Because you're here."

Now he is going to kiss me, she thought, and the world swung out in space. But Leroy stood there looking at her, as motionless as the painted form of his mother.

Voices! The others on their track. Leroy made a quick movement toward the opposite door. But he glanced up at the face on the wall and seemed to take from it his orders. He climbed in the chair again and replaced the cover, tucking it carefully in. It all took time. And he had time, it seemed. Time for everything except—

Darkness. A wonderful, palpable darkness. She imagined him coming nearer, nearer—she fancied she could hear him breathing. She started. What was that? The window being shut down. Still wasting time with the window.

"Don't hurt yourself against that table; wait till I open the door," he said.

But she didn't wait. She could distinguish all too clearly the figure with its back to her making toward the door. Slowly she followed him. With a sense of failure—or of humiliation. As though she had offered herself, and been rejected. Before he got to the door, she knew she would give years of her life if he had kissed her.

Had it been her fault? Or perhaps she wasn't the kind. Linda—he'd have kissed Linda!

That door had brought them into the main hall. The others looked at her curiously.

"So that's where you've been!" Tina said, laughing.

## XX

## ENGAGED

MISS MARY hadn't said a word. But she had looked many things. When Leroy had gone to see about the



She sat on the bed, shaking with excitement, and held the envelop against her for several minutes before she opened it. There was no "Dear" anything at the top. It began "bang in the middle," as Leroy usually did.

automobile, she slipped her hand through Camilla's arm.

"Come and look at the Japanese ivories while we wait."

They stood in front of a great gold-lac cabinet, pretending to look in. Miss Mary glanced sideways.

"What makes you so silent?" she said, as though Camilla were commonly anything else.

"Oh, am I?" she said nervously. "Perhaps I was wondering who the Linda is they were talking about."

"Oh"—Miss Mary looked at her queerly—"you want to know *that*, do you?"

"Well—not specially. Certainly not, if there's any reason—" She drew back into her shell.

"Why are you so touchy, so embarrassed?" A flash of panic had crossed Mary Sambourne's face. At the bidding of an irresistible impulse, prudence deserted her. "I suppose Leroy tried to kiss you in there?"

Camilla's indignation could hardly have been more convincing if she hadn't prayed in her heart that Leroy might do just that.

"Of course not! How could you suppose—I'm not that kind." She brought it out as proudly as a few minutes before she had said the same thing to herself with an aching humbleness.

"No! No!" Miss Mary seemed to apologize. "It was only that you looked so odd. And asked about Linda."

"Well, you know him and I don't. But would he be likely to go kissing—trying to kiss other girls when" (in her burning need to know more Camilla developed the wisdom of the serpent) "when he's engaged to Linda?"

"He's *not* engaged."

(God be praised! She was spared that, even if he hadn't kissed her.) After a moment,

"He didn't tell you they were engaged, did he?" Miss Mary asked sternly.

"He didn't talk to me about such things. Why should he?"

In the recoil from sharp anxiety, Miss Mary became genial, confidential.

"You're almost like one of us. There's no reason *you* shouldn't know. Naturally, we don't want a girl of *that* sort in the family. But, apart from our feelings, Leroy deserves a better fate."

"Is she so—"

Miss Mary nodded significantly.

"One of those Cincinnati Ballards. Always in hot water." She spoke with a relish that betrayed her belief in being able to denounce the Ballards unchecked. "Linda's brother spent half a million and ran horribly into debt before he drank himself to death. Her father was responsible for the failure of the firm of Deacon & Ballard. They're the kind that must have money, no matter how they get it. Her sister, the other Ballard girl, married a frightfully rich Westerner of some unproductive sort, and Linda gets all she can out of them. Gets a good deal. But—extravagant! Beyond anything you ever dreamed. Linda takes presents from anybody. Takes money from men. Awful to think of a woman like that getting hold of—" She stopped short, as though appalled at the prospect.

Camilla, through her own dismay, had a momentary glimpse of the fact that Mrs. Sambourne wasn't taking the beautiful care of Leroy that Miss Mary was. Mrs. Sambourne was willing, apparently, to see him delivered

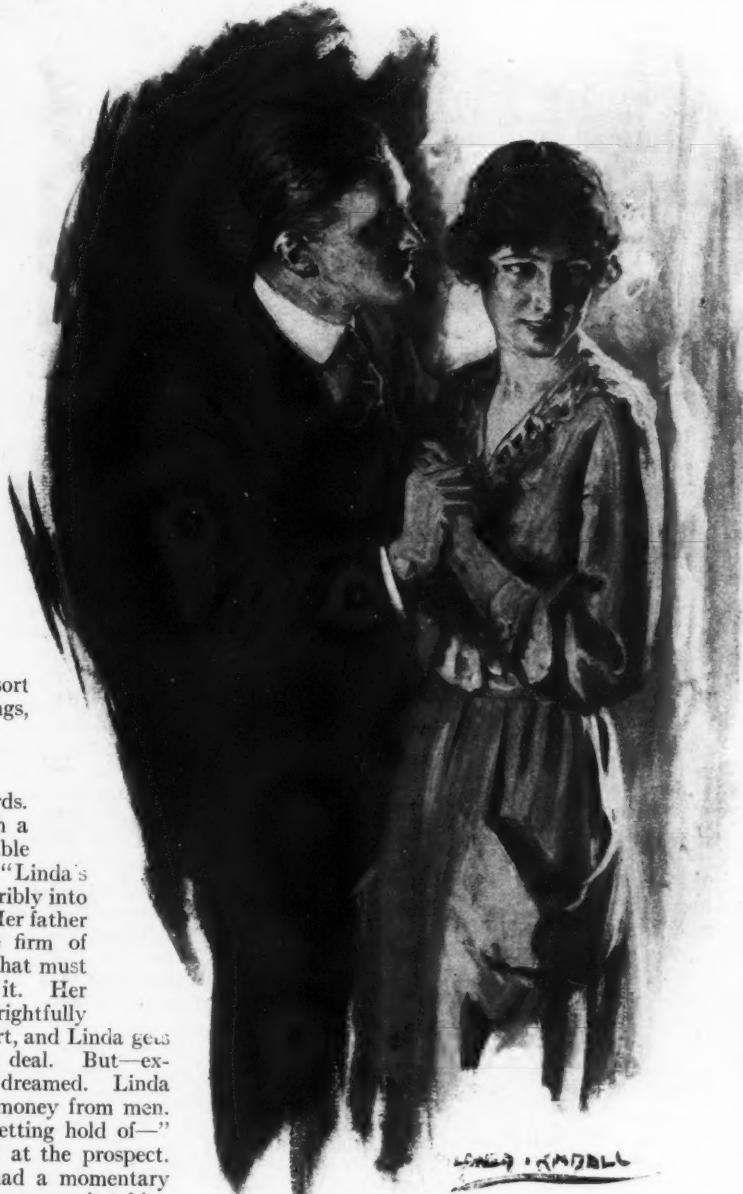
over to Linda. Miss Mary thought of everything. She was devoutly hoping now that the Linda gossip wouldn't reach uncle James. It might be fatal.

"He and Roy have only been reconciled about a year. His father's really immensely proud of Roy. Uncle James says he never, in all his experience, knew any young man who grasped things quicker or had more the instinct for *les affaires*," Miss Mary said, in that new foreign way of hers. She was looking at it now from uncle James' point of view. "Roy could easily, if he liked, in a few years, uncle James says, he could be the controlling financial mind in this country. Imagine Leroy!"

"Is she pretty?"

Miss Mary set her lips. Then she opened them to say:

"Yes—in a way. A man's way. Good figure. Looks well on horseback. That's how Leroy came across her again. The horsy set in Leicestershire took her up. She was supposed to be engaged to some Englishman. But I hear the Englishman's poor. At least, (Continued on page 146)



"Things have got to go quick if they're to go at all," he said, in his headlong fashion

# A Boob Spelled Backward

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

HOW difficult it is to think of great lives in terms of the small mosaics that go to make up the pattern of every man's day-by-day. The too tepid shaving-water; the badly laundered shirt-front; the three-minute egg; the too short fourth leg of the table; the draft on the neck; the bad pen; the neighboring rooster; the misplaced key; the slipping chest-protector.

Richelieu, who walked with kings, presided always at the stitching of his red robes. Boswell says somewhere that a badly starched stock could kill his Johnson's morning. It was the hanging of his own chintzes that first swayed William Morris from epic mood to household utensils. Seneca, first in Latin in the whole Silver Age, prepared his own vegetables. There is no outgrowing the small moments of life, and to those lesser ones of us how often they become the large ones!

To Samuel Lipkind, who, in a span of thirty years, had created and carried probably more than his share of this world's responsibilities, there was no more predominant moment in all his day, even to the signing of checks and the six-o'clock making of cash, than that matinal instant, just fifteen minutes before the stroke of seven, when Mrs. Lipkind, in a fuzzy gray wrapper the color of her eyes and hair, kissed him awake and, from across the hall, he could hear the harsh sing of his bath in the drawing.

There are moments like that which never grow old. For the fifteen years that Samuel Lipkind had reached the Two Dollar Hat Store before his two clerks, he had awakened to that same kiss on his slightly open mouth, the gray hair and the ever-graying eyes close enough to be stroked, the pungency of coffee seeming to wind like wreaths of mundane aroma above the bed, and always across the aisle of hallway that tepid cataract leaping in glory into porcelain.

Take the particular morning which opens our story, although it might have been any of twelve times three hundred others.

"Sammy!" This upon opening his door, then crossing to close the conservative five inches of open window and over to the bedside for the kissing him awake. "Sammy, get up!"

The snuggle away and into the crotch of his elbow.

"Sammy! *Thu, thu*; I can't get him up! Sammy, a quarter to seven! You want to be late? I can't get him up!"

"M-m-m-m-m-m!"

"You want your own clerks to beat you to business so they can say they got a lazy boss?"

"I'm awake, ma." Reaching up to stroke her hair, thin and gray now, and drawn back into an early-morning knob.

"Don't splash in the bathroom so this morning, Sammy; it's a shame for the wall-paper."

"I won't"—drawing the cord of his robe about his waist, and as if they did not both of them know just how faithfully disregarded would be that daily admonition.



Then Mrs. Lipkind flung back the snowy sheets and bed-coverings, baring the striped ticking of the mattress.

"Hurry, Sammy! I'm up so long I'm ready for my second cup of coffee."

"Two minutes." Then off across the hall, whistling, towel across arm.

It was that little early moment sublimated by nothing more than the fusty beginnings of a workaday, the mere recollecting of which was one day to bring a wash of tears behind his eyes and a twist of anguish into his heart.

Then breakfast and to dine within reach of the coal-range which brews it is so homely a fashion that even Mr. Lipkind, upon whom such matters of bad form lay as a matter of course, was wont to remonstrate.

"What's the matter with the dining-room, ma? Since when have dining-rooms gone out of style?"

Pouring his coffee from the speckled granite pot, Mrs. Lipkind would smile up and over it.

"All I ask is my son should never have it worse than to eat all his lifetime in just such a kitchen like mine. Off my kitchen floor I would rather eat than off some people's fine polished mahogany."

The mahogany was almost not far-fetched. There was a blue-and-white spick-and-spanness about Mrs. Lipkind's kitchen which must lie within the soul of the housewife who achieves it. The lace-edged shelves, the scoured armament of dish-pan, soup-pot, and what not. The white-Swiss window-curtains, so starchy, and the two regimental geraniums on the sill. The roller-towel too snowy for mortal hand to smudge. The white sink, hand-polished. The bland row of blue-and-white china jars spicily inscribed to nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves. That such a kitchen could be within the tall and brick confines of an upper-Manhattan apartment-house was only another of the thousand thousand paradoxes over which the city spreads her glittering skirts. The street within roaring-distance, the highway of Lenox Avenue flowing dizzily constantly past her windows, the interior of Mrs. Lipkind's apartment, from the chromos of the dear dead upon its walls to the upholstery of another decade against those walls, was as little of the day as if the sweep of the city were a gale across a mid-Victorian plain and the flow past the windows a broad river ruffled by wind.

"You're right, ma; there's not a kitchen in New York I'd trade it for. But what's the idea of paying rent on a dining-room?"

"Sa-y, if not for when Clara comes and how in America all young people got extravagant ideas, we was just as well off without one in our three rooms in Simpson Street."



Swaying from straps in a locked train, which tore like a shriek through a tube whose sides sweated dampness, they talked in voices trained to compete with the roar

"A little more of that mackerel, please."

You to whom the chilled grapefruit and the egg-shell cup of morning coffee are a gastronomic feat not always easy to hurdle, raise not your digestive eyebrows. At precisely fifteen minutes past seven six mornings in the week, seven-thirty Sundays, Mrs. Lipkind and her son sat down to a breakfast that was steamingly fit for those only who dwell in the headacheless kingdom of long, sleepful nights and fur-coatless tongues.

"A few more fried potatoes with it, Sammy?"

"Whoa! You want to feed me up for the fat boys' regiment!"

Mrs. Lipkind glanced quickly away, her profile seeming to quiver.

"Don't use that word, Sam—even in fun—it's a knife in me."

"What word?"

"Regiment."

He reached across to pat the vein-corduroyed back of her hand.

"My little sweetheart mama-la!" he said.

She, in turn, put out her hand over his, her old sagging throat visibly constricting in a gulp, and her eyes as if they could never be finished with yearning over him.

"You're a good boy, Sammy."

"Sure!"

"I always say no matter what it is bad my life has had for me with my twenty-five years a widow, my only daughter to marry out six hundred miles away from me, my business troubles when I had to lose the little store what your papa left me, nothing ain't nothing, Sammy, when a mother can raise for herself a boy like mine."

"You mean when a fellow can pick out for himself a little sweetheart mama-la like mine."

"Sammy, stop it with your pinching-me nonsense like I was your best girl!"

"Well, ain't you?"

She paused, her cup of coffee half-way to her lips, the lines of her face seeming to want to lift into what would be a smile.

"No, Sammy; you mother knows she ain't, and if she was anything but a selfish old woman, she would be glad that she ain't."

"Sh! Sh!" said Mr. Lipkind, reaching this time half across the table for a still steaming muffin and opening it so that its hot fragrance came out. "Sh! No waterworks! Uh! Uh! Don't you dare!"

"I ain't," said Mrs. Lipkind, smiling through her tear and dashing at it with the back of her hand. "For why should I when I got only everything to be thankful for?"

"Now you're shouting!"

"How you think, Sammy, Clara likes a cheese pie for supper to-night? Last week I could see she didn't care much for the noodle pudding I baked her."

Mr. Lipkind, who was ever so slightly and prematurely bald and still more slightly and prematurely rotund, suffered a rush of color then, his ears suddenly and redly conspicuous.

"That's—that's what I started to tell you last night, ma. Clara telephoned over to the store in the afternoon she—she thought she wouldn't come to supper this Wednesday night, ma."

"Sammy—you—you and Clara ain't got nothing wrong together the way you don't see each other so much these two months?"

"Of course not, ma; it's just happened a few times that way. The trade's in town; that's all."

"How is it all of a sudden a girl in the wholesale ribbon business should have the trade to entertain like she was in the cloak-and-suit chorus?"

"It's not that Clara's busy to-night, ma. She—she only thought she—for a change—there's a little side table for two—for three—where she boards—she thought maybe

## A Boob Spelled Backward

if—if you didn't mind, I'd go over to her place for Wednesday-night supper for a change. You know how a girl like Clara gets to feeling obligated."

"Obligated from eating once a week supper in her own future house!"

"She asked I should bring you too, ma; but I know how bashful you are to go in places like that."

"In such a place where it's all style and no food—yes."

"That's it; so we—I thought, ma, that is, if you don't mind instead of Clara here to-night for supper, I—I'd go over to her place. If you don't mind, ma."

There was a silence, so light, so slight that it would not have even held the dropping of a pin but yet had a depth and a quality that set them both to breathing faster

"Why, of course, Sammy, you should go."

"I—we thought for a change."

"You should have told me yesterday, Sammy, before I marketed poultry."

"I know, ma; I—just didn't. Clara only 'phoned at four."

"A few more fried potatoes?"

"No more."

"Sit up straight, Sam, from out your round shoulders."

"You ain't—mad, ma?"

"For why, Sammy, should I be mad that you go to Clara for a change to supper. I'm glad if you get a change."

"It's not that, ma. It's just that she asked it. You know how a person feels, her taking her Wednesday-night suppers here for more than five years and never once have I—ve—set foot in any of her boarding-houses. She imagines she's obligated. You know how Clara is, so independent."

"You should go. I hear, too, how Mrs. Schulem sets a good table."

"I'll be home by nine, ma—you sure you don't mind?"

"I wouldn't mind, Sammy, if it was twelve. Since when is it that a grown-up son has to apologize to his mother if he takes a step without her."

"You can believe me, ma, but I've got so it don't seem like theater or nothing seems like going out if you're not my little sweetheart mama-la on one arm and Clara on the other."

"It's not right, Sammy, you should spoil me so. Don't think that even if you don't let me talk on it, I don't know in my heart how I'm in yours and Clara's way."

"Ma, now just you start that talk and you know what I'll do—I'll get up and leave the table."

"Sammy, if only you would let me talk on it!"

"You heard what I said."

"To think my son should have to wait with his engagement for five years and never once let his mother ask him why it is he waits. It ain't because of to-night I want to talk about it, Sam, but if I thought it was me that had stood between you and Clara all these five years, if—if I thought it was because of me you don't see each other so much here lately, I—"

"Ma!"

"I couldn't stand it, son. If ever a boy deserved happiness, that boy is you. A boy that scraped his fingers to the bone to marry his sister off well. A boy that took the few dollars left from my notion store and made such a success in retail men's hats and has give it to his mother like a queen. If I thought I was standing in such a boy's way, who ain't only a grand business man and a grand son and brother but would make any girl the grandest husband that

only his father before him could equal, I couldn't live, Sammy, I couldn't live."

"You should know how sick such talk makes me!"

"I haven't got hard feelings, Sammy, because Clara don't like it here."

"She does."

"For why should an up-to-date American girl as Clara like such an old-fashioned place like I keep it. Nowdays, girls got different ideas. They don't think nothing of seventy-five dollar suits and twelve-dollar shoes. I can't help it that it goes against my grain no matter how fine a money-maker a girl is. In the old country, my sister Carrie and me never had shoes on our feet until we were twelve, much less—"

"But, ma—"

"Oh, I don't blame her, Sam. I don't blame her that she



don't like it the way I dish up everything on the table so we can serve ourselves. She likes it passed the way they did that night at Mrs. Goldfinger's new daughter-in-law's, where everything is carried from one to the next one, and you got to help yourself quick over your shoulders."

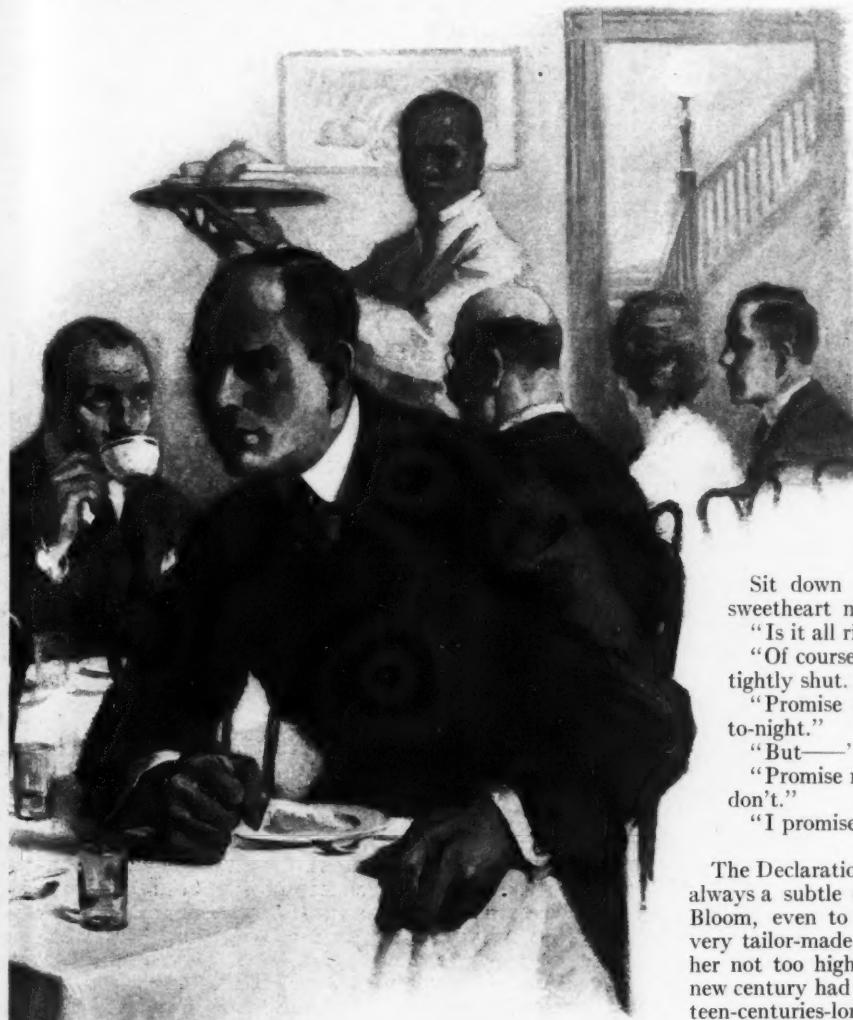
"Clara's like me, ma; she wants you to keep a servant to do the waiting on you."

"It ain't in me, Sam, to be bossed to by a servant, just like I can't take down off the walls pictures of your papa

selig and your grandmas because it ain't stylish they should be there. It's a feeling in me for my own flesh and blood that nothing can change."

"Clara don't want you to change that, ma."

"She's a fine, up-to-date girl, Sam. A girl what can work herself up to head floor-lady in wholesale ribbons and forty dollars a week has got in her the kind of smartness my boy should have in his wife. I'm an



The lower half of  
Mr. Lipkind's face  
seemed to lock, as

it were, into a kind of rigidity which shot out his lower jaw. "I'll see Eddie Leonard burning like brimstone before I let him have you!"

old woman standing in the way of my boy. If I wasn't, I could go out to Marietta by Ruby, and I wouldn't keep having inside of me such terrible fears for my boy and—and how things are now on the other side and—and—"

"Now, now, ma; no waterworks!"

"An old woman that can't even be happy with a good daughter like Ruby but hangs always on her son like a stone around his neck!"

"You mean like a diamond."

"A stone holding him down."

"Ma!" Mr. Lipkind pushed back, napkin awry at his throat and his eyes snapping points of light. "Now, if you

want to spoil my breakfast, just say so and I—I'll quit. Why should you be living with Ruby out in Marietta if you're happier here with me where you belong? If you knew how sore these here fits of yours make me, you'd cut them out—that's what you would. I'm not going over to Clara's at all now for supper, if that's how you feel about it."

Mrs. Lipkind rose then, crossed, leaning over the back of his chair and enclosing his face in the quivering hold of her two hands.

"Sammy, Sammy, I didn't mean it! I know I ain't in your way. How can I be when there ain't a day passes I don't invite you to get married and come here to live and fix the flat any way what Clara wants or even move downtown in a finer one where she likes it? I know I ain't in your way, son. I take it back."

"Well, that's more like it."

"You mustn't be mad at mamma when she gets old-fashioned ideas in her head."

He stroked her hand at his cheek, pressing it closer.

Sit down and finish your breakfast, little sweetheart mama-la."

"Is it all right now, Sammy?"

"Of course it is!" he said, his eyes squeezed tightly shut.

"Promise mamma you'll go over by Clara's to-night."

"But—"

"Promise me, Sammy; I can't stand it if you don't."

"I promise, ma."

The Declaration of Economic Independence is not always a subtle one. There was that about Clara Bloom, even to the rather Hellenic swing of her very tailor-made back and the firm, neat clack of her not too high heels, which proclaimed that a new century had filed her fetter-free from the nineteen-centuries-long chain of women whose pin-money had too often been blood-money or the filched shekels from trousers pocket or what in the toga corresponded thereto.

And yet, when Miss Bloom smiled, which upon occasion she did spontaneously enough to show a gold molar, there were not only Hypatia and Portia in the straight line of her lips but lurked in the little tip-tilt at the corners a quirk from Psyche, who loved and was so loved, and in the dimple in her chin a manhole, as it were, for Mr. Samuel Lipkind.

At six o'clock, where the wintry workaday flows into dusk and Fifth Avenue flows across Broadway, they met, these two, finding each other out in the gaseous shelter of a subway kiosk. She from the tall, thin, skylightless skyscraper dedicated to the wholesale supply of woman's insatiable demand for the ribbon gewgaw; he from a plate-glass shop with his name inscribed across its front and more humbly given over to the more satiable demand of the male for the Two Dollar Hat. There was a gold-and-black sign which ran across the not inconsiderable width of Mr. Lipkind's store-front and which invariably captioned his four inches of Sunday-newspaper advertisement:

## A Boob Spelled Backward

### SAMMY LIPKIND WANTS YOUR HEAD

As near as it is possible for the eye to simulate the heart, there was exactly that sentiment in his glance now as he found out Miss Bloom, she in a purple-felt hat and the black scallops of escaping hair, blacker because the red was out in her cheeks.

He broke into the kind of smile that lifted his every feature, screw-lines at his eyes coming out, head bared, and his greeting beginning to come even before she was within hearing-distance of it.

There was in Mr. Lipkind precious little of Lothario, Launcelot, Galahad, or any of that blankety-blank-verse coterie. There remains yet unsung the lay of the five-foot-five, slightly bald, and ever so slightly rotund lover. Falstaff and Romeo are the extremes of what Mr. Lipkind was the not unhappy medium. Offhand in public places, men would swap crop-conditions and city politics with him. Twice, tired mothers in railway stations had volunteered him their babies to dandle. Young women, however, were not all impervious to him, and uncrossed their feet and became consciously unconscious of him across street-car aisles. In his very Two Dollar Hat Store, Sara Minnesinger, hooked of profile but who had impeccably kept his debits and credits for twelve years back under the stock-balcony and a green eye-shade, was wont to cry of evenings over and for him into her dingy pillow. He was so unconscious of this that, on the twelfth anniversary of her incarceration beneath the stock-balcony, he commissioned his mother to shop her a crown of thorns in the form of a gold-handled umbrella with a bachelor-girl flash-light attachment.

There are men like that, to whom life is not only a theosophy of one God but of one woman who is sufficient thereof. When Samuel Lipkind greeted Clara Bloom, there was just that in his ardently appraising glance.

"Didn't mean to keep you waiting, Clara—a last-minute customer. You know."

"I've been counting red heads and wishing the subway was pulled by white horses."

"Say, Clara, but you look a picture! Believe me, Bettina, that is some lid!"

Miss Bloom tucked up a rear strand of curl, turning her head to extreme profile for his more complete approval.

"Is it an elegant trifle, Sam? I ask you is it an elegant trifle?"

"Clara, it's—immense! The best yet! What did it set you back?"

"Don't ask me! I'm afraid just saying it would give your mother heart-failure by mental telepathy."

He linked her arm.

"Whatever you paid, it's worth the money. It sets you off like a Gipsy queen."

"None of that, Sam! Mush is fattening."

"Mush nothing! It's the truth."

"Hurry. Schulem's got a new rule—no reserving the guest-table."

They let themselves be swept into the great surge of the underground river with all of the rather thick-skinned unsensitivity to shoulder-to-shoulder contact which the subway engenders. Swaying from straps in a locked train, which tore like a shriek through a tube whose sides sweated dampness, they talked in voices trained to compete with the roar.

"What's the idea, Clara? When you telephoned yesterday, I was afraid maybe it was—Eddie Leonard cutting in on my night again."

"Eddie nothing. Is it a law, Sam, that I have to eat off your mother every Wednesday night of my life?"

"No—only—you know how it is when you get used to things one way."

"I told you I had something to talk over, didn't I?"

They were rounding a curve now, so that they swayed face to face, nose to nose.

A few crinkles, frequent with him of late, came out in rays from his eyes.

"Is it anything you—you couldn't say in front of me?"

"Yes."

He inserted two fingers into his collar, rearing back his head.

"Anything wrong, Clara?"

"You mean is anything right."

They rode in silence after that, both of them reading in three colors the border effulgencies of frenzied advertising.

But when they emerged to a quieter up-town night that was already pointed with a first star, he took her arm as they turned off into a side street that was architecturally a barracks to the eye, brownstone front after brownstone front after brownstone front. Block after block of New York's side streets are sunk thus in brown study.

"You mustn't be so ready to be put out over every little thing I say, Clara. Is it anything wrong to want you up at the house just as often as we can get you?"

"No, Sam; it ain't that."

"Well then, what is it?"

"Oh, what's the use beginning all that again. I want to begin to-night where we usually leave off."

"Is it—is it something we've talked about before, Clara?"

"Yes—and no. We've talked so much and so long without ever getting anywhere—what's the difference whether we've ever talked it before or not?"

"You just wait, Clara; everything is going to come out fine for us."

Her upper lip lifted slightly.

"Yes," she said; "I've heard that before."

"We're going to be mighty happy some day just the same, and don't you let yourself forget it. We've got good times ahead."

"Oh dear!" she sighed out.

"What?"

"Nothing."

He patted her arm.

"You'll never know, Clara, the torture it's been for me even your going out those few times with Eddie Leonard has put me through. You're mine, Clara; a hundred Eddies couldn't change that."

"Who said anybody wanted to change it?"

He patted her arm again very closely.

"You're a wonderful girl, Clara."

They turned up the stoop of Mrs. Schulem's boarding-house, strictly first-class. How they flourish in the city, these institutions of the Not Yet, the Never Was, the Never Will Be, and the Has Been! They are the half-way houses going up and the mausoleums coming down life's incline, and he who lingers is lost to the drab destiny of this or that third-floor-back hearthstone, hot and cold running water, all the comforts of home. That is why, even as she moved up from the rooming- to the boarding-house and down from the third-floor back to the second-story front, there was always under Clara Bloom's single bed the steamer-trunk scarcely unpacked, and in her heart the fear that, after all, this might not be transiency but home. That is why, too, she paid her board by the week and used printed visiting-cards.

And yet, if there exists such a paradox as an aristocracy among boarding-houses, Mrs. Schulem's was of it. None of the boiled odors lay on her hallways, which were not papered but a cream-colored fresco of better days. There was only one pair of bisques, no folding-bed, and but the slightest touch of dried grasses in her unpartitioned front parlor. The slavey who opened the door was black-faced, white-coated, and his bedraggled skirts were trousers with a line of braid up each seam. Two more of him were also genii of the basement dining-hall, two low rooms made into one and entirely bisected by a long-stemmed T of dining-table, and between the lace-curtained windows a small table for two, with fairly snowy napkins flowering out of its



PHOTO BY T. D. SKIDMORE

He watched beside her bed the next five hours of the night, his face so close above hers that, when she opened her eyes, his were merged into one for her, and the clasp of his hand never left hers



He glanced almost automatically out to the wall telephone in the hall opposite the open door

water-tumblers, and in its center a small island of pressed-glass vinegar-cruet, bottle of darkly portentous condiment, glass of sugar, and another of teaspoons.

It was here that Miss Bloom and Mr. Lipkind finally settled themselves, snugly and sufficiently removed from the T-shaped battalion of eyes and ears to insure some privacy.

"Well," said Mr. Lipkind, unflowering his napkin, spreading it across his knees, and exhaling, "this is fine!"

There was an aura of authoritativeness seemed to settle over Miss Bloom.

This to one of the black-faced genii:

"Take care of us right to-night, Johnson, and I'll fix it up with you. See if you can't manage it in the kitchen to bring us a double portion of those banana fritters I see they're eating at the big table. Say they're for Miss Bloom. I'll fix it up with you."

"Now, Clara, don't you go bothering with extras for me. This is certainly fine—sorry you never asked me before."

"You know why I never asked you before."

"Why, you never saw the like how pleased ma was. She was the first one to fall in with the idea of my coming to-night."

She dipped into a shallow plate of amber soup.

"I know," she said, "all about that."

"Ma's a good sport about being left at home alone."

"How do you know? You never tried it until to-night. I'll bet it's the first time since that night you first met me five years ago at Jerome Fertig's, and it wouldn't have been then if she hadn't had the neuralgia and it was your own clerk's wedding."

He laid down his spoon, settling back a bit from the table, pulling the napkin across his knees out into a string.

"I thought we'd gone all over that, Clara."

"Yes; but where did it get us? That's why we're here to-night, Sam—to get somewhere."

He crumbed his bread.

"What do you mean, Clara?"

She forced his slow gaze to hers calmly, her hands outstretched on the table between them.

"I've made up my mind, Sam. Things can't go on this way no longer between us."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that we've either got to act or quit."

He was rolling the bread pills again, a flush rising.

"You know where I stand, Clara, on things between us."

"Yes, Sam, and now you know where I stand." The din of the dining-room surged over

the pause between them. Still in the purple hat, and her wrap thrown back over her chair, she held that pause coolly, level of eye. "I'm thirty-one now, Sam, three weeks and two days older than you. I don't see the rest of my days with the Arnstein Ribbon Company. I'm not getting any younger. Five years is a long time out of a girl's life. Five of the best ones, too. She likes to begin to see her future when she reaches my age. A future with a good providing man. You and me are just where we started five years ago."

"I know, Clara, and I'd give my right hand to change things."

"If I'd been able to save a cent, it might be different. But I haven't—I'm that way. I make big and spend big. But you can't blame a girl for wanting to see her future. That's me, and I'm not ashamed to say it."

"If only, Clara, I could get you to see things my way. If you'd be willing to try it with ma. Why, with a little diplomacy from you, ma'd move heaven and earth to please you."

"There's no use beginning that, Sam; it's a waste of time. Why—why, just the difference in the way me and—your mother feel on money matters is enough. There's no use to argue that with me; it's a waste of time."

He lifted and let droop his shoulders with something of helplessness in the gesture.

"What's the use, then? I'm sure I don't know what more to say to you, Clara. Oh, don't think my mother don't realize how things are between us—it's all I can do to keep denying and denying."

"Well, you can't say she knows from my telling."

"No; but there's not a day she don't say to me, particularly these last few times since you been breaking your dates with us pretty regular—I—well she sees how it worries me, and there's not a day she don't say to me, 'Sammy,' she said to me, only this morning, 'if I thought I was keeping you and Clara apart—'"

"A blind man could see it."

"There's not a day passes over her head she don't offer to go out to live with my sister in Ohio, when I know just how that one month of visiting her that time nearly killed her."

"Funny visiting an own daughter could nearly kill anybody."

"It's my brother-in-law, Clara. My mother couldn't no more live with Isadore Katz than she could fly. He's a fine fellow and all that, but she's not used to a man in the house that potters around the kitchen and the children's food and things like Isadore loves to. She's used to her own little home and her own little way."

"Exactly."

"If I want to kill my mother, Clara, all I got to do is put her away from me in her old age. Even my sister knows it. 'Sammy,' she wrote to me that time after ma's visit out there, 'I love our mother like you do, but I got a nervous husband who likes his own ways about the house-keeping and the children and the cooking, and nobody knows better than me that the place for ma to be happy is with you in her own home and her own ways of doing.'"

"I call that a nerve for a sister to let herself out like that."

"It's not nerve, Clara; it's the truth. Ruby's a good girl in her way."

"What about you—ain't your life to be thought of? Ain't it enough she was married off with enough money for her husband to buy a half-interest in a ladies' ready-to-wear store."

"Why if I was to bring my little wife to that flat of ours, Clara, or any other kind further down-town that she'd want to pick out for herself, I think my mother would just walk on her hands and knees to make things pleasant for her. Maybe you don't know it, but on your Wednesday nights up at the house, she is up at five o'clock in the morning fixing around and cooking the things she thinks you'll like."

"I'm not saying a word against your mother, Sam. I think she's a grand woman, and I admire a fellow that's good to his mother. I always say, 'Give me a fellow every time that is good to his mother and that fellow will be good to his wife.'"

"I'm not pretending to say ma mayn't be a little peculiar in her ways, but you never saw an old person that wasn't, did you? Neither am I saying it's exactly any girl's idea to start out married life with a third person in—"

"I've always swore to myself, Sam, and I'm not ashamed to admit it, that if I can't marry to improve myself, I'm going to stay single till I can. I'm not a six-dollar-a-week stenog that has to marry for enough to eat. I can afford to buy a seventy-five dollar suit every winter of my life and twelve-dollar shoes every time I need them. The hat on my head cost me eighteen-fifty wholesale, without having to be beholden to nobody, and—"

"Ma don't mean those things, Clara. It's just when she hears the prices girls pay for things nowadays she can't help being surprised the way things have changed."

"I'm not a small potato, Sam. I never could live like a small potato."

"Why, you know there's nothing I like better than to see you dressed in the best that money can buy. You heard what I said about that hat just now, didn't you? Whatever it cost, it's worth it. I can afford to dress my little wife in the best that comes. There's nothing too good for her."

"Yes; but—"

"All ma needs, Clara, is a little humorizing. She's had to stint so all her life, it's a little hard to get her used to a little prosperity. Take me. Why, if I bring her home a little shawl or a pockabook that cost, say ten dollars, you think I tell her? No. I say, 'Here's a bargain I picked up for three ninety-eight,' and right away she's happy with something reduced."

"Your mother and me, Sam, and, mind you, I'm not saying she isn't a grand old lady, wasn't no more made to live together than we was made to fly. I couldn't no more live her way than she could live mine. I've got a practical head on my shoulders—I don't deny it—and I want to improve ourselves in this world when we marry, and have an up-to-date home like every young couple that starts out nowadays."

"Sure, we—"

"That flat of yours up there or any other one under the conditions would be run like the ark. I'm an up-to-date girl, I am. There's not a girl living would be willing to marry a well-off fellow like you and go tuck herself in a place she couldn't even have the running of herself or have her own say-so about the purse-strings. It may sound unbecoming, but when I marry, I'm going to better myself, I am."

"I—why—"

"If she can't even stand for her own son-in-law walking into his own kitchen in his own (Continued on page 113)



"Hello, ma! Think I got lost?"



# The Complete

By Arnold

Decoration by

REQUENTERS of lunatic asylums are familiar with the person who, being convinced that he is a poached egg, continually demands to be put on hot toast and is continually unhappy because nobody will put him on hot toast. This man is quite harmless; he is merely a bore by reason of a ridiculous delusion about the fulfilment of his true destiny being bound up with hot toast. In character, he is one of the most amiable individuals that ever lived, amiable even to the point of offering himself for consumption to those of his fellow patients who are hungry and who happen to fancy a poached egg with their tea. Nevertheless, on the score of his undeniable delusion, he is segregated from ordinary society and indeed imprisoned for life. Such may be the consequence of a delusion.

But not all deluded people are treated alike. A lady went for the week-end to stay in a country cottage. She was accustomed to smoke a cigarette in her bath of a morning.

Let there be no mistake. She was a perfectly respectable lady. In former days, respectable ladies neither smoked cigarettes nor took baths. The one habit was nearly as disreputable as the other. In the present era, they do both with impunity, and though possibly a section of the public may consider that, while for a woman to smoke a cigarette is quite nice and for a woman to have a bath is quite nice, to smoke a cigarette in a bath is not quite nice for a woman, that section of the public is in a very small minority and should therefore be howled down.

Anyhow, the lady in question was everything that a lady ought to be. She was, in fact, a well-known social worker and writer on social subjects. On the Sunday morning, a terrible rumor was propagated throughout the country cottage. The lady did not smoke merely a cigarette in her bath—she smoked a special brand of cigarette in her bath. And she had forgotten to bring a due supply of the special brand, and her cigarette-case had been emptied on the previous night. It became known that she was in a fearful state and would not be comforted. The brand was Egyptian. At first, none but the brand would do for her, but after a period of agony, she announced that she was ready to smoke any Egyptian or Turkish cigarette. The cottage, however, was neither Egyptian nor Turkish but a Virginian cottage. She could not be induced to try a Virginian cigarette, and the cottage was miles from anywhere, and the day was the Sabbath.

She came down-stairs miserable, unnerved, futile, a nuisance to herself and to her hosts. She could not discuss important social matters which she had come on purpose to discuss. She could do naught except sympathize with herself, and this she did on a tremendous scale. In the afternoon, a visitor called who possessed Egyptian cigarettes. The lady got one, and at the first puff was instantly restored to her normal condition. The hot toast had been brought to the poached egg.

The lady, I maintain, was suffering from a delusion at least as outrageous as the poached-egg delusion, the delusion that her body and brain could not function properly—in other words, that her destiny could not be fulfilled—unless she took into her mouth at a certain time a particular variety of gaseous fluid scarcely distinguishable from a thousand other similar varieties of gaseous fluid. Her physical perceptions were not at all delicate. Like most women, for example, she could not tell the difference between

It may be said that it reveals the secret of tyranny of our habits more powerful factors grow old. If we trying any fixed custom by so much the ad-

Old Age. Those who moded by interrup-

are the last in the

Now, this lady was

W.T. Benda



# Fusser

Bennett

W. T. Benda

this essay Mr. Bennett keeping young. The is certainly one of the in causing the spirit to and succeed in changing whatever, we impede vance of the enemy, refuse to be incommodations in life's routine end to be overtaken.

Far from scheming to get the lady into a lunatic asylum, her hosts were extraordinarily sympathetic, and even when they were by themselves, the worst thing they said was:

"Poor thing! She's rather fussy about cigarettes."

## II

No one, I think, will assert that I have overdrawn the picture of a person victimized by a delusion and yet not inhabiting a lunatic asylum. Everyone will be able, out of his own experience of the world, to match my example with examples of his own. And indeed there are few of us who are not familiar with at least one example immensely worse than the lady who staked her daily existence on getting an Egyptian cigarette in her bath. Few of us have not met the gentleman who can only be described as "the complete fusser."

This gentleman has slowly convinced himself that the proper fulfilment of his destiny depends absolutely upon about ten thousand different things. All things, of course, have their importance, but this gentleman attaches a supreme and quite fatal importance to all the ten thousand things. He begins to be fussy on waking up, and he stops being fussy when he goes to sleep. He may not smoke a cigarette in his bath, but he will probably keep a thermometer in his bath, because he is convinced that there is a "right" temperature for the bath-water and that any other would impair his efficiency. He may detest smoking, in which case he will probably have rigid ideas about the precise sort of woven stuff he must wear next to his skin. He may be almost any kind of character and yet be fussy. He may be so tidy that he cannot exist in a room, either in his own house or in anybody else's, until he has been round the walls and made all the pictures exactly horizontal. He may be so untidy that, if his wife privily tidies his desk, he is put off work for the rest of the day. He may be so fond of open air that he can only sleep with his head out of a window, or so afraid of open air that a draft deranges all his activities for a fortnight. He may be so regular that he kisses his wife by the clock, or so irregular that he is never conscious of appetite until a meal has been going cold for half an hour. And so on endlessly.

But whatever he does and thinks, he does and thinks under the conviction that if he did otherwise the consequences would be disastrous to himself if not to others. Whereas, the truth is that to change all his habits from morn to eve would result in great benefit to him. (Continued on page 121)



The notes taken by George B. on this occasion were sketchier than usual, since the utterance of Bill and Tabber, impeded by mastication, was not much more intelligible than that of Jim

# Penrod

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

**PENROD SCHOFIELD** becomes a frequenter of moving pictures, and witnesses many plays dealing with crime in which the arm of the law always wins out. Consequently, he loses his former admiration and envy of bandits, outlaws, and the "crook" tribe in general, and decides to become a detective. George B. Jashber, creature of his imagination, and one-time despised minion of the law, now becomes a hero, and Penrod begins to think of himself as the redoubtable George B. A detective's badge obtained from an admirer of Della, the cook, serves to complete the illusion, and Penrod is ready for business.

Mr. Herbert Hamilton Dade is a young man recently come to town, and no one knows much about him. Nevertheless, he has made friends, and has taken to calling on Penrod's sister Margaret. Mr. Schofield does not like the attentions of this stranger to his daughter, and in the course of an argument on the subject with his wife, the latter remarks sarcastically that probably Mr. Dade is a professional horse-thief. Penrod overhears this and takes it seriously. He will find out where Dade keeps his stolen horses! He trails Dade's footsteps, and, besides noting that he meets and converses with a bearded man, discovers not where the horses are but the place of Dade's abode, which proves to be the Young Men's Christian Association building.

Penrod now enlists the services of his colored friends, Herman and Verman, in the work of shadowing Dade. Herman is known as Bill, and Verman as Jim. Dade is much mystified at constantly finding two colored urchins under his feet. Bill and Jim make daily reports to George B. Jashber, which are faithfully recorded. One day, the detective reads some of these reports to the object of his youthful affections, Marjorie Jones. She is deeply interested and thrilled by the disclosures regarding the great "crook" Dade and his accomplice with the false black whiskers. But just then Marjorie's father enters the front gate in company with the be-whiskered scoundrel. The startled Penrod points him out. Marjorie declares indignantly that he is her uncle Montgomery.

## PART IV

### THE PURSUIT OF DADE

IT may not be denied that, for the moment, Penrod was taken aback. He rubbed his knee in silence, seeming to find an injury there; then, somewhat feebly, he inquired,

"What's his last name?"

"Whose last name?" the offended Marjorie demanded. "Papa's?"



# Jashber

*His career  
as a Detective*

"No; I mean what's the man with the—I mean what's your uncle's last name?"

"Jones!" she replied, with an explosiveness beyond her years.

"Well," Penrod began uncomfortably, "well—all right."

"I guess it is *not* all right, either! You got to take back all you called my uncle Montgomery or I'll never speak to you again."

Penrod felt desperate. He had come, that morning, to overwhelm Marjorie, to leave her almost prostrate with admiration and, conceivably, weeping with anxiety over the dangerous life his position in the world compelled him to lead. Here was a collapse indeed—just as he had begun to diagnose symptoms of success. Vaguely he sought some means to counteract malignant fortune.

"Well, I'll take it all back about your uncle."

"Every last word?"

"I will about him."

Marjorie looked at Penrod suspiciously.

"Well, what won't you take every last word back about?"

"That ole Dade," Penrod said doggedly. "I won't take back *any* about him, because we're after him, and we're goin'

to keep on after him—and he's a crook!"

"I don't believe it! I don't believe a word of it, because look what you just said about my uncle Mont—"

"Marjorie," the goaded boy burst out, "didn't I just say I took it back about your ole uncle Montgomery? That hasn't got anything to do with the rest of it, has it? I guess your eyes wouldn't stick out if I just told you a few things about that ole Dade! Oh, no!"

"Well, what about him, then, you know so much?"

"Well—"

"I won't believe a word of it unless you tell me!"

"Marjorie—"

"You don't know anything any more'n you did about uncle Montgomery. That's the reason you won't tell."

"You listen here," the incensed Penrod began; "you just listen to me!"

"Well, I am listening."

"My father," said Penrod, "my father said this ole Dade stole horses, and so did my mother, and I heard them say it. I guess you ain't goin' to claim my father and mother don't tell the truth, are you? Anybody that calls my father and mother a liar—"

"Penrod! Did you *honestly* hear your father and mother say that?"

"Yes, I did! And anybody that calls my father and mother—"

"Penrod!" Such passionate defense of his parents' reputation was not needed; they ranked as unquestionable authorities, and Marjorie accepted Mr. Herbert Hamilton Dade's status as that of a horse-thief. "Penrod, it's just terrible!" she cried.

"I know lots worse about him 'n that," he declared.

"Worse than stealing horses, Penrod?"

## Penrod Jashber

Penrod had carried his point; in spite of everything, he had succeeded in being as impressive as he had hoped to be. Nothing could have been more natural than that he should both protract and intensify the fragrant moment. Marjorie now seemed ready to believe whatever he said, and he more than half believed his ominous projections himself. He became so mysterious that not only his mother, but a professional oculist might have warned him to take care.

"Stealing horses isn't much to what *that* gang does—when they get started once," he said.

"Who's the others, Penrod?" Marjorie inquired, and, with gentle urgency, she added, "You took it back about uncle Montgomery, Penrod."

"Well—he isn't; but they'll prob'ly get him to sign some ole papers or sumpthng."

Marjorie's eyes grew larger than ever.

"Would they—would they make papa sign some, too, Penrod?"

"Well, that's just what I told you, isn't it? That's the way ole crooks do. First, he'll make your father sign the ole papers, and then prob'ly he'll want to get married to you or sumpthng—"

"Why, Penrod!" This was too far beyond Marjorie's horizon; she was not allowed to attend the "movies." "What are you talkin' about?" she exclaimed. "Anyway, I heard mamma say that Mr. Dade wanted to get married to your sister Margaret."

"Well, I guess he does," Penrod admitted, and then, recovering himself, added scornfully, "I guess I know *that* much, don't I?"

"Well, you just said—"

"Listen, can't you, just a minute? Can't you listen just a *minute*? My goodness! If he got all your father's money and his house an' lot, then he could come and marry Margaret, couldn't he?"

"But you—"

"Well, he *could*, couldn't he?"

"I didn't say he couldn't, Penrod."

"Well, then, listen a minute, can't you? My good—"

"I am listening!" Marjorie felt that there had been a definite inconsistency in Penrod's statement, but, in a moment or two, as he went on, the inconsistency lost its definiteness, became vague, and then she forgot it altogether—and so did Penrod.

"This is the way ole Dade does, Marjorie. First, he gets somebody that drinks, or sumpthng, and gets him to help make some ole father write his name on the ole papers and then he prob'ly gets him arrested and put in jail, or else he takes and kills him—"

"Which one, Penrod? Which one does he kill?"

He deliberated.

"Well, gener'ly the one that drinks, and then he takes all the other one's money and his house an' lot. Well, f'r instance, supposin' your uncle Montgomery is the one that drinks—"

"He does not! He doesn't either drink, and you shan't say—"

"Well, I didn't say he *did*, did I? My goodness, I just said—well, even if he don't drink or anything, I bet ole

Dade'll make your father give him all his money and his house an' lot and everything, and *then* where'll you be?"

Marjorie was disturbed, but she had a reassuring thought. "Papa wouldn't do it. He wouldn't give uncle Montgomery—"

"I didn't say he'd give it to your uncle. He'd haf to give it to ole Dade. My goodness!"

"Why, papa wouldn't give it to Mr. Dade! If he wouldn't give it to uncle Montgomery, he wouldn't take and give it to—"

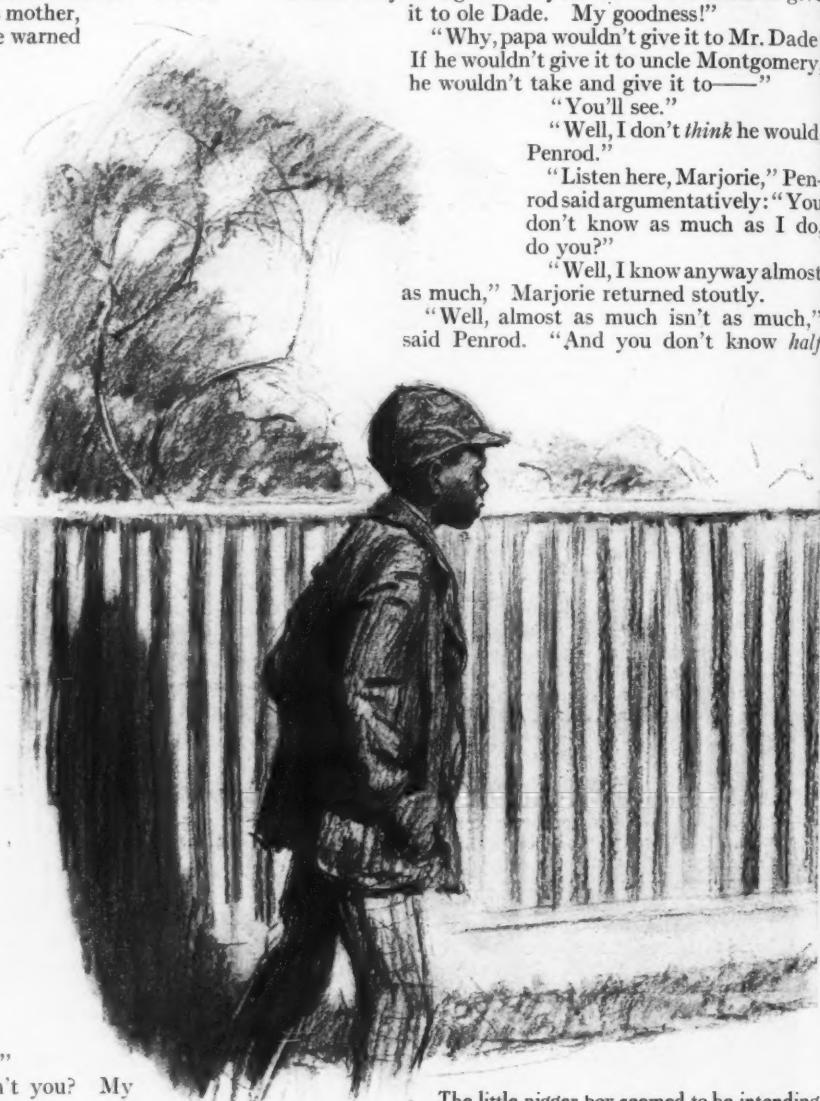
"You'll see."

"Well, I don't *think* he would, Penrod."

"Listen here, Marjorie," Penrod said argumentatively: "You don't know as much as I do, do you?"

"Well, I know anyway almost as much," Marjorie returned stoutly.

"Well, almost as much isn't as much," said Penrod. "And you don't know *half* as much."



The little nigger boy seemed to be intending of them, but just at the last moment, when mind and fell back. About ten paces behind

what I know about crooks. You don't know anything at all about 'em, and I know 'most everything."

"Well, what of it?"

"Well," said Penrod, "you better look out, that's all; and your father better look out or, first thing he knows, there'll be—there'll be lots o' trouble around here!"

His manner (that of one knowing much more than circumstances permitted him to tell) had a powerful effect upon Marjorie, who was becoming seriously alarmed.

"Why, papa would go and get that bad man arrested!" she said, but without strong conviction, for it had begun to seem to her that her father was doomed. However, she had another hopeful thought: "He'd rather have him arrested, any day, than give him his house an' lot."

Penrod had no verbal reply for this; yet he had talked himself into the belief that Mr. Jones was somehow inextricably in the toils of the crook Dade, and Marjorie's

reasonable idea failed to shake him. He made some sounds of derision, and then shook his head portentously.

"Well, he would, wouldn't he?" Marjorie urged. "Why wouldn't he?"

"You just wait and see, Marjorie Jones!" said Penrod gloomily.

Marjorie's face fell; again all seemed lost.

"Are you *sure*, Penrod?" she quavered.

"You just wait and see."

"Pen—" she paused, interrupted by a call from the house.

"Lunch, Marjorie! Come to the table!"

"I'm coming, mamma." She took a few steps toward Penrod, who was already moving in the direction of the front gate. "Penrod, do you think—"

"You just wait and see, Marjorie Jones!"

"Oh, Penrod, please—"



to pass Margaret and Mr. Dade and walk ahead  
he was close alongside, he always changed his  
him walked another colored boy, a larger one

In spite of her appealing voice, he continued upon his way; and the summons from the house was repeated.

"Marjorie!"

Thereupon, Marjorie turned obediently and went into the house. Meanwhile, a feeling, undeniably to be diagnosed as one of satisfaction, became part of Penrod's genuinely ominous forebodings on behalf of the Jones family; he was justifiably confident that Marjorie regarded him as an important person not immeasurably unlike an actual George B. Jashber. Still, he had another feeling underneath his satisfaction and his foreboding. This third feeling was less active and feeble than the two others—but it was there. And if he could have seen the excitement in Marjorie's face as she went in to lunch with her family and her uncle Montgomery, and if he could have read her impulses under that excitement, this relatively insignificant third feeling would certainly have become, upon the instant, the most powerful one of the three.

It consisted of a shimmering disquiet, a foggy sense of having dabbled in vast matters, of having done something—somehow—somewhere—that might bring about results upon the adult plane and far out of his range and class. It did not last long, but while it was present within him, Penrod felt a little uncomfortable.

The following Sunday morning, Mr. Robert Williams went to church in company with the other members of his own family—that is to say, with his father and his mother and his eleven-year-old brother, Sam. The serious expression of the new bachelor of arts was one evidence that going to church with his own family was not one of the summer

pleasures he had promised himself in his undergraduate day-dreams, and, during the service, his eyes frequently wandered to another family group of four in a pew across the aisle. On the homeward way, also, his wistful look ran forward, over intervening heads, to where, in this other family group, a frivolous hat

affected sedateness for the occasion. No physical force prevented Robert from joining Miss Schofield; she had no escort or protection except that afforded by her father, mother, and brother. Nevertheless, Robert Williams walked with his own family—in peace, it may be, but certainly without jocosity.

In the afternoon, after four o'clock, he came out upon the front porch of his father's house, sat in a wicker chair and opened a book, but read nothing therein. His gaze was steadfast upon a lawn and gate a little way down the street, and there was in his face an expectancy like that of a person who waits in a dentist's anteroom. It was the look of one who, from previous experience, knows what is going to happen presently but anticipates little to his pleasure.

Nor did his inward prophecies fail of fulfilment—though, as it happened, the facts proved to be an unexpected and fantastic embroidery upon the simple weave of his predictions. From Mr. Schofield's gate, as the disturbed Robert expected, Margaret and Mr. Herbert Hamilton Dade came forth, patently for an afternoon walk; and both were in a mood of gaiety, so far as sight and hearing might dis-

close their condition to the young man pretending to read a book. The cruel Margaret had looked never more charming.

She and her handsome companion passed along the Williams' fence, and Robert caught the word "Princess" in Mr. Dade's melodious voice, but bent interestedly over his book and did not look up until they had gone by. When he did lift his eyes, it seemed to him that he caught just the end of a swift gesture of Margaret's head; he had the impression that she had glanced back over her shoulder at him.

"Coquette!" he breathed; and then he viciously muttered the word, "Princess!" So she liked *that* awful sort of thing! And Robert remembered a classmate of his who had printed a poem, evidently personal and particular, called "Milady," in a college paper early in the first freshman term, and thus acquired a nickname which had to be carefully explained to the poet's father on class-day, four years later. "Princess!" said Robert. "Oh, *all* right!"

He watched this girl of execrable taste as she sauntered up the sunshiny pavement beside Mr. Dade, and, though he

loathed her romantic tendencies, he could not help feeling that her dress was the prettiest he had ever seen her wear— incomparably prettier than any dress he had ever seen any other girl wear. And she was so graceful! In the light breeze her chiffon overskirt fluttered like sunbeams on a rapid brook. He could have seen it better, he noted with annoyance, if that little nigger boy had not walked so close behind her. The little nigger boy seemed to be intending to pass Margaret and Mr. Dade and walk ahead of them, the gloomy watcher observed, but just at the last moment, when he was close alongside, he always changed his mind and fell back. About ten paces behind him walked another colored boy, a larger one.

Suddenly Robert's book fell to the floor of the porch. Thirty or forty feet behind the second colored boy walked Sam Williams, Robert's brother, and, at about the same distance to the rear of Sam came one wearing an imperious—nay, almost satanic—intensity of countenance, evidently in command. This person was he whom Robert may most creditably be represented as defining, mentally, "that blank Penrod." The observer's eyes became luminous with wonder and curiosity. Unmistakably, here was some sort of procession!

Robert had no impulse to interfere. If those two small negroes and Sam and Penrod found themselves interested in taking a walk (as it were) with Miss Schofield and her dashing admirer, what right had any outsider to prevent? And particularly on the part of a dis-qualified suitor must any attempt to break up the little parade have appeared an intrusion. However, as it passed up the street, he felt warranted in going as far as the gate to look at it.

Mr. Dade and Margaret had reached the next corner, but Robert was able to see that Mr. Dade began to be annoyed by the persistent proximity of the smaller negro. In fact, he seemed to be addressing him harshly, and the negro, to all appearances, was making a voluble and gesticulative but unsatisfactory reply. The other darky, standing aloof, was calling



As Sam reached the top of the fence, a detaining hand was laid upon his shoulder

something in the direction of Sam and Penrod, who had each moved aside from the line of vision of Mr. Dade and Margaret—Sam behind a shade-tree, and Penrod (having prostrated himself) behind an ornamental stone upon an open lawn. The whole proceeding was somewhat conspicuous, and several people across the street had paused to observe it. However, Mr. Dade presently abandoned his argument, and he and Margaret turned the corner, as closely attended by the small negro boy as before. The larger one followed; Penrod rose cautiously; Sam came from behind his tree, and, a moment later, both disappeared in the same direction.

Robert was profoundly interested, but his dignity did not permit him to add one more to the procession. A grimness which was far cousin to a smile came upon his lips, and, as he retired into the house, the least little lightening of his sorrows was perceptible within his soul. And as the afternoon waned and no sound or sign of a returning Sam indicated that the uninvited strollers had grown disheartened in their mysterious purpose, this alleviation of Robert's increased, so that he appeared at the evening table with a livelier air than his worried mother had seen upon him since the day of his return from college. He even helped Sam in the latter's excuses for being a full ten minutes late, and, after the meal was over, sought that youth's company in the twilight of the back yard. He began by giving Sam a quarter. Sam was sincerely grateful, though hurried.

"I'm certainly much obliged," he said, moving toward the side fence. "Well, I guess I got to be goin'."

"Wheredo you have to go, Sam?"

"Over to Penrod's."

"What for?"

"Oh, nothin'."

"Going to play with Penrod and those two colored boys?"

"I dunno," said Sam, and noting a tendency on the part of Robert to detain him with more conversation, he added: "Well, I'm very much obliged, Bob. Well, g'-by!" And he set his hand upon the fence to climb it.

"Wait a minute, can't you? I just wanted to—"

"Honest, I got to go!"

And in confirmation, there came a shout from the yard beyond that next adjoining. It was the voice of Herman.

"Hi, Tabber!" it shouted.

"I'm comin', Bill," Sam called in response.

"We goin' begin, Tabber," Herman shouted again. "Ole Jawge, he waitin' on you."

"I'm comin', ain't I?"

But as Sam reached the top of the fence, a detaining hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"I only want to talk to you a minute, Sam."

"Honest, Bob, I got to go. I got—"

Robert gave Sam another quarter.

"Well, much obliged," said Sam, descending from the fence. "What you want to talk about?"

"Who was it that called you just then?"

"It's Herman; he's a colored boy."

"What name did he call you?"

"Oh, nothin'. 'Tabber,' I guess. We kind of pretend we got other names. Penrod said I'd be Tabber." Sam laughed a little sheepishly. "He made it up, I guess."

"Who's George?"

"It's Penrod." Here Sam laughed again. "He's George—George B. Jashber. Herman's Bill, and Verman's Jim, and I'm Tabber. They only took me in a few days ago, when I went over there."

(Continued on page 122)

# The Quit- claim Deed

By

Arthur Somers Roche

Author of "The Gray Hair"

Illustrated by George Gibbs

COLBY searched the ultimate pocket again. It yielded the same result as before. Well, he hated to go back to petty graft, but a man must have breakfast. Even a fool must feed. And a fine fool he'd been! Ten years of bucking the brace-games of Manhattan had taught him nothing. He'd had hopes for himself recently. Of late, until last night, he'd been able to put a maximum on his losses and quit the game with his bank-account intact.

But last night the red had come six straight—or crooked—times, and the three hundred dollars that Colby had brought with him to Tinyard's had been raked in by the *croupier* before Colby had been playing fifteen minutes. And Colby had planned a nice, long, quiet evening. He was all dressed up with no other place to go. He produced his check-book. Tinyard knew him; there was no difficulty in having his checks cashed. At two in the morning, Colby wished that there had been, for the red and he had been very persistent.

Now, at two in the afternoon, without a penny in the bank and nothing in his pockets, Colby made a solemn vow to stick to his trade and to leave Tinyard's to Tinyard. Refreshed by the resolution—funny how easy it was to make good resolutions on the next day!—he left his room.

As he turned into Forty-second Street, he fingered lightly and fleetingly the pin in his cravat. He shook his head. When a man began parting with his "front," he was nearing the end.

No; he would not make the confession of failure that a visit to the pawnbroker implied, though he hated what was ahead of him as a financier would hate being compelled, by a sudden reverse, to sweep out his own office. Still—a man must eat.

He entered a famous bar. Along its mahogany counter men crowded. Colby edged his way in between two loquacious groups. He picked up an empty high-ball glass and set it down clatteringly.

"Bartender!"

One of the busy men in the white jackets leaned toward him. He glanced at the glass, in which some stains of liquor still remained.

"The same, sir?"

"My change, bartender; I gave you a two-dollar bill, not a one!"

The bartender smiled apologetically.

"Such a crowd, sir. A man's liable to make mistakes. A two, you said, sir? Here you are, sir."



"Your coat, sir?" asked Colby. The wiry old gentleman looked at it. "Yes, sir. How—"

He placed a dollar bill on the bar. Colby nodded his head graciously; he pocketed the money; he left the bar. Outside, on the sidewalk, he shrugged his shoulders, and his Adam's apple bobbed up and down as though he had swallowed some unpleasant medicine. However, needs must—

A dollar was not a great deal of money, but a dollar, judiciously expended, will buy a substantial breakfast. And, though the hour was now nearer three than two, breakfast was what Colby wanted and needed. He surrendered his hat and coat to the check-girl at Burbadge's, and permitted the head waiter to show him to a pleasant table. There he ordered a plain omelette and a cup of coffee. In a leisurely manner he ate, the while he studied the people at the various tables.

But if there was anyone present who might be a suitable object for the practise of Colby's profession, he did not recognize that one. Moreover, he had come to Burbadge's to eat, not to do business. His check came to sixty cents—Burbadge's, while its cuisine was excellent, was not particularly fashionable—and of the change he gave the waiter a quarter. To the check-room girl he gave his remaining fifteen cents, and not by the quiver of an eyelash did he show surprise when she gave him, in exchange for his check, a coat that he knew immediately was not his own.

Colby did not believe in interfering with fate. His own coat had, sewn inside the inner pocket, the name of the tailor who had made it. Colby could get his own coat in his own good time. In the mean time, even though the coat the girl handed him was by no means as expensive as his own, it was of the same general texture and shade of dark gray—and clothes do not make the man. Neither do tailors make the contents of clothes. Many a seedy jacket contains a well-filled purse.

Colby sauntered out of the restaurant and round the corner. In the darkened telephone-booth of a near-by drug store—he did not close the door tightly, and so the electric light did not flash—Colby went through the pockets of the coat he wore. If there was nothing of value in them, he would return to Burbadge's. If there was—

## The Quitclaim Deed

He started as he read the name and address on the envelop that comprised the complete contents of the pockets.

Sylvanus Jones  
The Sylvanus Jones Agency  
Merrithew Building—Broadway  
New York City

Colby's eyebrows lifted. Sylvanus Jones was the head of the best advertised detective agency in the country, if not the world. Colby had his own opinion as to the ability of Sylvanus Jones, but that opinion was neither here nor there. Without the slightest hesitation, he withdrew from the unsealed envelop the single sheet of writing within.

The paper was a letter of introduction. It was dated a couple of days before, from Waynesville, New York, and, after a formal salutation, it read:

This letter will introduce to you Colonel J. L. Lambert, of Waynesville, New York. Colonel Lambert wishes certain inquiries made that are outside the province and abilities of the Police Department here, and I am taking the liberty of recommending him to you.

MADDEN H. MARTIN,  
Chief of Police, Waynesville, New York.

Colby pursed his lips. He did a moment's quick thinking. Far be it from him to monkey with Sylvanus Jones, even though he did believe Jones was a puffball. But, at the same time—

"What was the number of your check, sir?" the girl at Burbadge's asked him, a few minutes later.

"Sixteen," replied Colby.

The girl disappeared a moment. She returned, carrying Colby's coat with her.

"Ninety-one is missing, sir," she said, "while sixteen is here, so I must'a got your check turned upside down when I looked at it, and—" She was a young girl, but she had worked around hotels for several years. Colby *looked* like a gentleman, but she'd accepted tips from gentlemen more than once only half an hour before they took free rides down-town. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to wait, sir, till the other gentleman—"

Colby smiled in a fashion that made her ashamed.

"Certainly. It might be a new game, eh?"

"Well, sir, jobs ain't easy in this town, and while of course, sir—"

"Quite right," said Colby. "I'll hang onto this coat meanwhile."

He had only a few moments to wait. A short, wiry old gentleman emerged from the restaurant. He gave the girl a check, and the girl nodded to Colby.

"Your coat, sir?" asked Colby.

The wiry old gentleman loo'ed at it.

"Yes, sir. How—"

Colby explained; the girl gave him his own coat; he fell quite naturally into step with the old gentleman.

"She thought it was some new wrinkle in the coat-stealing game," he said. He stopped short and slapped his thigh. "That's a good one—new wrinkle in the coat-stealing game! Wrinkle in the coat. By George, the commissioner will laugh to-night when I tell him that one. Great sense of humor the commissioner has!"

"Commissioner?" queried the old gentleman.

"Police commissioner. Commissioner Sarver. Great friend of mine, even though I'm not with the police any more but am on my own."

"You're a detective?" asked the old gentleman.

"That's what makes it so funny—that girl back there," laughed Colby. "Yes; I suppose I'm a detective, although I call myself an investigating agent."

"And your offices?"

"Offices?" Colby stared at his short companion. "Oh, I know what you mean." He laughed, just the right measure of contempt in his tones. "You mean like Bryan's or Sylvanus Jones or Hammond Brothers, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the old gentleman. "They—they're



"I'll do that," said Doctor Larrabee. He turned toward the parlor

all right, aren't they? Sylvanus Jones—he's a big man, isn't he?"

"You mean his chest or his head?"

"Why—uh—I thought he was the greatest—"

"He is—in the newspapers. But—why, my dear sir, Jones and those others are all right for routine work. I use them myself, when I want simple, matter-of-fact affairs attended to. But—don't you suppose that every crook in the country knows Jones by sight? And those others? Of course! Then what use are they as detectives? Not a bit. Offices! The minute I had one, the whole underworld would know who I was. As it is—well, lots of them remember me as having been on the force, but that's only in New York, and I do most of my work outside of New York. And, moreover, big offices mean big expenses and correspondingly big fees."

"Then you wouldn't advise me to go to Mr. Jones?"  
 "Oh, I wouldn't say that," answered Colby. "I—ah—I didn't realize that you contemplated doing business with any of the people I mentioned, or—it was unprofessional, my speaking as I did. Pray overlook it. And now, if you'll excuse me, sir—"

He made as though to leave his companion. But the old gentleman gripped his arm.

"Listen, Mr.—er—"

"Colby," supplied the owner of that name.

"I am looking for a detective, Mr. Colby. In fact, sir, I had the chief of police back home write me a letter to Mr. Sylvanus Jones in order that I might get quick attention, sir."

"Your chief knows Jones?" queried Colby.



door. "Why, Miss Peaselee!" he said

casual observer would have said that he made the movement merely that his left elbow might rest more comfortably on the bar. But the knowing eye would have seen that the change in position thrust Herndon's right hip forward a trifle. Only the veriest trifle, but a fraction of an inch means a fraction of a second, and men have lived or died by such fractions.

Colby shook his head reprovingly. His voice was reproachful.

"Nothing like that, Larry," he said. "I knew your check was phony when you gave it to me. I passed it along to another sucker."

Herndon relaxed his tension slightly.

"Why'n't you rear when I gave it to you?"

"Why should I? Ain't you and me little pals together? Only, after this, Larry, when you need a piece of change,

ask me for it, and if I got it, you get it. But, anyway, Larry, there ain't no need for you to be all readied up with your gun when you see me."

Herndon smiled apologetically. He patted his right hip over the trouser pocket that contained a flat, small, but effective automatic pistol.

"I'm sorry, Frank. I was drunk that night I passed you that bit of paper, and I've always been intendin' to make good. I didn't know as you'd give me time, though. However, seein' as how you passed it along, have a drink?"

Colby shook his head.

"No, thanks. I'm on a bit of business, and I'm not touching it. Looking for you to come in with me."

Herndon pushed away the drink before him.

"I'm kind of flat myself," he said. "What is it? Writin' somebody's name?"

"That—and something else," answered Colby. "Didn't you tell me once, Larry, that you'd been on the stage?"

"Played in a cheap stock company out West just after I drifted from home. Why?"

"Look at this," said Colby.

He drew a large envelop from his pocket and abstracted from it a cheap sample of a cheap photographer's work.

"Look like anyone you know?" he asked.

Herndon squinted at the picture. He shook his head.

"Never met him. Who is he?"

"Take a look in the mirror," suggested Colby.

Herndon stared at his reflection behind the bar. Again he shook his head.

"Don't tumble?" inquired Colby. "Listen: That's a picture of you, taken twelve years ago."

"So?" Herndon lighted a cigarette. "And now my rich parents want to kill the fatted calf, eh? Where is my wanderin' boy to-night, huh? Danny, come home to your sorrowin' mother and all will be forgiven. Fine stuff, Frank! Only, I ain't got a strawberry-mark on my left shoulder, and I've forgotten the name of my pet dog that dad had to kill because he didn't like the grocer. It ain't being done any more, Frank."

"I know it isn't. That sketch is through, Larry. But this one I have in my mind ain't ever been played. Listen, Larry."

"Tell it to some one else," advised Larry pleasantly.

"But listen—just listen, won't you?"

"Well, it can't hurt my ears, Frank. But it won't change my mind."

"Just listen: Last week I met a nice ripe filbert. Name is Colonel Lambert, J. L. Lambert, from Waynesville, New York."

"Did you sell him the city hall?" queried Herndon.

"I might have, at that. He—listen, and don't interrupt, Larry. I butted in on him, though he never suspected that. He'd come to New York to see Silly Jones; I convinced him that I was a better detective than Jones, and—back in Waynesville there's a couple of old maids by the name of Peaselee. About thirty years ago they bought a house and lot from a man named Wayne. Quite a sizable lot—several acres, in fact—"

"New plot, eh? They want to adopt some upright young man as their very own—the runaway sister's son?"

"Please let me finish," begged Colby. "The Wayne who sold them this property was the grandson of the founder of the town. He was quite a big guy in his own puddle. So big that the puddle grew too small for him. He moved out West with his wife and their infant son. Started some sort of business out in Nebraska, did well, apparently, at first. Wife died; he died. Found he left no money at all. Boy in boarding-school. That's where he was when this photo was taken. Just before the mother died, she sent this picture to her old friends, the Peaselee girls. Boy left school, left Nebraska; proposed factory wants river frontage. Goes to Peaselee girls, offers thirty thousand for property that cost them less than three. They agree to sell. Factory company wants clear title. And now I'm

## The Quitclaim Deed

getting to it. You know how tight some country people are. Costs money to record a deed. Well, to save as much as three dollars, the Peaselee girls just filed their deed away in an old trunk. The property was theirs; why record the deed? But when they *went* to the old trunk—blooey! Rats! All chewed up! Nothing left! Abso-blooming-lutely nothing!"

"A little slow music, Professor, with the next reel," grinned Herndon. "So the two old maids are turned out, eh?"

"I'm close to it now," smiled Colby. "Those women have had what is called 'adverse possession' for thirty years. But they haven't got a line to prove that they own the place. If young Wayne should show up—you see the factory company's position. They've got to have a clear title to whatever they buy. They won't take a chance on a lawsuit."

"I see." Herndon's voice was crisp. "And where do I enter the plot?"

"I'm a detective. Colonel Fallon, the Peaselee girls' lawyer, retained me to locate, if possible, young Hugh Wayne. The colonel has been able to find no trace of young Hugh Wayne since he left Nebraska. He's advertised, done everything. Came to New York to engage Silly Jones to find the boy. Engaged me instead."

"Do they think this feller Wayne, if they do find him, will be sucker enough to give them a new deed? That the idea?"

"Surest thing! A Wayne. Father's son. Must be soul of honor. All that sort of thing."

"Then, if they believe all that, where do you and I come in?"

Colby smiled.

"Colonel Lambert *did* believe it, Larry. But I pointed out the weak spots to him. I told him that sons were not always like their fathers. Here's this young Wayne, I reminded him, flatter'n a cop's foot, maybe, and the rightful heir, so far as any deed to the contrary exists, to property worth thirty thousand dollars. The colonel saw the point. In addition to paying me a fee of five hundred and my expenses if I locate young Wayne, he's agreed to give young Wayne a thousand."

"Kind of him," jeered Herndon. "About three per cent. of what he's entitled to and could *get*!"

"I've thought that over, too," Colby objected. "There'd be a beautiful lawsuit, and before young Wayne got it, there'd be a good many years elapse. No; the real Wayne, if he was a wise one, would grab the easy thousand, with no kick coming, just as you're going to do."

"Oh, am I? Feel certain?"

Colby nodded carelessly.

"Oh, yes. You admit you're pretty broke. Well, I have some copies of young Wayne's handwriting, done while he was at school. A cinch for you. Changed a little, of course, for you've grown older. As for his looks—you'd pass for him twelve years older. Easy. All you need is a touch of the country accent, and that stage experience of yours will help you there, and showing the proper emotion at seeing the home of your ancestors."

"And at getting a thousand," jeered Herndon. "Nothin' in doin'. I'd get tripped up too easy."

"No chance. The old colonel spilled all the ancestral history of the Waynes to me. I got it on the tip of my tongue. You'll have it on the tip of yours. I've made up a fine history for you during the last twelve years. And say, Larry, it's a pipe, anyway. Why, the old bird fell for my line of detective stuff like a letter down the chute. And I've been looking for you for a week. You're the only lad I know that could put it over *right*, handwriting and all, and you've simply got to come in."

But Herndon shook his head.

"I don't like it. I stay out. A couple of poor old maids—trimmin' them for a thousand. Not my game."

"Aw, rot! We're giving them a chance to make thirty thousand. Look at it that way."

"And suppose this young Wayne should turn up later?" Colby grinned.

"Well, he wouldn't put up a roar, from all I can find out about his folks, because, if the colonel had located *him* and he's anything like his ancestors, he'd sign a new deed without asking a cent. See? Are you coming in?"

But Herndon was obstinate.

"Nothin' doin'."

Colby argued; he wheedled; he pleaded. Then his tone changed.

"When I came in, Larry, you made ready with your gun. Now, listen: I know you. You're a faker. You never used a gun in your life, and you never will. You haven't the nerve. Now, I tell you what I'm going to do. That phony check you gave me a while ago—well, I *didn't* pass it on. I've got it, and on it is stamped the word, 'Forgery.' Are you coming in with me or not?"

Herndon's tongue's tip showed between his lips for a moment.

"You'd squeal?"

"You said it."

Herndon's face went white. He made a convulsive movement with his right hand toward his hip-pocket, but Colby merely laughed unpleasantly. The younger man spoke.

"Listen, Frank: Suppose I showed you a better graft than this one?"

"I don't want any better than this. Nothing could be better."

"Oh, all right then. I'll meet you here to-morrow—eh?"

Colby shook his head.

"I've fished for eels, Larry. You and I are closer than the blanket and the sheet till we get that thousand."

Colby, Colonel Lambert, and old Doc Larrabee, who had ushered more people in and out of the world than any two other physicians in Wayne County, stood in the shabby parlor of the Wayne Hotel.

"Well, what do you think, Doctor?" asked Colby anxiously.

Doc Larrabee stroked his beautiful white whiskers.

"It doesn't matter what a doctor thinks, Mr. Colby," he said. "The young man has pneumonia. I should say that he had an even chance—with good nursing."

"Well, get a nurse, then," snapped Colby.

Doc Larrabee shrugged his shoulders.

"Easier said than done, Mr. Colby. This is a country town. We have no hospital. What few qualified nurses we have are engaged at present. This is a mighty sick winter, Mr. Colby."

"Good Lord, I should say it is!" cried Colby. "Why, last night, when we boarded the sleeper, he seemed fit as could be."

"But he'd been drinking, hadn't he? I thought so. Well, pneumonia seizes upon the person whose constitution is undermined by alcohol. Seizes swiftly—and harshly. He caught cold during the night; fever set in. To be frank with you, Mr. Colby, your friend Wayne has a very slight chance. With nursing—"

"Can't you wire somewhere for a nurse?" demanded Colby.

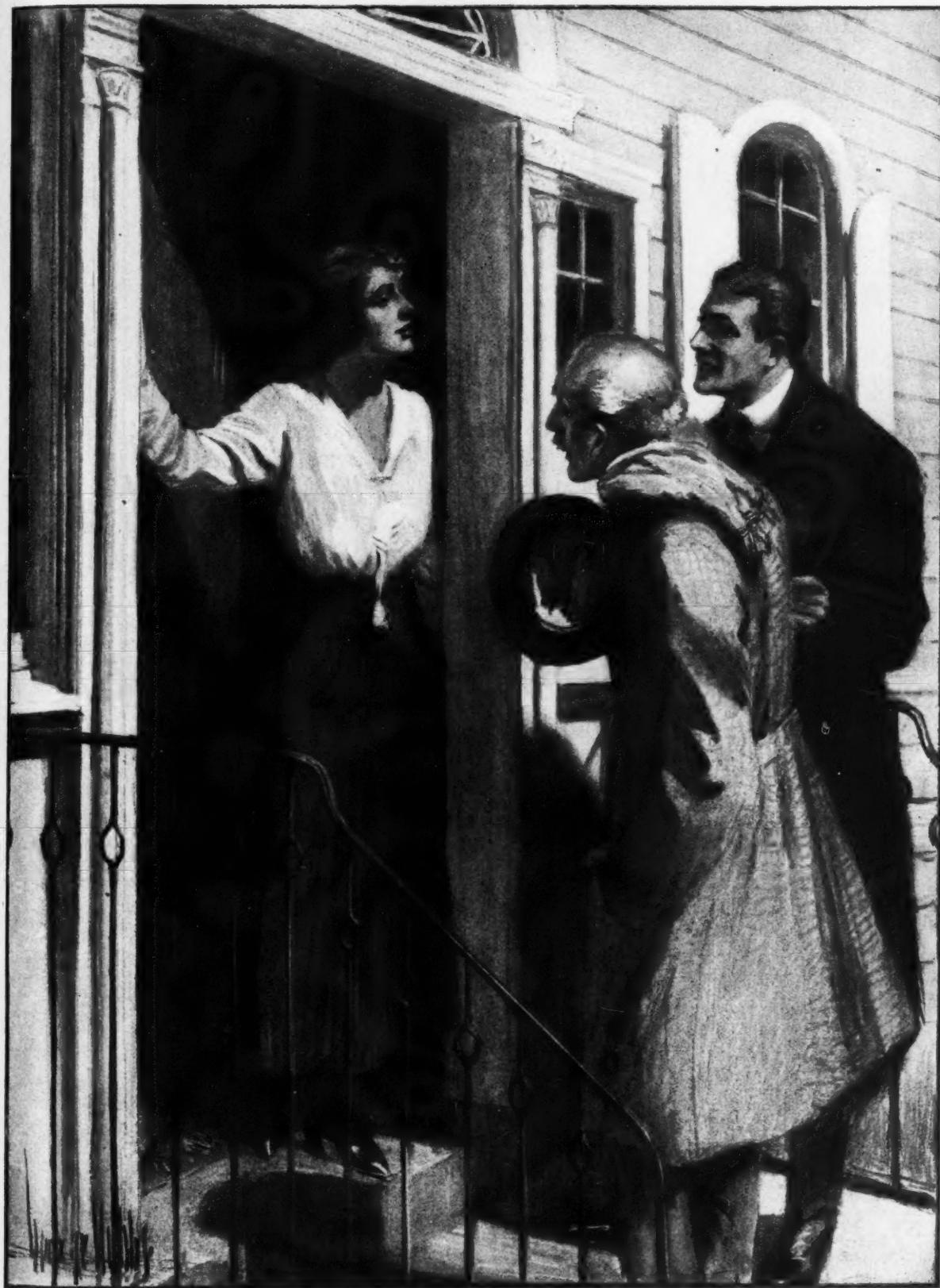
He could see all profits of his scheme going glimmering. If Wayne should die, there'd be no profits, and he, Colby, couldn't meet a single bill. But if he and Herndon weren't pals, they were, at least, business partners.

"I'll do that," said Doctor Larrabee.

He turned toward the parlor door.

"Why, Miss Peaselee!" he said.

Colby stared at the middle-aged woman in the doorway. Middle-aged in appearance, that is. This must be the younger Peaselee girl, who'd really been a child when her elder sister bought the old Wayne place. Put a decent pair of corsets on her and loosen her hair a trifle, and she'd look ten years younger. Some ankle! Colby, connoisseur in good-looking women, eyed her approvingly.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Miss Sary looked as fresh as a rose when she opened the door to the wind-blown morning and the two callers

## The Quitclaim Deed

"I heard that Hugh Wayne was sick here," said Miss Peaselee breathlessly. "Mrs. Hibbard telephoned Dell Hooper that she'd seen you come in here, Doctor, and that she'd telephoned the hotel to find out who was sick, and Dell ran right over to Jen and me to tell us that it was Hugh Wayne who had telegraphed us yesterday that he was coming and—and what's the matter with him, Doctor?"

"He's a mighty sick young man, Miss Sary," said the doctor. "He's got a temperature, and he's going to be out of his head pretty soon. If I can get hold of a nurse in Rochester, why—maybe he's got a chance, but—" He shook his head ominously.

"Nurse?" And in a strange place! A hotel! Doctor Larrabee, his mother was sister Jen's friend, and it don't seem right nohow that a Wayne should be sick in a hotel bedroom. You get a rig and we'll take him right out to his own father's house."

The doctor had said, "Going to be out of his head." Delirious! That meant that Herndon might say things that—

"We couldn't think of imposing on you this way, Miss Peaselee—is this Miss Peaselee?" asked Colby.

"Oh," said Colonel Lambert, "this is Mr. Colby, Miss Sary. Mr. Colby who found young Wayne."

"Pleased, I'm sure," said Miss Peaselee.

Country, oh, terribly country! But her voice—nothing nasal, nothing harsh. Soft, sweet. A few tricks of manners, a Fifth Avenue *corsetière* and hairdresser—Good Lord! Colby, who had met 'em all, and looked 'em over without an extra heart-beat, falling for a corn-fed old maid! He muttered something—he never knew quite what—to hide his indignant embarrassment.

"You aren't imposing on me, Mr. Colby," said Miss Peaselee. "You don't have anything to do with it. I guess sister Jen and me have a right to nurse an old friend's son if we want to; haven't we, Doctor Larrabee?"

Doctor Larrabee touched his long beard.

"It may be the saving of young Wayne's life," he said, turning to Colby. "I suppose, in a way, though you ain't a friend of young Wayne's, you feel kinda responsible, having brought him here and everything, but I can tell you, Mr. Colby, that Wayne is a mighty lucky young feller, having the Peaselee girls look after him. I'd rather have them take care of a patient of mine than any trained nurse I ever saw."

There was no way out that Colby could see. He was simply the detective who had located Hugh Wayne and brought him to Waynesville. If he offered objection, suspicion might be aroused. He simply must risk Wayne's delirious talk. There was nothing else to do. Half an hour later, swathed in blankets, young Herndon was in the doctor's sleigh, being driven to the old Wayne house.

Colonel Lambert stayed behind with Colby.

"Although, of course, the matter ain't settled until Wayne signs the deed—and he can't do that now, Mr. Colby. You've done your share, sir, and I'll pay you

your five hundred now. If you'll walk down to the bank with me, sir, I'll get the money and—"

Colby shook his head.

"I'm—sort of interested in the young man," he said. "I—no hurry about the money, Colonel. I—I'll wait until he's out of danger."

"Well!" ejaculated Colonel Lambert. He stood a moment, nervously twisting the Masonic charm on his watch-chain. "Do you know, Mr. Colby, I—er—held the impression that men in your line of business were—er—quite heartless. It is a pleasure to me to realize that my impression was a mistaken one. You prove, sir, that you have a heart as well as brains. And you have proved your brains, sir, by your quick finding of young Wayne."

"Thank you," said Colby. He looked at the little colonel. What a right guy he was! A mark, a soft thing, a boob, a come-on, but—a right guy! Fought for his country and all that sort of thing, too.

"But you haven't listened to Wayne's proofs that he is Wayne yet," he said cautiously.

Colonel Lambert laughed.

"I've seen portraits of his ancestors, sir. And his own picture taken twelve years ago. We don't need any more proof, sir. He's a Wayne, although—he hesitated—"I'm a trifle surprised that he should want money for delivering a deed

to the Peaselee girls. That doesn't sound like a Wayne. But you knew more of human nature than myself, Mr. Colby." He sighed. "You said it would probably cost money, and it did."

"Well, you mustn't judge him too harshly. He hasn't had an easy time."

"I see," said the colonel. He left Colby then, and the confidence man felt terribly alone.

What a rotten world it was! Here was a nice, soft, easy thousand, a regular gift "grand," and because an old mark happened to be a right guy, and an old maid to have a sweet voice and possibilities as to face and figure, he, Colby, had to feel on the blink. O Lord! He went out to the Wayne Hotel bar and had a drink.

He called that evening at the Peaselee girls' home. The patient, Miss Sary told him, was doing mighty well. Doctor Larrabee was a fine physician, none better, but as he had grown older he had grown gloomier. He always prophesied the worst.

"That makes him out a better doctor when a patient recovers," said Colby. "He's clever, I should say."

Miss Sary laughed. She had small white teeth.

"Then you think maybe it isn't pneumonia?" asked Colby.

"Doctor Larrabee just left, and he admitted that it isn't. Just a frightfully bad cold with fever. Mr. Wayne will be out and around in a couple of days."

"Well, I'm glad for your sake as well as his," said Colby. It's a shame to inflict him on you. Especially as—he was glad that the semiobscure of the kerosene-lamp-lighted room hid the rare blush that (Continued on page 106)



Herndon's face went white. He made a convulsive movement with his right hand toward his hip-pocket, but Colby merely laughed unpleasantly



*Marion Marion*

**M**ARION DAVIES, already a popular favorite in musical comedy, has discovered other than histrionic talent and has written a photo-play, "Runaway Romany," in which, under the Pathé banner, she has enacted the leading rôle. The appearance on the screen of this dainty maiden will greatly increase the admirers of her beauty and her art.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



*Sweet  
Cecily*

CECILY MARKEL has been most successful as a dancer in revues and other of the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment. But her recent appearance in "Miss 1917" was her last for that sort of thing. For this sweet and winsome lassie has ambitions to go into straight comedy, and they will shortly be realized in a new production.

# *A Parisian Beauty*



**M**ADEMOISELLE MAURESETTE, a Parisian by birth, is one of New York's noted show girls. The beauty and grace which made her famous as a manikin naturally brought her to the stage and the very front row of productions devised chiefly for the display of feminine charm. She was one of the Lucile Models in "Miss 1917."



© Ira L. Wolf  
**VIOLET HEMING** plays the leading rôle in that spritely farce, "The Naughty Wife." Though an English girl, she now rightfully belongs to the American stage, for she has been here some years. Her charming personality has endeared her to our audiences, and her great beauty places her among the distinguished ornaments of the American theater.

# Virtuous Wives

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by George Gibbs

ANDREW FORRESTER, an ambitious New York business man, has married Amy Starling, whose father—her mother having died when she was twelve—has brought her up in the most indulgent manner, while every responsibility has been spared her. The young couple find a place in a wealthy and idle set of people who are entirely strange to Andrew, and he, carried away by their mode of life and scale of living, resolves to sacrifice everything for a few years and become a millionaire. So he accepts the presidency of a refining and smelting company, which post necessitates long absences in Arizona and Mexico.

Amy's particular friends are Mesdames Dellabarre, Challoner, and Lightbody. These women see little of their husbands and are a great deal in the company of other men, but, as they never overstep the bounds of propriety, they regard themselves as perfectly virtuous wives. Tody Dawson and Jap Laracy are young men of the fetch-and-carry type, protégés of Irma Dellabarre, and she obligingly turns the former over to Mrs. Forrester, in order that Amy, like the rest of her set, may have some "safe" gallant to dance attendance on her. The result is that, after a time, Dawson thinks himself madly in love with Amy, and, declaring himself, she is obliged to set him right very positively as to how she purposes conducting herself. She is criticized for the attention she receives from men in the pages of the *Tattletale*, a weekly which chronicles the doings of the world of fashion. In spite of a plea for economy from Andrew, she is exceedingly extravagant in her dress and living, and is planning a magnificent *bal costume*—the Versailles fête.

WHEN Andrew Forrester reached his rented home, it was late afternoon. The sidewalk was crowded with supplies arriving from the caterers—cases of wine, tins of ices; box-trees and potted plants, wreaths of greens from the florist's. Carpenters were carrying in scaffolding; others were erecting the awning, rolling down the carpet. When he picked his way up the steps through this straggling confusion, a heavy-set man in dark clothes barred the door to him.

"What business, please?"

"Just the husband," he said, with a snap of his jaw.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I'm from the agency. We have to be careful who comes in," said the detective, who continued, however, to watch him doubtfully.

"I see—and it's up to me to prove my identity," said Forrester, so brusquely that the detective retreated a step. "Well, there is a certain element of humor in the situation."

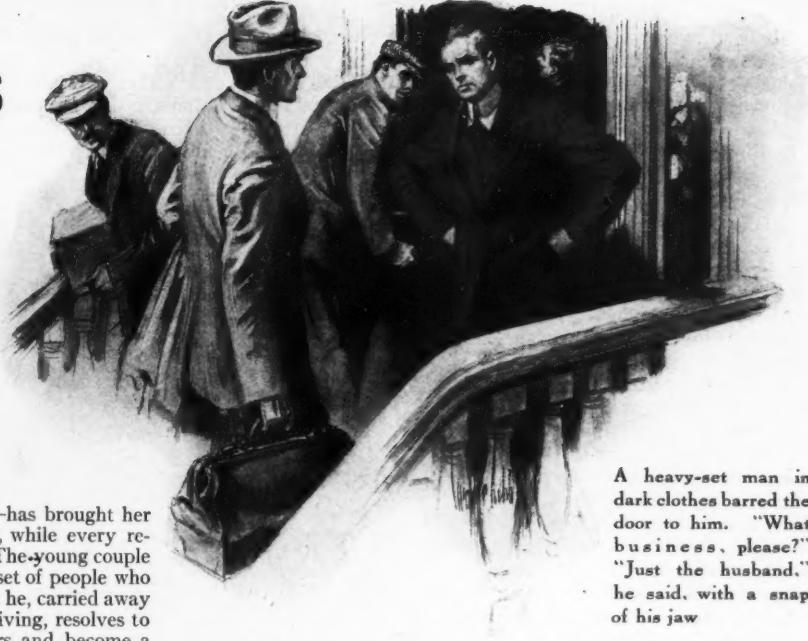
"I'm only doing my duty, sir."

At this moment, Laracy, hatless and coatless, piloting a barricade of palms which moved like Birnam Wood, perceived him and came up puffing.

"Won't shake hands, Mr. Forrester; I'm covered with grime. Lord, I don't know how we're ever going to be ready, but it's going to be a smasher!"

"Kindly recognize me as the master of the house to this model watch-dog," said Forrester grimly.

"What! Oh, I say; that's a good one!" said Laracy,



A heavy-set man in dark clothes barred the door to him. "What business, please?" "Just the husband," he said, with a snap of his jaw

Forrester returns from a trip to Mexico. He has seen the *Tattletale*. He encounters Dawson leaving the house, and the youth tells a lie as to the object of his visit. He finds Amy in negligée and upbraids her for receiving men in such costume. A violent scene follows. Andrew demands the banishment of Dawson from the house. Amy refuses, and says that he will dance in the minuet with her at the fête.

Forrester goes back to Mexico without seeing Amy again, but he leaves a letter saying that he will not interfere with the full liberty of her actions, hoping that she will realize the degree of responsibility which that entails.

Amy continues her life of pleasure. She is much interested in the return to New York of Monte Bracken, a man who attracts her and who has been absent for some time. Andrew is back in New York for the great fête, intending to be off again immediately it is over. He is distressed over Amy's behavior toward him as well as by her reckless extravagance, which has become a serious matter. He must exercise authority, or domestic anarchy will result. If Dawson dances with his wife in the minuet, he will know that her policy is one of defiance.

bursting into laughter. "It's all right, Jim," he added, with a wave of his hand, which satisfied the detective. "Excuse me, won't you? I'm overseeing the decorations."

"Thank you for the service," said Forrester, with an irony which was lost.

He entered the antechamber and thrust his way up through the bedlam to the *salons* and the ballroom, which swarmed with decorators and carpenters, tracking and purposeful stage-ants, under whose industry the scene was growing from chaos. Half a dozen young fellows whose names he did not know, commanded by his wife, were rushing in and out under the direction of Steingall, the artist, a short, electric man of enthusiastic rages, who was everywhere, drumming up laggards, rearranging, and directing. And the first person he saw, nonchalant, at home, thoroughly self-possessed, was Tody Dawson. The young fellow perceived him, wheeled, and came up with an appearance of casualness.

"How do, Mr. Forrester? It's going to be marvelous. Be back in a minute. I've got to telephone for more box-trees."

Forrester bowed without shaking hands. His jaw shut with a snap. The answer had come. He, the husband, was to be sacrificed. It struck him as sublimely ludicrous that he, Forrester, should be beaten thus by a youngster who wasn't worth a clerk's salary.

"For she's beaten me," he said grimly. "I am the intruder."

## Virtuous Wives

Steingall, who was an enraged purist, stopped a moment in his breathless turning to explain. Everything would be Louis XIV, even to the paintings on the walls, which he had rented from the Caxton Galleries, and the ornaments and *appliqués* from Bootheby's. The ballroom was to be transformed into an orange garden; the open windows and doors were to be boxed in and lighted by invisible electric lights, to give the impression of moonlight vistas; a great star-strewn canopy was to be let down from the ceiling to represent the firmament, while colored lanterns would twinkle among the branches.

"Very fine—very clever," said Forrester, nodding, without visualizing anything in the confusion.

He wandered into the dining-room, which was being transformed into a tent to represent a fair in the days of the *Grand Monarque*. In one corner, Pardee was passing on the liveries to be used. Steingall flashed in to approve of two little piccaninnies decked out in turbans and glittering red-and-gold costumes, who were to circulate with trays of bonbons.

"Mr. Steingall—Mr. Steingall—here are the electricians!"

The impresario disappeared. A little woman in smart tailor, whose presence was unaccountable until he perceived she carried a note-book and pencil, approached Forrester, mistaking him for a *confrère*.

"Have you got the supplementary list of names?"

"Eh—what? No—not yet," he said, startled.

"I wish we could get some hint of the costumes. It's a corking story." And, with the instinct of the newspaper to make all things comprehensible in dollars, she added anxiously, "What do you imagine it'll cost the old man?"

"That's just what I was trying to figure out," he said, with a grim smile.

"Well, I'm going to put down 'One Hundred Thousand Dollar Fête,'" she said excitedly. "When you work out what's going to be paid out in costumes and jewels, it represents about that. It's quite the most expensive event of the season."

"So I judge."

"Guess old Forrester can stand it, though. They say he cleaned up a million on that last break in Mexico."

"That's interesting."

At this moment, a businesslike young man, with derby pushed back on his head, in spats and glaring waistcoat, smoking a cigar, whispered to Pardee and came over.

"Mr. Forrester, would it be possible for us to get a view of Mrs. Forrester's costume? We'd like to have it for the morning paper." Out of deference, he removed his hat and sheltered the cigar behind his back.

The dapper little lady gave a gasp of amazement but recovered quickly.

"Mr. Forrester! Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't realize!"

"No harm done—it's good to hear about ourselves occasionally," he said, smiling.

"There are a lot of details you can give us now," said the young man, breaking in professionally.

"I'm afraid not. Mr. Steingall or Mr. Laracy will help you out," he said wearily. "I'm just out of the train. I know nothing yet—absolutely nothing. You'll excuse me."

He moved away, dodged a couple of workmen bringing in a great screen, bumped into and apologized to an electrician in shirt-sleeves, grimy and smoky—the democrat unabashed in the palace of the rich—and, avoiding the leader of the orchestra, who was clamoring to Laracy for more room, went up the great marble staircase.



Mrs. Dellabarre brought him thus into the morning-room, where, were turning about her on their knees, he beheld his wife. Amy sion, not displeased to have this first meeting with her husband

"Who am I in all this?" he thought ironically.

"Mr. Steingall—where is Mr. Steingall? Send Mr. Steingall up at once—*madame* is ready."

He looked up and recognized Morley hanging over the stone balustrade.

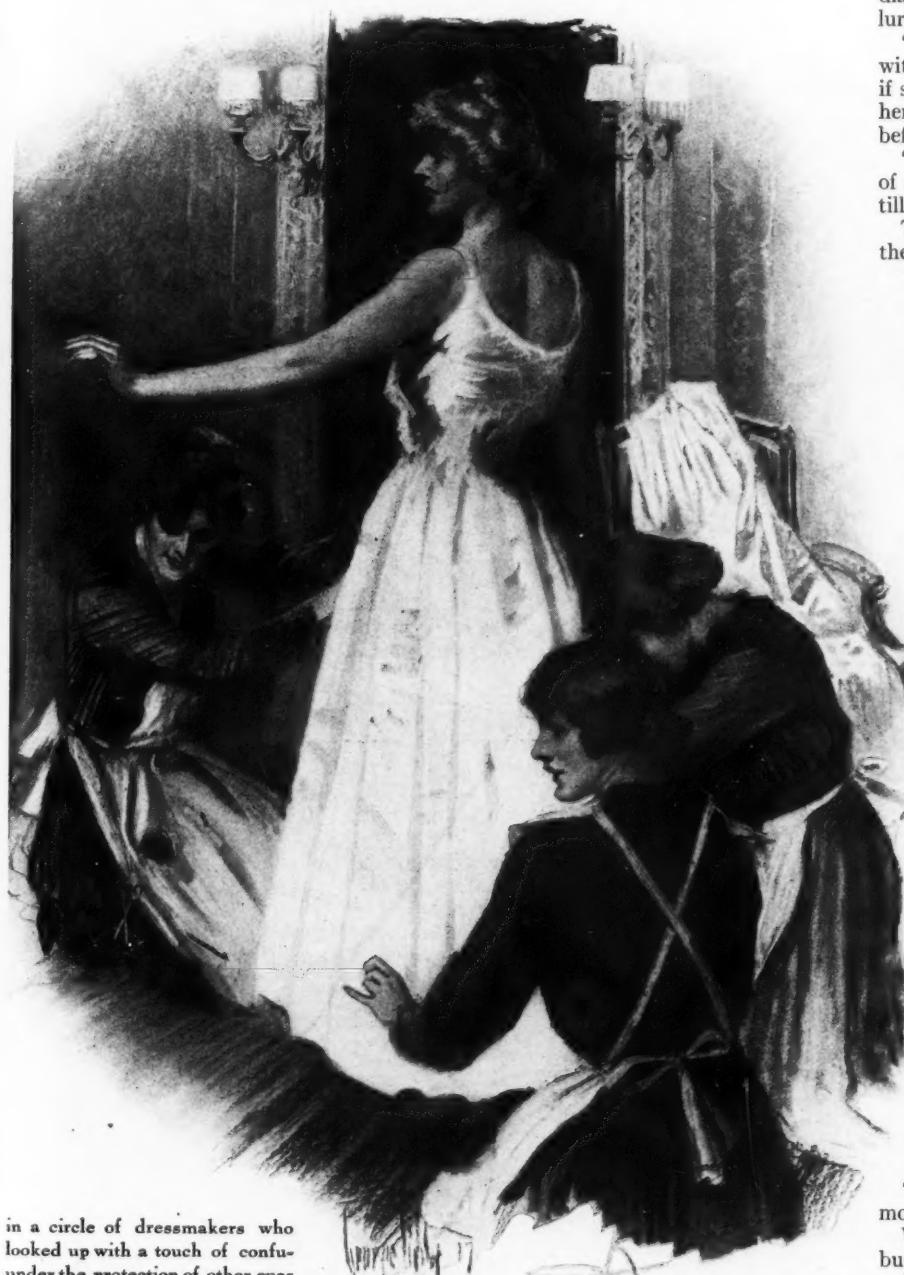
"You can announce me, too—if it's convenient," he said sharply.

Morley gave a cry of surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Forrester, we've been telephoning to the station—everyone's waiting for you to try your costume on, sir."

Steingall went past him, two steps at a time, without seeing him. He went up more slowly, a prey to his own reflections. Mrs. Dellabarre, warned by Morley, came out to meet him on the landing, giving him both her hands in friendly enthusiasm.

"Andrew, wait till you see Amy! She's perfectly ravishing!"



in a circle of dressmakers who looked up with a touch of confusion under the protection of other eyes

"It seems like a madhouse," he said, unbending a little. He liked Irma. She understood him, he felt. Often he had thought of going to her in his perplexities. She was different from other women.

Mrs. Dellabarre drew her arm through his in the *camaraderie* which had been established between them, and brought him thus into the morning-room, where, in a circle of dressmakers who were turning about her on their knees, he held his wife.

"Here he is at last!" said Irma triumphantly.

Amy looked up with a touch of confusion, not displeased to have this first meeting with her husband under the protection of other eyes.

"Andrew dear, we've been frantic about you!" she cried hastily. "Your costume is waiting for you."

She looked at him with a quick glance, ready to bury all resentment, but repulsed immediately by the irony she saw lurking in his eyes.

"I suppose I must go through with it," he thought, wondering if she would compel him to kiss her for the comedy to be played before others. "What am I?"

"You? You are Louis XIV, of course!" cried Irma. "Wait till you see yourself!"

The dressmakers rose from the ground, intentionally releasing Amy. There was no escape. She stepped forward, offering her cheek.

"I'm a mass of pins still—I don't dare move."

"I understand," he said, and kissed her.

"Of course, you can't judge of the effect until my hair is curled and powdered."

"It is very beautiful," he said quietly. He felt the falsity of his position. He, too, was masquerading. "I'll go now, I think, and try on my costume."

"Do you mind dining at the club?" she cried, as he went toward the door. "And be here——"

"Certainly—but I shall see you before I go," he said.

Irma Dellabarre followed him out to the hall.

"Andrew!" He looked at her and saw her eyes set seriously on his. "Andrew, whatever you do, don't discuss anything—well, serious—with her to-night. It's her night, her great night. Be careful!"

"She has been talking to you, then?" he said, looking away from her and over the balustrade at the stir and conflict below.

"Yes." She added, after a moment, "She is very unhappy."

When he reached his room, he burst out laughing.

Half an hour later, he heard

his wife come into the bedroom and went in.

"How's the costume?" she said hastily. He noticed in her eyes, as they passed from his, a touch of alarm.

"The costume is all right."

Morley, at this moment, went out on an errand before she could think to retain her. They were left alone.

He waited, and she waited for the word of explanation that ought to come. When the moment had passed, he said deliberately,

"You have nothing to say to me, after I have come a few thousand miles?"

## Virtuous Wives

"I wonder why you came," she said, with a rebellious flash. His anger always awoke in her the instinct to struggle against his masterfulness.

"You wish to know? I'll tell you. I've come so that nothing should be said against you, as there certainly would have been if you'd given this fete and I had been away."

"And your name?"

"I have the greatest pride in my good name—yes."

"His dignity—he's always thinking of that! It isn't because he's jealous of me—I could understand that. It's just his vanity," she said to herself, though, in a calmer mood, she would have recognized the injustice of this.

A knock, and a servant appeared. The jeweler wished to know at what hour *madame* would wish the necklace brought.

"Ten o'clock will be time enough," she said, a little confused. She explained hurriedly. "Case & Fontenelle are lending me a wonderful necklace to go with my costume."

"Lending?"

"Oh, for almost nothing. It'll be a great advertisement for them."

"I see. May I ask you to wait a moment?" he said, as she started to ring for Morley. "I have come quite a distance, and I am leaving early. May I have half an hour's talk with you—uninterrupted?"

"Now?" she cried, in dismay at the storm she felt powerless to avoid. "Now? Don't you realize I have a hundred things to attend to?"

"You are developing quite an executive ability," he said, exasperated by her attitude of evasion.

She understood the allusion, and a flash of anger showed in her face. Luckily, one thought dominated her: To-night she must be at her best. If she cried, her eyes would show it. At this moment, a box arrived with the wig from the *coiffeur's*.

"You see," she said reproachfully.

"I can wait," he said, going to a chair and sitting down.

Pignatelli, a stoop-shouldered little man, came in with profuse salutation. The trying of the wig consumed half an hour. She was so delighted with the effect that she gave a cry of delight.

"Exquisite!"

She felt herself so transformed, so radiant, that he, her husband, would not be able to resist her; in his pride at perceiving how beautiful she would be, his irritation must soften. But when she turned to him, there was the same obstinate reserve in his eyes which she could not comprehend. No; it was not human to act as he did.

Then, once more they were alone.

"Andrew, I'm in no mood to listen. I'm all wrought up," she said sharply.

"I regret it."

"What?" she cried, aghast. "You wish to make a scene now—at such a time?"

"Excuse me. It isn't I; it is you who have made an explanation necessary. I left the decision to you. You have sacrificed me to bring that young Dawson into the house."

"Dawson! Dawson!" she exclaimed irritably. "Always harping on that idiotic affair! Besides, he isn't here alone. He's here with half a dozen others—because I'm at my wit's end—because everyone must help me."

"Good heavens, don't reason like a child!" he burst out in turn. "Face the situation; understand the gravity! Be at least a woman!"

She turned, feeling escape impossible.

"Well?"

"I left the solution to your sense of delicacy, of loyalty, to decide; and you have done so."

"I have decided," she said definitely.

"What?"

"That I will not be bullied by you into doing unreasonable things."

"Unreasonable! You regard my request as that?"

"Exactly."

"In other words, you intend to go your own way, regardless of my wishes," he said, in his deliberate, businesslike manner, which had the power of doing away with all her better feelings and arousing a blind revolt.

"That depends entirely on you."

"Your attitude does not surprise me," he continued slowly. "After all, Dawson is just an incident. How many others there are, I don't know," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The crisis has been coming on for months. The trouble is that you are not interested in my life. You do not care in the least for my problems. I asked you to be careful of expenses—and this fete is the answer."

"Now that is how unjust you can be!" she said, two red spots standing out in her cheeks. "Who wished me to give it, who suggested it five months ago?"

"Then I wasn't worried."

"But I couldn't give it up after it was announced."

"My dear Amy, you could do anything you wanted to—but you didn't want to. The trouble is, you don't love me."

"No; that is not the trouble!" she cried angrily, for, even at this moment, she recoiled before pronouncing this tragic finality. "The trouble is that you are heartless and brutal, that you wish to order me about as you do one of your own clerks, that you haven't any pity for me—that you are thoroughly selfish."

"I, selfish!" he said, with a laugh that came back to him with its ugly echo. "That is too much! The truth is we've reached a point most marriages arrive at. We are utterly apart and out of sympathy with each other. We don't look at things in the same way."

"It is your fault!" she cried desperately.

"We won't discuss whose fault it is. The question is: What's to be done?"

"Done?" she cried, opening her eyes. "Are you actually going to threaten me—now—at this moment?"

"I am not threatening anything. I am convinced that you are at the present moment simply carried away by flattery and adulation. I don't believe for a moment that there is anything serious. If I did—" He stopped, frowned at the leap of his pulses, passed his hand wearily over his forehead, and said: "But we have not come to that yet. At present, I intend to protect myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't intend to wreck my life because you refuse to understand. In other words, in order to avoid bankruptcy"—he repeated the word—"bankruptcy—I shall put you on an allowance and insist that you keep to it. For the next year or so we will materially change our scale of living."

Her nerves, long taut, snapped at the vision of the future, which seemed the end of her ambitions. She burst into tears.

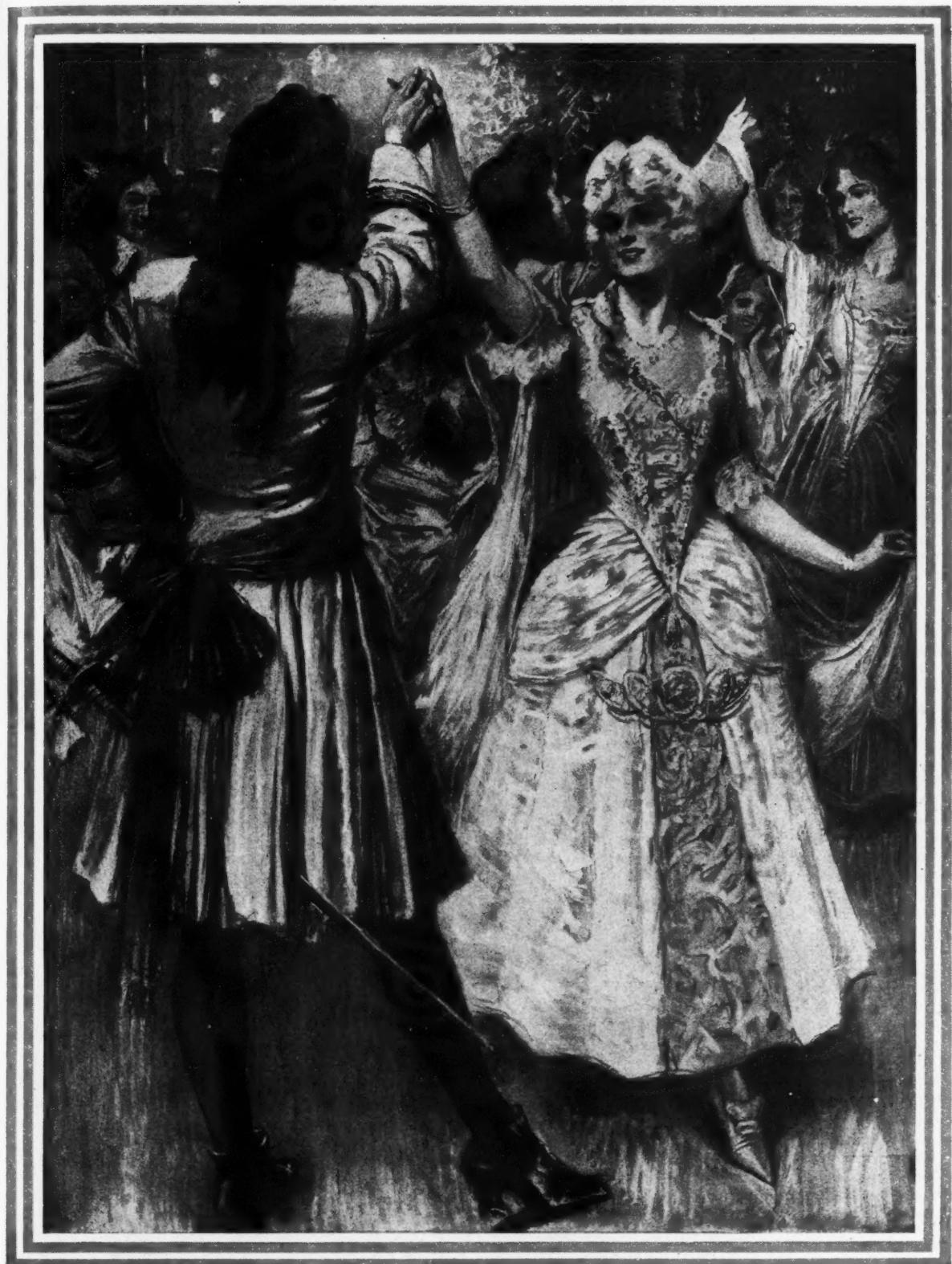
"You come in to spoil everything! You make me hate everything! You've spoiled it all now—all! And I was so happy!"

"Happy! Good God!" he thought. "When my heart is breaking! Who can talk to her—who can make her understand?"

He threw up his hands in the air in token of defeat and went out of the house.

## IX

FORRESTER came back at eleven and went to a bedroom on the fourth floor, where a dresser was waiting for him with his costume. A dozen times during the evening he had said to himself rebelliously that he would not return, that he would send for his valise and catch the midnight express, pretexting a sudden business summons. For, undisciplined in the social arts of concealment, he looked forward to the evening as one of exquisite torture. In the end, he comprehended that this liberty of action no longer existed, that no matter what the suffering, the rigid gods of etiquette must be served. He dressed, and as his body was well formed and his legs gracefully turned, he made a striking



DRAWN BY GEORGE GRIBBS

As she danced, moving with swaying grace and poised with dainty gesture, hearing the murmured admiration which centered on her own loveliness, all the multiple corruption of New York, which had been fastening about her as a vine makes its capture, all this corruption reached its apotheosis in the ecstasy of this theatrical moment.

## Virtuous Wives

figure. Yet he was ill at ease. He felt ridiculously undressed. This was his first costume ball, and the compliments of the dresser only aroused his suspicions.

"Trying to work me for a tip, of course," he thought, with a shrug of his shoulder. "Well, now for it!"

He went down to the second floor. Already the gallery that opened on the great stairway was alive with guests, a black arriving stream streaking through the brilliant throng which descended from the dressing-rooms. He joined it, and it was not until he had crossed the first *salon* that an acquaintance recognized and spoke to him. In the further *salon*, at the foot of the great carved-stone fireplace—loot of impoverished Italy—Amy was standing. At first glance, he cried involuntarily,

"Good God, how beautiful she can be!"

Her dress was a bewildering swirl of royal-blue brocade glowing as the first break of brilliant azure through a clearing storm—a subtle, winding profusion which wrapped her delicate body about so airily that she seemed, by some deft improvisation, to have been entangled in the flowing draperies as a fragile butterfly is caught in a silken net. The curled and powdered hair, piling

up in a white cloud, turned in dainty ringlets about her clear temples and, winding down the slender neck, slipped across one bared shoulder, meeting a jeweled vine of starry eglantine which climbed up to the perfumed lattice of her tresses and hid itself in the mysteries of her head-dress. The daintily turned arms and wrists came whitely out from the dark-blue shadows of luxuriant folds, while her sensitive nose, her gay lips, her lively eyes under the quaint and pointed eyebrows gave to the dainty oval a fragile aristocracy; all—poise, gesture, veiled glance, and scented smile—held the incomparable seduction that is Woman.

He crossed gravely to take his place by her side. Some one caught him by the arm. It was Steingall, picturesque

in the costume of Largilliére—Steingall, triumphant in the success of his hostess, which was his success.

"Wonderful, eh, Mr. Forrester?" he cried, with glowing eyes.

"Wonderful."

"She must be painted like that," said the artist, with his head on one side. "By Jove, what blues!"



Her nerves, long taut, snapped at the vision of the future, which seemed the

"Of course," he answered laconically, and continued on his way through the buzz of whispered praises that surrounded his wife.

Amy had grown restless at his delay, but this furtive anxiety only added liveliness to her expression. For the Andrew Forrester who had now emerged was incomprehensible to her. She resisted him; she sought to conciliate him while she watched him with a growing apprehension. The moment he was there, she forgot everything but the intoxication of her personal triumph. She put out her hand eagerly and drew him to her, slipping her arm through his, to associate him with her own success and thus to reclaim him.

She was in a dangerous mood. Nothing educates a woman so much as the first touch of sorrow. Before, she had been an unconscious child, distributing happiness and suffering with the same unconsciousness, never stopping to consider the result of an impulse, never comprehending her responsibilities later. But this sense of being protected and adored was now torn from her. A mental transformation



end of her ambitions. She burst into tears

had come. She stood alone, feeling that she must defend herself, fight her own battles, find herself her final security. She did not quite see what she should do, but she knew that another life, complicated and uncertain, was beginning. And as the obscurity ahead frightened her, her instinct strove to return to old landmarks. An hour before, she had revolted against her husband with all the strength of her nature. The explanation he had sought had ended only in a quarrel. But, aghast before the unknown, she felt surprised herself at the impulse which flung her back to him. She wished to conquer him, to dazzle him more than anyone else, for it seemed to her that if she could establish the supremacy of her charm and beauty over him, that all might yet be repaired.

"Andrew—why, you are superb!" she whispered to him, in a moment of freedom, and her hands pressed his with a quick, impulsive pressure. "I am very, very proud!"

"You are very beautiful," he said carefully but without enthusiasm, for he said to himself, "She is afraid—it is only fear of the future which brings her to me."

In this, he was wrong. Amy had not, for one moment, taken seriously his talk of economy. She saw in it only a whip to brandish over her, the sort of threats husbands always make in their anger.

She looked at him expectantly. If there might be a flash of something in his eyes—an answering pressure of his hand! Then she turned away with a gripping of her heart. Little incidents often determine the tragedies of life. He had refused to yield a jot in this, the supreme hour of her youth and beauty. This was her last hope. She could never again bend him to her.

"What! Other men find me charming; other men look with eyes of envy, and I can't stir him—he alone doesn't appreciate me," she said to herself bitterly, and, as she suffered acutely, she flung herself gaily into the light spirit of the evening, with a theatrical, dangerous excitement.

As she wandered through the rooms of the lower floor, which had been skilfully converted into arbors of trailing vines or alleys of boxed trees with illuminated fruit, with scores of sheltered corners for secret *télé-à-tèles*, all at once, among the later arrivals, she perceived Monte Bracken. He was in an elaborate plum-colored costume of a prince of the royal blood, the black curls built high over the temples and spilling over the shoulders, flashes of delicate lace at the wrists, multicolored ribbons, golden embroideries on the vest, and a frill of the choicest cambric at the throat, below which sparkled the orders of the Toison d'Or and the Saint Esprit.

He bowed with exaggerated deference, kissing the end of her fingers easily and naturally. Her hand rested on his a moment forgotten, as she looked at him, seized with a sudden, surprised admiration, agreeably drawn to his handsome, dark figure. Of all the men she had met, she was the most anxious for his good opinion. Their eyes met; she felt a quick, excited flutter as she saw the start of surprise that came into his as he continued to look at her. The moment was not long, but both were conscious of a sudden embarrassment that was half delight, half unease.

She waited eagerly for his compliment, but, for the first time, she saw him a prey to a certain awkwardness.

"Very glad to see you, Mrs. Forrester! I have been trying to find you," he said hastily, without taking his eyes from her.

She felt the same diffidence. She perceived that her hand was still in his, and withdrew it hastily.

"And your brother and his wife?"

"They are here. They've been trying to find you."

New arrivals broke in, forcing her attention. When she turned impatiently, expecting to find him at her side, he was gone. The memory of the light that had leaped into his eyes when he had discovered her loveliness seemed to give wings to her steps. All her forebodings were forgotten; a delicious feeling of light-heartedness swept her up. She sought him in the crowd, and was aware that his glance continued to follow her, but he did not approach her again. She waited with a tinge of disappointment for the spoken tribute which she coveted, longing for it to give completeness to her happiness.

But if Bracken still remained obstinately aloof, other men came up eagerly—men who had been more or less devoted to her, and, under the license of the evening, whispered their declarations to her. As for Tody Dawson, he was crushed at her transformation, hovering on the outskirts, watching her with timid adoration, as though suddenly conscious of his temerity in approaching anything so precious. So completely eliminated was he, so utterly elbowed from her presence, that she felt a new irritation at

Andrew's obstinacy in taking his boyish sentimentality seriously.

"How absurd!" she said to herself lightly. "As though a boy like that could mean anything to me! He's useful—that's all."

A slight anxiety still remained in her mind until Gladys Challoner arrived. At the first glimpse of her dearest rival, she smiled a contented little smile. Gladys was a striking figure in brilliant green—a color few blondes would have dared—but she remained, despite every artifice, modern to her finger-tips. Startling and imposing she was, but the fragile charm of perfumed days which hovered about the younger rival quite escaped her.

Claire Bracken caught her by the arm, smiling and serene as usual.

"You exquisite creature, you quite eclipse us all!" she said, in genuine admiration. "And, with you, it's real!"

Between the two, opposite as they were in everything that goes to make up human character, there had been, from the first, an impulsive attraction which mystified their friends. Their intimacy had not yet gone further than a few formal visits, yet each had the feeling that a greater friendship was waiting. Amy slipped her hand under her friend's arm.

"I'd rather have you think so than anyone else," she said warmly. "Do you know, I never meet you without longing to really know you? Why don't I—is it New York? Please invite me again."

"I will—next week-end."

"Accepted."

"Is your husband here? I'd like to see him."

Amy nodded gratefully. Few of the guests expressed any interest in Andrew. In her mind, busily seeking ways and means, the thought came to her that she would like Mrs. Bracken to become a good friend to Andrew—perhaps she could bring him to reason.

Kitty Lightbody descended on them, voluminous and excited.

"What's this I hear, Amy? Good Lord, we're not going to dance minuets all night?"

"Don't worry," she answered, laughing; "that's only the fireworks. After midnight, we return to New York."

"Lordy, I wish I could get back to a clinging frock, too!" said Kitty, in a confidential whisper. "These balloon-jibs make me look like a whale. You needn't shake your head—they do!"

Captain Barrisdale, who had come up in her train, contrived to dodge in and out of the crowd until Kitty had safely departed.

"Jove, but you take our breath away!" he said, in his bantering manner.

"Many thanks," she said, bowing.

"I wish your husband wasn't so healthy," he said, looking at her closely.

"And why?" she said innocently.

"Oh, you understand very well what I mean," he said abruptly.

"It sounds like an ultramodern proposal," she said, laughing.

"I say, you can guy me all you want, but look here: I'm not the first one along."

"Look out!" she said, raising her finger, amusement still in her eyes. "I thought I gave you a lesson once, and you were to behave."

"What's wrong in saying you're the only woman ever got me—really got me—so that I'd take a second shot at matrimony—?"

"You can say anything, if you know how to say it—but you don't."

"Perhaps not; but, all the same"—he glanced about and lowered his voice—"it isn't going to make you feel any worse to know that—if anything ever happened, well—one way or the other, I stand back of what I said."

"And you expect me to believe you?"

"I know you believe me," he said, looking at her fixedly. At times, the captain had no difficulty in making himself understood.

She left him with a deeper feeling than amusement. A year before, she would have been indignant at the rudeness of this declaration. It was significant of her social progress that now it rather pleased her. Captain Barrisdale, at forty-five, rich into eight figures, was considered a great catch.

"Well, there is one would marry me instantly," she thought to herself, as she moved somberly away. It gave her a feeling of independence. Not that she had the slightest serious contemplation of such an eventuality, but that, in the security of the present, it was necessary for her to explore the future and mark it with certain dependable landmarks—one or two—the more the better. She made a tour of the floor, seeking her husband, and perceived him on the balcony, talking to Irma. She was not altogether pleased with this. She had given a measure of her confidence to Irma, but it was quite another thing for Andrew to do so. She did not altogether trust Irma. She caught the expression in his face, and it was to her like the skeleton at the feast.

"How adamant—how perfectly relentless he can be!" she thought. "Nothing can move him. He will never give up an idea. He isn't human."

What she could not understand was that he could remain unmoved at the spectacle of her success.

"No; he ought to be happy to have such a wife—a wife that everyone wants," she said, with a sudden lump in her throat. "And he won't say a word to me—to make me proud—just because—because I have shown that I have spirit, too."

Midnight rang. Dawson came up. It was time for the minuet.

## X

MONTE BRACKEN could do more things better than any man he had ever met, yet in every endeavor he remained of the second rank. All games and sports came to him easily. He played the piano with a genuine talent, and comprehended music passionately and profoundly. He had an instinct for beautiful things wherever met. His taste was sure, and distinguished between the meretricious and the stark simplicity of great art. He had written occasional essays, distinguished for charm, humor and an Old-World penetration acquired from a short diplomatic experience in Paris and Vienna. He lacked but one thing—the spur of necessity. Until thirty he had cherished the hope that he would make his name known in diplomacy or in letters. But, as the years glided on in their easy course, a feeling of disillusionment replaced the glow of early dreams. He became a brilliant *flaneur*, a sort of demi-hero, and he consoled himself as all such dramatic temperaments do. Love to him was a periodic and necessary intoxication. When he was in love, all the really brilliant qualities of his mind awoke, and periodically, in that narcotic state of dreams, he believed that he was on the verge of doing something worthy of what he knew he possessed. The need of love made him believe in love. He had had his share of what the French call "*bonnes fortunes*." Yet if he had been loved often, he had loved genuinely if without discipline. He had that rare quality of being lovable—a quality which one has or has not, which cannot be imitated and is never acquired. He attracted women by a certain element of weakness they divined in his nature, that appealed to them, and called forth their treasures of generosity and sacrifice. Women loved him instinctively, but seldom deeply, and left him with kindness but small regret. On his side, the shock was acute; he experienced a profound depression for each experience irreparably spent of the fast diminishing fabric of his youth. So keen was this revulsion that he had come to dread the thought of any (Continued on page 135)

# Speaking of Frock Coats



In another moment, he was to be seen, desperately white, running straight down Simpson Street after his hat

*Henry Calverly becomes a prominent citizen*

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by  
Howard Chandler Christy

**T**HREE is nothing more unsettling than a sudden, uncalculated, incalculable success. It at once thrills, depresses, confuses. People attack with the most unexpected venom. Others—the most unexpected others—defend with vehemence. One feels queerly out of it, yet forlornly conspicuous. As if it were some one else, or a dream. Innocent effort dragged to the public arena, quarreled over, misunderstood. One boasts and apologizes in a breath, dreads the thing will keep up and fears it will stop, finds, one day, it has stopped, and ever after thinks back in sentimental retrospect to the good old days, the great days, when one did stir them up a bit.

Henry Calverly awoke on this Saturday morning to a sense of trouble that hung heavily over him during the walk from the rooms to Stanley's restaurant on Simpson Street, where he and Humphrey Weaver usually breakfasted. Nothing of the stir reached them here. They were so late that the restaurant was about empty. Humphrey did hear a faint, distant voice booming, but gave no particular thought to it at the moment. And the Stanleys, a respectable, thrifty colored couple, who did most of the catering in Sunbury during these years, were quietly about their business as usual. Henry, indeed, was deep in his personal concern.

This found words over the oatmeal. He drew a rumpled paper from his pocket and submitted it to his roommate. That Humphrey was office-editor of the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury*, under old Boice, while Henry had left the *Voice* to join forces with Bob McGibbon on the *Gleaner*, had no bearing on their friendship.

"Got this last night," Henry explained moodily.

Humphrey read the following penciled communication:

HENRY CALVERLY:

Can't you see that your attentions are making it hard for a certain young lady. Do you want to injure her reputation along with yours? Why don't you do the decent thing and leave town?

A ROUND ROBIN OF PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOU.

Humphrey pursed his lips over it.

"It's the Mamie Wilcox trouble, of course," he said finally.

Henry nodded. His mouth drooped at the corners. There was a shine in his eyes. The Wilcox scandal has been the sort of thing that didn't, couldn't, happen. A miserable, hastily contrived marriage. Henry's name dragged in, unjustly (as it happened) but convincingly. Though Henry always worked best after some sort of a blow. He had to be shaken out of himself, I think. It isn't likely that

## Speaking of Frock Coats

he could or would have written "Satraps of the Simple" if this particular blow hadn't fallen. Certainly, he couldn't have written, as he did, the first ten of the little stories in three days and nights. That was a feverish job. He was stung, quivering, helpless. And then his great gift functioned.

Humphrey folded the paper, handed it back

"Do you know who did it?"

Henry shook his head.

"They printed it out. Oh, I make guesses, of course. It's about Cicely Hamlin and me."

"You can't do anything."

"I know."

"And maybe you're going to be so successful that it won't matter. Laugh at 'em."

"I don't believe that, Hump. I can't even imagine it."

"At that, it may be jealousy."

"I've thought of that. Even if it is, they're partly right. I didn't do what they think, but—don't you see, Hump?"

"Oh, yes; I see clearly enough."

"I've felt it. When I was all stirred up over my work, I went there to call. Last Saturday night. Then I got to thinking." His voice was unsteady, but he kept on. Rather doggedly. "I've stayed away all this week. Just worked. You know. You've seen how I've kept at it. Until Thursday night. I sorta slipped up then and went around there. She was out. And that's all. I've thought I—I've felt—Hump, do you believe in love—you know—at first sight?"

Humphrey's long face wrinkled into a rather wry smile, then sobered.

"I ought to," he replied. "In a way, it was like that—with me."

The first of Henry's meaty, fantastic little stories of the plain folk of the village, that one called "The Caliph of Simpson Street," had appeared in the *Gleaner* of the preceding Saturday. It had made a distinct stir. Former Senator Watt had termed it "admirable," and had added, "There is caustic satire in this sketch; yet I find deep human sympathy as well." Of deeper significance in Henry's memory was the fact that Cicely Hamlin had sat spellbound until a quarter past midnight while he read the first ten stories to her—every word.

The second story was out on this the Saturday of our present narrative. In the order of writing and in Henry's plans, it should have been "The Cauliflowers of the Caliph." But Bob McGibbon, hanging wearily over the form in the pressroom late Friday night, suddenly hit on the notion of putting "Sinbad the Treasurer" in its place. He had all but the last one or two in type by that time. There were no mechanical difficulties, and he didn't consult the author. He could hit Charlie Waterhouse harder this way. The "Cauliflowers" was quietly humorous, while "Sinbad the Treasurer" had a punch. That was how McGibbon put it to the foreman, Henry Albers. The word "punch" was fresh slang then. McGibbon himself introduced it into Sunbury.

Henry had Charlie and the town money in the back of his head, of course, when he wrote "Sinbad." Probably more than he himself knew. McGibbon sniffed a sensation in the brief, vivid narrative. And a sensation of some sort he had to have. It was now or never with McGibbon. He was able even to chuckle at the way Charlie would froth. He couldn't admit that the coat fitted, of course. He would have to just froth. It was Henry's naïveté that made the thing so perfect. An older man or a sensible youth wouldn't have dared. Henry had just naturally rushed in. Yes; it was perfect.

Bob McGibbon was a hustler. And his nervous quickness of perception had brought him a few small successes and was to bring him larger ones. His Sunbury disaster was perhaps later to be charged to education.

The roots of that particular failure went deep. From

first to last, his attitude was that of a New Yorker in a small town. He outraged every local prejudice; he alienated, one by one, each friendly influence. He couldn't understand that any such village as Sunbury resents the outsider who insists on pointing out its little human failings. It was recognized here and there as possible that old man Boice and Mr. Weston, of the bank, might be covering up something in the matter of the genial town treasurer; but there was reason enough to believe that Mr. Boice and Mr. Weston knew pretty well what they were about. That, at least, was the rather equivocal position into which McGibbon, by his very energy and assertiveness, drove many a ruffled citizen.



Humphrey opened the large envelop. "Here, due in November." Before their

And it had needed very little urging on the part of the three leading citizens (McGibbons had a trick of referring to them in his paper as "The Old Cinch") to bring about a boycott on the part of the Simpson Street and South Sunbury advertisers. As Charlie Waterhouse himself put it: "It ain't what he says about me. I can stand it. Man to man, I can attend to him. The thing is, he's hurtin' the town. That's it—he's hurtin' the town."

I have spoken of McGibbons's perception. He knew, before reading three paragraphs of the first story, that Henry had a touch of genius. He knew, further, what no Sunbury seems ever able to recognize, that it is your occasional Henry who,

as he mentally put it, "rings the bell." A queer young man, slightly dudish in dress, affecting a soft little mustache and a bamboo stick, unable to fit into any conventional job, unable really to fall into step with his generation, subtly but incorrigibly a non-conformist, a moodily earnest yet absurdly susceptible young man, slightly self-conscious, known here and there among those of his age as "sarcastic," brilliant occasionally, dogged some of the time, dreamy and irresponsible the rest, yet with charm. A youth who not infrequently was guilty of queer, rather unsocial acts—not of meanness or unkindness, rather of an inability to feel with and for others, to fit. A youth destined to work out his salvation, if at all, alone.

Yes; McGibbons read the signs shrewdly. For which Sunbury owes that erratic editor a small debt which remains unpaid and unrecorded to-day.

No doubt that McGibbons brought Henry out. Encouraged him, spurred him, held him to it.

It was tradition in Sunbury that the two weekly papers should come decorously into the world each Saturday morning for the first delivery of mail. A small pile of each, toward noon, was put on sale in Jackson's book store (formerly B. F. Jones'). That was all. And that was why McGibbons was able, on this Saturday of our story, to shake the town.

Poor old Sunbury was shaken heavily and often that summer. First, by the sordid, socially devastating Mamie Wilcox scandal.

Then Madame Watt happened to Sunbury. And shook the village to its roots. More about that remarkable woman shortly.

And then came Bob McGibbons's last and mightiest effort.

When all commuting Sunbury converged on the old red-brick "depot" that morning for the seven-eleven and the seven-forty-six and the eight-thirty and the eight-twenty-nine, hoarsely bellowing newsboys held the two ends of the platform. They wore cotton caps with "The Weekly Gleaner" printed around the front. They were big, deep-throated roughs, the sort that shout "extras" through the



McGibbons, is your note to Henry for one thousand dollars, eyes, deliberately, he tore it up

## Speaking of Frock Coats

cities. They crowded the local news-dealer, little Mr. Beamer, back into one of the waiting-rooms. They fairly intimidated the town. People bought the *Gleaner* in self-defense, even boarded trains and rode off to Chicago without their regular *Tribune* or *Record* or *Inter Ocean*.

Other newsmen roamed the shady, pleasant residence-streets, bellowing. Housewives, old gentlemen, servants, hurried out to buy.

There were posters on the fences and along the bill-boards, from Rockwell Park on the south to Borea on the north. McGibbon actually rented the space from the Northern Bill-board Company. And there were newsmen with caps, in the afternoon, attacking the North Shore home-comers in the Chicago station, the very heart of things. All this—posters screaming like the newsmen; big wood type, red and black—to advertise "Sinbad the Treasurer" and the rest of the long series and Henry Calverly.

"Attack" is the word. McGibbon was assaulting the town and the region as it had hardly been assaulted before. If it was his last, it was surely his most outrageous act from the local point of view. People talked, boiled, raged. The blatancy of the thing irritated them to the point of impotent mutterings. They were helpless. McGibbon was breaking no laws. He was stirring them, however feverish his condition of mind, with deliberate intent. It was his notion of advertising. Reaching the mark, regardless of obstacles, indifference, difficulties. And had his personal circumstances been less harrowing, he could have chuckled happily at the result.

The noise fell upon the ear-drums of Charlie Waterhouse as he walked down-town. A ragged, red-faced pirate thrust a *Gleaner* into his hand, snatched his nickel, and rushed off, bellowing.

Charlie began reading "Sinbad the Treasurer" as he walked. He finished it standing on the turf by the sidewalk, ignoring passing acquaintances, nervously biting and mouthing a cigar that had gone out. In the same condition, he read bits of it again. He stood for a while, wavering, then went back home and spoke roughly to Mrs. Waterhouse when she asked him why. He hid the paper from her, to no particular purpose. He didn't appear at the town hall all day, but caught a trolley into Chicago and went to a dime museum. Later in the day, he was seen by two venturesome youths sitting alone in the rear of a stage-box at Sam T. Jack's.

Norton P. Boice became aware of the sensation on his familiar way to the *Voice* office. He always went there first, appearing at his desk in the post-office later in the morning.

Humphrey Weaver, at his own editorial desk behind the railing, waited, apparently buried in galley-proofs, for the explosion. He had caught it all after leaving Henry at Stanley's door, and had prowled a bit, taking it in.

But Mr. Boice simply made little sounds—"Hm," and "Mmp," and "Hm," again. Then, slowly lifting his ponderous figure, the upper half of his face expressionless as always above his long, yellowish white beard, went out.

For an hour he was shut up with Mr. Weston in the directors' room at the bank—his huge bulk disposed in an armchair, little, low-voiced, neatly bearded Mr. Weston standing by the mantel. It came down to this:

"Could throw him into bankruptcy. He must be about broke." Thus Boice. "We'd get the stories that way. Suppress 'em."

The old gentleman was still wincing from the artlessly subtle stabs he had suffered a week back in "The Caliph of Simpson Street." Everybody within four miles of the post-office knew who the caliph was. He had caught people hiding their smiles. Mentally, he was considering a new-drawn head for the *Voice*, with the phrase "and The Weekly *Gleaner*" neatly printed just below. There never had been room for two papers in Sunbury, anyway.

Mr. Weston was shaking his head.

"May as well sit tight, Nort. What harm's to be done

is done already. He'll have to come down. We'll get him then."

"You haven't got any of his paper here, have you?"

"There was one note. I called that some time ago."

"Wha'd he do?"

"Paid it. He seems still to have a little something. But he can't last. Not without advertising."

"But he's selling his paper fast. If he can keep that up, maybe he'll begin to pick up a little along the street."

Mr. Weston was still shaking his head.

"Better wait, Nort."

"No; I'll offer him a few hundred. The old *Gleaner* plant's worth something."

"Of course there's no harm in that."

So Mr. Boice crossed the street to Hemple's meat market and laboriously lifted his great body up the stairway beside it to the quarters of the *Gleaner* up-stairs, where a coatless, rumpled, rather wild-eyed McGibbon listened to him and then, with suspiciously alert and smiling politeness, showed him out and down again.

The sensation struck Henry, full face, in the barber shop, Schultz & Schwartz's, whither he went from Stanley's. Professor Hennis, of the English Department at the university, met him at the door and insisted on shaking hands.

"These sketches of yours, Calverly—the two I have read—are remarkable. There is a freshness of characterization that suggests Chaucer to me. Sunbury will live to be proud of you."

This left Henry red and mumbling, rather dumfounded. Then, in the chair, Bill Schwartz—fat, exuberant—said, bending over him,

"Well, how does it feel to be famous, Henry?" And added: "You've got 'em excited along the streets here. Henry Berger says Charlie Waterhouse'll punch your head before night. Says he'll have to. Can't sue very well."

It was after this and a few other evidences of the stir he was causing that Henry, as Humphrey had done a half-hour earlier, went prowling. He watched and followed the bellowing newsmen. He observed, from the cluttered-up window of Murphy's cigar store, the lively scene at the depot when the nine-three train pulled out.

Then, keeping off Simpson Street, which was, by this time, crowded with the Saturday morning shoppers, he slipped round Hemple's corner and up the stairs.

McGibbon sat alone in the front office—coat off, vest open, longish hair tousled, a lock straggling down across his high forehead, eyes strained and staring. He was deep in his swivel-chair, long legs stretched out under the desk, smoking a five-cent cigar, hands deep in pockets. He greeted Henry with a wry, thin-lipped smile, and waved his cigar.

"Great days!" he remarked dryly.

"Gee!" Henry dropped into a chair, laid his bamboo stick on the table, mopped a glistening face. "Gee! You do know how to get 'em going!"

The cigar waved again.

"Sure! Stir 'em up! Soak it to 'em! Only way."

"Everybody's buying it."

"Rather! You're a hit, son!"

"Oh, I don't know's I'd say that."

"Rats! You're a knock-out! Never been anything like it. Two months of it and they'd be throwing your name around in Union Square, N. Y. If we only had the two months." He sighed.

"Why"—Henry, all nerves, caught his expression—"what's the matter?"

"We're out of paper."

"You mean to print on?"

A nod.

"And we're out of money to buy more."

"But with this big sale—"

"Costing four 'n' one-half times what we take in."

"But I don't see—"



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Young people appeared—from nowhere, it seemed—and clustered about the carriage

## Speaking of Frock Coats

"Don't you? That's business, Hen. That's this world. You pour your money in—whip up your sales—drive, *drive!* After a while, it goes of itself and you get your money back. Scads of it. You're rich. That's the way with every young business. Takes nerve, I tell you—and vision. Why, I know stories of the early days of—Look here: What we need is money. Got to have it. Right now, while they're on the run. If we can't get it, and get it quick, well—he reached deliberately forward, picked up a copy of the *Gleaner* and waved it high—"that—that, my son, is the last copy of the *Gleaner!*"

Henry stared with burning eyes out of a white face.

"But my stories?" he cried.

"They go to the man that gets the paper. If we land in bankruptcy, as we doubtless shall, they will be held by the court as assets."

"But they're mine!" A note of bewilderment that was despair was in Henry's voice.

McGibson shook his head.

"No, Hen; we're known to have them. They're in type here. You're helpless. We're both helpless. The thousand dollars you put in, too. You hold my note for that. You'll get so many cents on the dollar when the plant is sold at auction. Or if Boice buys it. He was up here just now. Offered me five hundred. Think of it—five hundred for our plant, the big press, and everything."

"Wha—wha'd you say?"

"Showed him out. Laughed at him. Of course! But it was just a play. Nerve. Now look here, Hen: You've got a little more, haven't you? Your uncle—"

Henry had reached the limits of his emotional capacity. He was far beyond the familiar mental process known as thinking. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, knees drawn up, hands clasped tightly, temples drumming, a flush spreading down over his cheeks.

But even in this condition, thoughts came. He had gone to his uncle for the thousand dollars that the paper had so quickly engulfed. There had been a scene—and an understanding. It was his mother's meager little estate. Uncle Arthur was executor and his guardian. Not another cent was to be forthcoming until the seventh of November, Henry's twenty-first birthday. After that, he could be a fool, play ducks and drakes with it if he liked.

Another thought—or perhaps it was just a feeling, the manifestation of a sort of instinct—was one of hostility to Bob here. It brought a touch of guilty discomfort—hostility came hard with Henry—yet it was distinctly there. Bob was doubtless right. All his experience. And his wonderful fighting nerve. Yet, somehow, he wouldn't do.

"No," said Henry. And again: "No. Not a cent from my uncle."

McGibson's hand still held up the paper. He brought it down now with a bang. On the desk. And sprang up, speaking louder, with quick, intense gestures.

"You don't seem to get it, Hen!" he cried. "We're through—broke!" He glanced round at the pressroom door and controlled his voice. "No pay-roll—nothing! Nothing for the boys out there—or me—or you. I've been sitting here wondering how I can tell 'em. Got to."

"Nothing!" Henry echoed weakly, fumbling at his little mustache. "For me?"

"Not a cent."

"But—but—" Henry's earthly wealth, at the moment, was about forty cents. His rough estimate of immediate expenditures was considerable.

"Got to have money now, Hen. To-day. Before night. Can't you get hold of that fact? Even a hundred—the pay-roll's only ninety-six fifty. If I could handle that, likely I could make a turn next week and get our paper stock in time."



Henry heard his own voice saying,  
"But don't business men borrow?"

"Borrow! Me? In this town? Cicely leaned out. They wouldn't lend me the rope to hang myself with— Hold on there, Hen—"

For the young man had picked up his stick and was moving toward the door. And as he hurried out, he was saying, without looking back:

"No! No!"

He said it on the stairs, where none could hear. He rushed round the corner, round the block. Anything to keep off Simpson Street. He had a really rather desperate struggle to keep from talking his heart out—aloud—in the street—angrily—attacking Boice, Weston, and McGibson in the same breath. His feeling against McGibson amounted to bitterness now. But his feeling against old Boice had risen to the borders of rage. He thought of that silent, ponderous old man, sitting at his desk in the post-office,

as a spider weaving his subtle web about the town, where helpless little human flies crawled innocently about their uninspired daily tasks.

So Mr. Boice had offered five hundred for plant, good-will, and the stories!



with outstretched hand

No mere legal, technical claim on those stories as property, as assets, held the slightest interest for Henry. He couldn't understand that. They were his. He had created them, made them out of nothing—just a one-cent lead-pencil and a lot of copy-paper. Bob had snatched them away to print them in the *Gleaner*. But they weren't Bob's.

"They're mine!" he said aloud. "They're mine! Old Boice shan't have 'em! Never!"

He caught himself then, looked about sharply, all hot emotion and tingling nerves.

A little later—it was getting on toward noon—he found himself on Filbert Avenue approaching Simpson Street. Without plan or guidance, he was heading northward

toward the rooms—Humphrey's and (lately) his—in the barn back of the old Parmenter place. It would be necessary to cross Simpson Street. He was fighting down the impulse to go several blocks to the east toward the lake, where the stores and shops gave place to homes and lawns and shade-trees, where he could slip across unnoticed; but his feet were leading him straight toward the corner of Filbert and Simpson, the busiest, most conspicuous corner in town, where were the hotel and Berger's grocery and, only a few doors off, Donovan's drug store and Swanson's flower shop and Duneen's general store and the *Voice* office, where Henry had worked for two years in fetters, under the ever-dominant Norton P. Boice. It had come down, the warfare within him, to a question of proving to himself that he wasn't a coward, that he could face disaster, even the complete disaster that seemed now to be upon him. It was like the end of the world.

In a pocket, his fingers were tightly clasped about the anonymous note that had been the cloud over his troubled sleep of the night and his gloomy awakening of the morning. The note was now but a detail in the general crash. He decided to press on, march straight across Simpson Street, head high. He even brought out the note from his pocket, held it in his hand as he walked stiffly on. It was a somewhat bitter touch of bravado, but I find I like Henry none the less for it.

A little way short of the corner, it must be recorded, he faltered. It was by Berger's rear door. There was a gate in the fence here that now stood open. Two of the Berger delivery-wagons were backed in there. And right by the gate Henry Berger himself, his ample person enveloped in a long white apron; he was opening a crate.

Henry sensed him there, flushed (for it seemed that he could not speak to any human being now), and wrestled, in painful impotence of will, with the idea of moving on.

But then, through a slow moment after Mr. Berger said, "How are you, Henry?" he sensed something further, a note of good nature in the voice, a feeling that the man was smiling, a suggestion that all the genial quality had not, after all, been hardened out of life. He turned, pulled at his mustache (paper in hand), and flicked at weeds with his stick.

Mr. Berger was smiling. He drew his hand across a sweaty brow, shook the hand, then leaned on his hatchet.

"Getting hot," he remarked. Henry tried to reply, but found himself still inarticulate. "Old Boice is getting after you. Plenty." Henry winced, but felt slightly reassured when Mr. Berger chuckled. All intercourse with Mr. Berger was tempered, however, by the memory that Henry had been caught, within the decade, stealing fruit from the cases out front.

"He was just here. Don't mind telling you that he's trying to get McGibbon's creditors together and throw him into bankruptcy. Doesn't look as if there was enough out against him, though. Got to be five hundred. It ain't

## Speaking of Frock Coats

as if he had a family and was running up bills. Just living alone at the Wombast's, like he does. But old Boice is out gunning for fair. Never saw him quite like this. First it was the advertising boycott—" Henry was shifting his weight from foot to foot. "Well," he said now, "I guess I'd better be getting along."

"I was just going to say, Henry, that you've give me a good laugh. Keep on like this, and you'll be famous some day— And, say—hold on a minute! I don't know's you're in a position to do anything about it, but I was just going to say I rather guess the old *Gleaner* could be picked up for next to nothing right now. And there's folks here that ain't so anxious to see Boice get the market all to hisself. Not so darn anxious— Wait a minute! I mean, I guess, once McGibbon was got rid of, the old boy'd find it wouldn't be so easy to hold this boycott together. There's folks that would break away— Well, that's about all that was on my mind. Only, I'd sorta hate to see your yarns suppressed. They're grand reading, Henry. My wife like to 'a' died over that one last week—The Sultan of Simpson Street."

" 'Caliph,'" said Henry, with nervous eagerness. "'The Caliph of Simpson Street.'"

"Touched up old Norton P. for fair. Made him sor'er 'n a goat. My wife's literary, and she says it's worthy of Poe. And you ought to hear the people talking to-day about this new one."

" 'Sinbad the Treasurer'?" said Henry quickly, fearing another misquotation.

"Yay-ah. That! Ain't had time to read it yet myself. They say it's great."

"Well—good-by," said Henry, and moved stiffly away toward the corner.

"Funny!" mused the grocer, looking after him. "These geniuses never have any business sense. I gave him a real opening there."

Simpson Street was always crowded of a Saturday morn-

ing with thoughtful housewives. The grocers and butchers bustled about. The rows of display-racks along the side-walks were heaped with fresh vegetables and fruits.

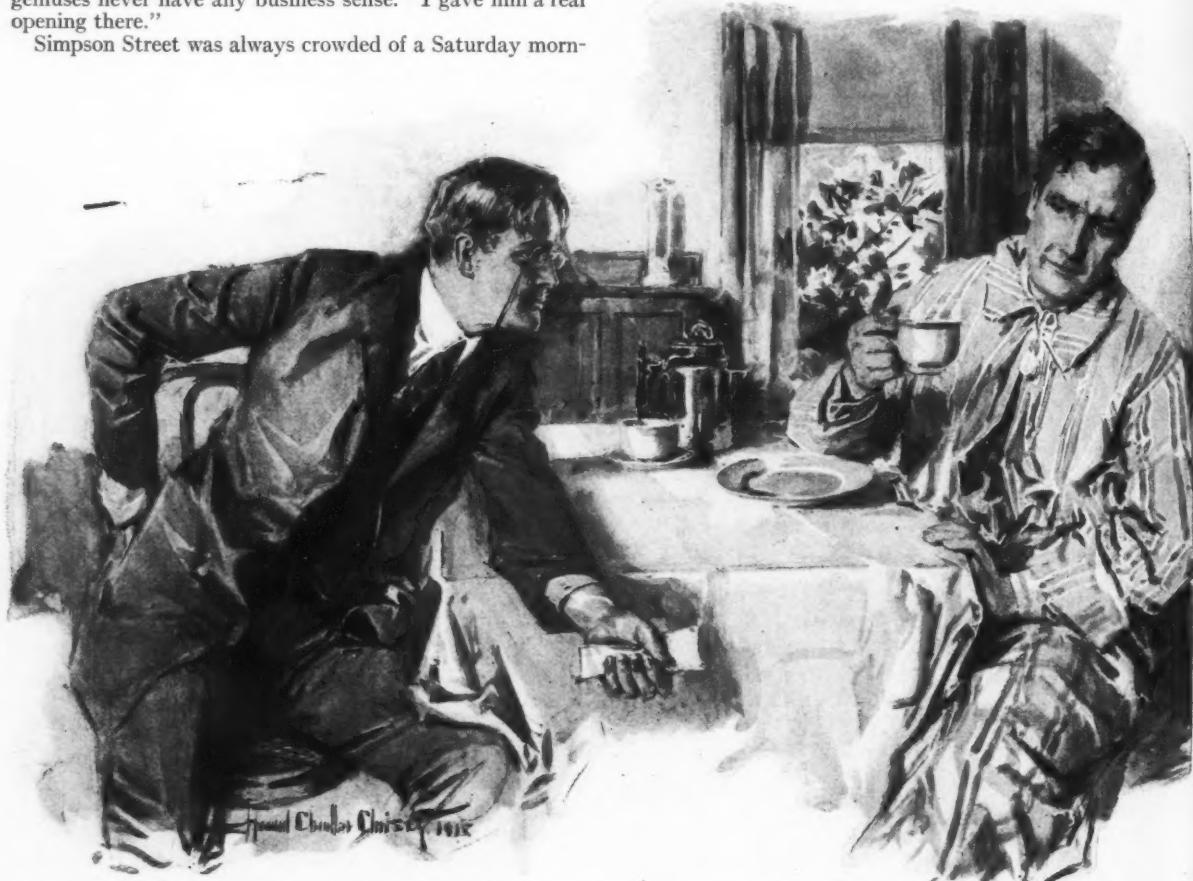
The majority of the shoppers came afoot, but the curb was lined with buggies, surreys, neat station-wagons, and dog-carts, crowded in between the delivery-wagons. Sunbury boasted, as well, a number of stanhopes, a barouche or two, and several landaus. The Jenkins family, among its several members, had a stable full of horses and ponies. William B. Snow owned a valuable chestnut team with silver-mounted harness.

Here and there along the street, one might have seen, on this occasion, several vehicles that might well have been described as "smart."

But Sunbury had never seen anything like the equipage that, at a quarter to twelve—a little late for selective shopping in those days—came rolling smoothly, silently on its rubber-shod wheels across the tracks and past the post-office, Nelson's bakery, the Sunbury National Bank, Duane's, and Donovan's to Swanson's flower shop.

Never, never had Sunbury seen anything quite like that. Mr. Berger, hurrying through to the front of his store, stopped short, stared out across the street, and, after a breathless moment, breathed the words: "Holy smoke!" Women stood motionless, holding heads of lettuce, boxes of raspberries, and what not, and gazed in an amazement that was actually long minutes in reaching the normal mental state of critical appraisal.

The carriage was a victoria, hung very low, varnished work glistening brilliantly in the sunshine. It was upholstered conspicuously in plumb-color. The horses were jet black, glossy, perfectly matched, checked up so high that the necks arched prettily if (Continued on page 94)



He leaned earnestly over the table. "It's really a hopeless love. I know that. Hump. But it isn't like the others."

# Doing Their Bit

*A New Adventure of*

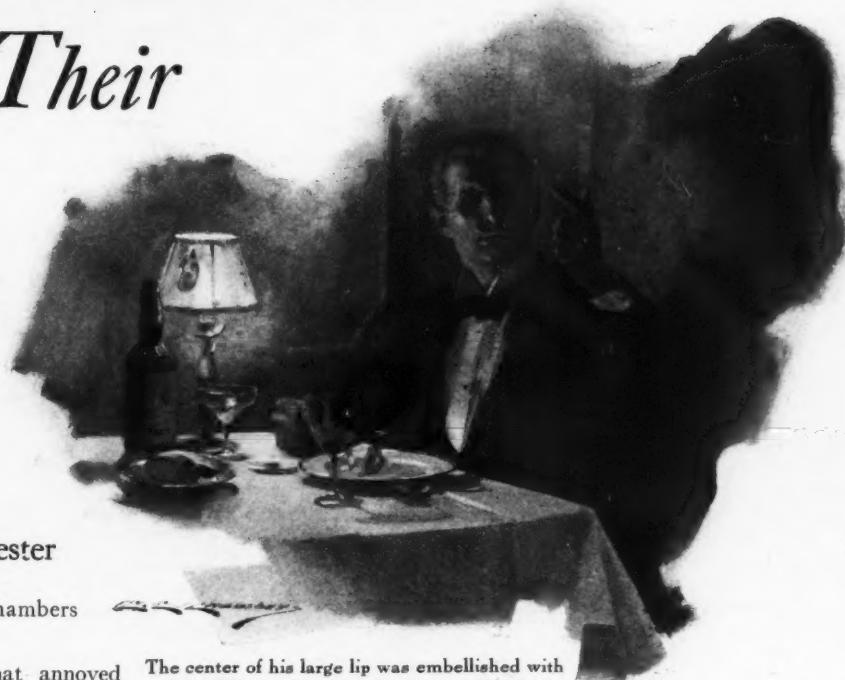
*Get-Rich-Quick*

*Wallingford*

By

George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers



The center of his large lip was embellished with an absurdly small outstanding mustache which had been shaved down from a large one

**I**F there was one thing that annoyed J. Rufus Wallingford more than any other one thing, it was for any person to obtain better service in a public dining-room than himself. The pompous, stiff-necked fellow over in the corner could, with the merest quiver of his eyelash, bring captains, waiters, couriers, and 'buses, from every section of the Hotel Grand's main restaurant, even from the table of J. Rufus; and this last was an aggravation which took flavor from the food of that good liver and deepened the natural ruddiness of his round pink countenance to an apoplectic purple, thus providing entertainment for his lean and lank companion, Blackie Daw. The crowning aggravation was the wine. One glance at the color of the tin-foil on the neck of the bottle was sufficient for the already irate J. Rufus.

"That isn't the 'Ninety-eight!'" he snapped.

"And all is lost save honor," grinned the lean and lank one, twisting his black mustaches into straight needle-points.

"I am sorry, sir," uneasily apologized the highly over-tipped captain. "But we are out of the 'Ninety-eight. I can recommend this Nineteen-four, sir."

"Out of the 'Ninety-eight?'" The huge Wallingford swelled his chest with indignation, and the glitter of the four-thousand-dollar diamond in his shirt-front caught the eye of the secretively watchful man in the corner. "Why, I asked you about it last night, and you told me you had two cases."

"Yes, sir," admitted the captain, much disturbed; "but this morning they were reserved by a guest." And he cast the fraction of an eye toward the important corner. Wallingford glared immediately in that direction, and seeing that the other man saw his discomfiture, his countenance became still more acutely inflamed.

"A gentleman of discrimination," slyly observed Blackie, enjoying the wave of fury which crossed Jim's face. "Some sport, Jimmy! Who is he?" This to the captain.

"His name is Smith, sir. Shall I open this Nineteen-four, sir?"

"Pssst!"

The captain was galvanized instantly by that hissing sound from the man in the corner. The man was a tall, square-shouldered fellow, whose neck ran straight up the back of his head. The center of his large lip was embellished with an absurdly small outstanding mustache which

had been shaved down from a large one, and as the captain saw the commanding forefinger, it ceased to command and began complacently to smooth and smooth the mustache which was no longer there.

"Excuse me," said the captain, pushing the bottle back in the ice, and he hurried away.

"So his name's Smith," grinned Blackie. "That's the last straw, Jim."

"I feel like taking a punch at him," growled Wallingford, his countenance bilious with aggravation.

"Naturally you do," Blackie mocked. "You hate the man, Jimmy, because he has something on you. Here's you, who have made eating an art and service a science since early youth, and here's this big stranger who takes it away from you with a mere forefinger, a mere 'Pssst', a mere—"

"Aw, button it!" snarled the venomous J. Rufus; then he worried again. "The man must tip like a fool."

"Wrong again. If you'll take care of your precious health and not give way to your rotten temper, I'll tell you something. I saw his dinner-tip last night, and it wasn't half your regular rate. The man simply has a way with him which you might do well to copy, James. He—"

"Funny how I dislike that fellow!" Wallingford, forced to calmness by the banter of Blackie, returned to the thing which had been puzzling him. "No, you ossified splinter; it isn't just because he's been interfering with my meals, but it's something else. You'd size him for money, wouldn't you?"

"He carries the only millionaire front in the place except ours. Maybe he's a four-flusher, like us."

"No; live one," pronounced J. Rufus, with decision. "We've been here a week, and this dining-room czar, who showed up two days ago, is the only cash proposition we've seen in the town; yet I never have any hunch to peel his currency from him."

"And us near pauperhood from that raw deal in raw cotton! Since when do you have to feel affectionate toward the sucker you're going to skin?"

The pop of a cork interrupted them. The busy captain, his expression now smiling and confident, had opened a bottle at the serving-table near them, and, as he proudly poured the wine, the eyes of J. Rufus widened at the tint of the tin-foil on the neck of the bottle—the 'Ninety-eight!

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

"Mr. Smith was kind enough to release a bottle of the 'Ninety-eight,'" explained the captain happily, and as he plunged the bottle in the ice and whisked away with the Nineteen-four, Blackie grinned.

Wallingford, picking up his glass, caught the blue eye of the pompous man in the corner, and, in common decency, an acknowledgment was necessary; so J. Rufus raised the glass, and his round pink face beamed with cordiality, and Blackie raised his glass, his white teeth flashing beneath his pointed black mustaches, and Mr. Smith smiled and nodded.

"You like him better now?" mocked Blackie.

"Not on your life!" promptly denied Wallingford. "But I suppose we shouldn't waste him in war-times. Where's that captain?"

"Psst!" hissed Blackie, holding up two forefingers, and, as the captain saw him from the far side of the room, Blackie began smoothing and smoothing his two points of black mustache with the two fingers.

Wallingford sent to Mr. Smith, with his compliments, one of his own special fat black cigars, and the deed was done. Later, in the lobby, Mr. Smith acknowledged to Mr. Wallingford the excellence of the cigar. Along about midnight they were very well acquainted, and Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Daw unfolded the project nearest their hearts—an irrigation scheme for turning arid deserts into fertile fields waving with golden grain and studded with beauteous wild flowers.

Mr. Smith failed to fall for the fertile fields, but by the end of the next day he was firm friends with Messrs. Wallingford and Daw. They now unfolded to him, with great enthusiasm, their brilliant plan for consolidating the mortgage-bond companies and swinging the entire real-estate valuation of the United States to their mutual profit, with the employment of only a few paltry hundreds of thousands of Mr. Smith's money. Mr. Smith was deeply interested, but not enough to invest anything. They put him to bed with hilarity, but cursed him soundly as soon as they were away from him.

"I don't get this piece of camouflage," complained Blackie; "he has all the appearance and habits of a sucker, and yet he don't bite the bait."

"I don't like him," growled Wallingford. "I have a notion to drop him."

They were silent a moment; then Blackie began to laugh.

"I see the great white light, Jim!" And he dug a sharp, hard, lean finger into the tender ribs of his partner, who winced as usual. "We're trying to play the wrong end of this game. We're supposed to be the simps."

Wallingford stared at him.

"By George, I believe you're right! Why, say—we can't hunt him up so fast but that we find him hunting us. When we want to break away, we have to shake him. No boob ever clung like that: He insists on paying the dinner-checks. That's no way for a live prospect to act. It's we who should be buying all the wine." His eyes half closed, and his broad shoulders heaved in a chuckle. "The boobs! That's rich!"

"That makes it a cinch." Blackie was highly pleased with himself now, and puffed smoke rings at the ceiling.

"Cinch it is," agreed Wallingford. "All we have to do is draw his game out of him, and whittle it into a boomerang."

## II

A WARY fisherman, Mr. Smith. Eager as he had seemed to be for the society of his chosen boobs, and anxious as he seemed to be to approach some subject which lay within his inmost recesses, it took his prospective victims the entire next day and the morning after to bring him to the point. At last, however, in the seclusion of Mr. Smith's splendidrous suite, they induced him to spread his net.

"You gentlemen have been discussing quite a number of

money-making plans," he began, after several minutes of cautious silence. "I know you'd like to make a quarter of a million dollars."

"Strange," returned Blackie, suppressing a grin in the general direction of Wallingford; "we were just saying, at breakfast that we'd like to make a quarter of a million dollars. Or was it before breakfast, Jim?"

"You're interrupting," smiled J. Rufus, but his keen, small eyes meantime were studying with great accuracy the countenance of William Smith.

"I am sure that you would prefer to make your quarter of a million in perfect safety," resumed Smith, with that peculiar smile which belongs only to persons who talk of large sums of money in small voices.

"Well, with reasonable safety," amended J. Rufus.

"Then I can offer you an opportunity which is a gift. Listen." Though they were quite alone, he bent forward with much secrecy. The others bent forward, and intensity mingled with mystery sat on all three faces—the long, lean one of Blackie Daw, the round pink one of J. Rufus, and the large square one of William Smith. "Gentlemen, I know where there is a commodity which you can buy for half a million dollars and which I can sell immediately for a million!"

A silence, during which Mr. Smith, with a calm triumph which was colossal, removed the ashes from his cigar.

"Well, you're no piker, anyhow," admitted Blackie, but J. Rufus sat, pondering, studying deeply the countenance of William Smith.

"We never put up money," he said.

Mr. Smith seemed to have his answer ready beforehand.

"Suppose I put up half of it?"

"We never go into partnership where anybody else handles the funds." This from the still studious Wallingford.

"I am not asking it of you," was the ready response of Mr. Smith. "Since I must keep entirely out of this, I should be compelled to trust the handling of the funds entirely to you."

Messrs. Wallingford and Daw stared quite openly at each other now. This was too easy! There had to be a trick in it some place; yet Wallingford felt piqued that he was not able to see the bottom of this transparent game. Blackie's brows were knotted into swirls.

"We never take another man's proposition until we are satisfied how he proposes to play safe," still argued Wallingford.

"Perfectly easy," Smith explained. "You'll put my quarter of a million with yours and buy the commodity; but I collect the million."

Ah! This was more regular. The boobs cast on each other smiles of relief. The fat boob lit a fresh cigar and the thin boob a cigarette.

"Then you collect the million," softly observed the fat boob. "Yes, yes; go on."

"You keep the commodity until I turn you over your half-million." And Mr. Smith smoothed the absent mustache with a superiority which was galling to the experts, who thought they had fathomed his trick. "Is there any chance, gentlemen, for anybody to lose?"

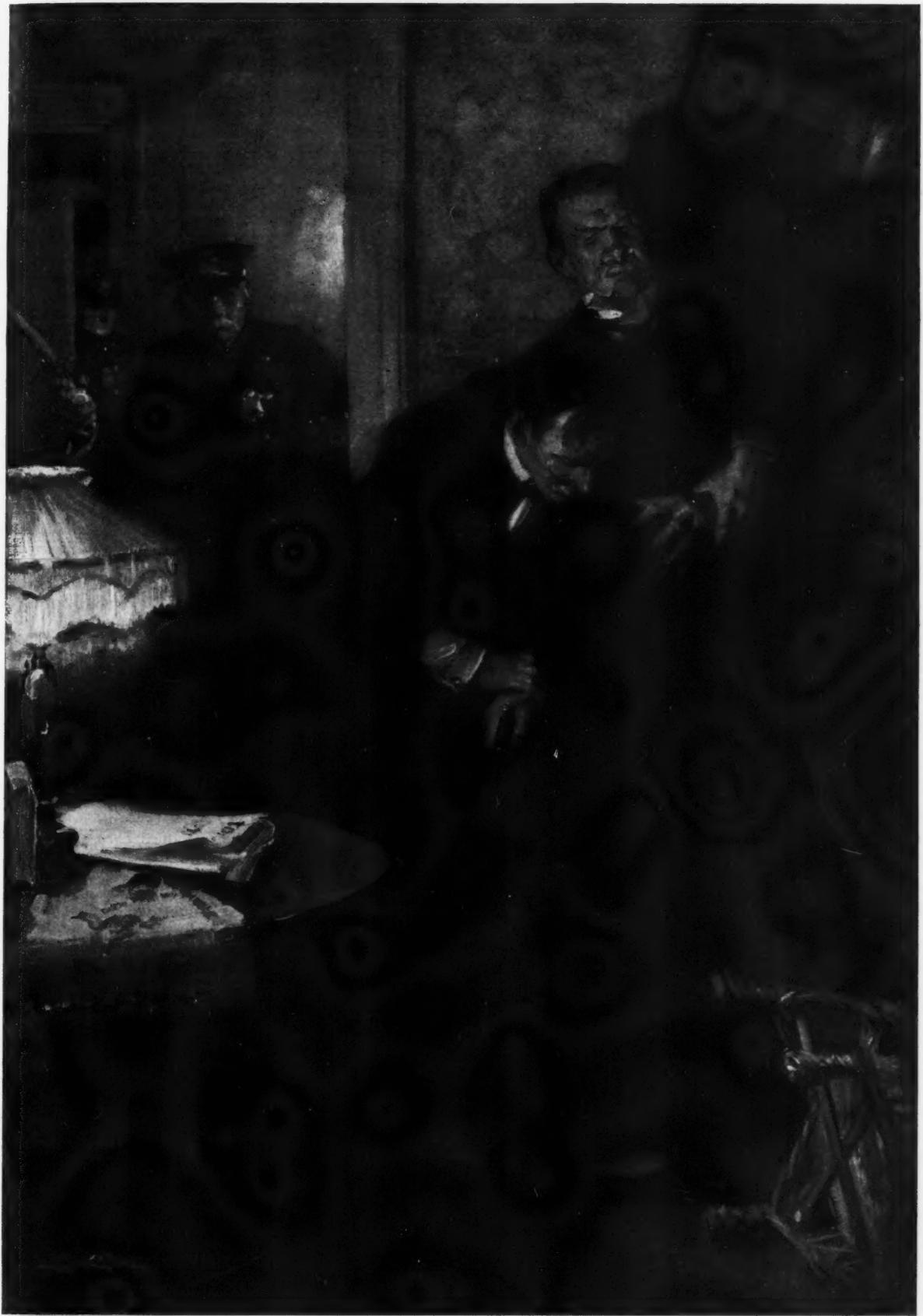
"I wonder," speculated Blackie.

Another moment of silence—blinking silence. Then Wallingford hopefully voiced another bright thought.

"How long will it take to make the commodity, and I suppose we buy it in advance?"

"It's ready for delivery," came the crushing reply of Mr. Smith. He rose. "If you are interested, I'll show you the goods."

The boobs were more or less silent as they went with him. Somehow, they felt that the shoes were on the wrong feet, for customarily, when they started out, it was the other fellow who didn't know where he was going. However, the minute they saw the commodity and whatever other twists and turns there were to the game, J. Rufus purposed collecting a few trumps and taking the lead.



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

They were wrestling over the possession of Smith's gun when the police burst in

## The New Adventures of Wallingford

"What do you think of it?" husked Blackie, on their way to the car.

"I don't like this guy for a minute," husked J. Rufus.

The boobs were herded into Smith's luxurious car immediately after that, and whirled into a dreary region out past the furthest suburbs, where there was a stockade and a little office in front. Here they met Mr. Welman, a heavy, unsmiling dark man, at sight of whom the fat boob winked at the thin one in the same instant that the thin boob swung his heel round behind his lank leg, and kicked the fat one on the shin. Oh, simps they were all right, and picked with care! This same, heavy dark capper for the graft had hung about them for the first three days in the Hotel Grand, always near them in the smoking-room, always at their elbows at the bar, always listening to them in the lobby; and Welman had sent for Smith! The boobs almost blushed, their pride was so touched.

Mr. Welman ushered them through the stockade, after a polite gate-keeper had taken their matches from them. Next, they were ushered into one of the long, low sheds.

"Ah, I see!" said Wallingford facetiously, as he looked at the rows and rows of shining big-gun ammunition. "It's a shell-game." And Blackie visibly brightened. One was never too old to learn.

Shells they were, all of one size, half a man's height, countless piles of them, and grim in their suggestion of destructiveness—other sheds, other rows, all ready for firing in the general direction of Berlin.

"This, gentlemen, is the commodity," explained stiff Mr. Smith, after they had passed through the last shed and between the powder-houses and returned to the office. "Where is that stock-sheet, Welman?"

"Yes, sir," said the dark man promptly, and brought the stock-sheet.

A full totaling of the completed munitions. Wallingford looked it over with puzzled interest and nodded. He was used to computation, and he gaged that the shells he had seen would closely approximate the totals shown—but where was the trick?

"Those government reports of the War Department tests, Welman," ordered Smith.

"Yes, sir." And Welman, while Blackie peered suspiciously into the safe, had the reports out in a jiffy. The proper number of shells, taken at random from the stock, had proved up to government requirements and specifications—but where was the trick?

"The government is prepared to accept the recommendation to purchase these supplies." And Smith laid before Wallingford a letter from the War Department confirming that statement. "Here is the price the government will pay." A letter confirming that! "Figure it for yourself, Mr. Wallingford, and Mr. Daw. You expected a trick, eh?" Smith smoothed and smoothed his mustache, and, laughed at them. "You still owe an approximate quarter of a million dollars to free these munitions from liens of material, labor, and rent—eh, Welman?"

"Here are the bills, sir."

"And an approximate quarter-million has already been paid—eh, Welman?"

"Here are the receipts, sir."

"That's all." And the tone was a dismissal so curt and direct that the heavy dark man ducked his head and went outside.

The prospective boobs looked at each other in bewilderment, amazement, and even indignation.

Wallingford was once more chagrined as it dawned on him that he had been mistaken in supposing that he and Blackie were to fill the rôle of sucker.

"Why, this is on the level!" he protested.

"Yes," agreed Blackie; "it's crooked!"

"But regular," added Smith. "If the government of the United States will stand for a hundred per cent. profit, who's going to refuse it?"

"We are!" shouted Blackie, throwing away the toothpick which he had broken into minute pieces. "We're doing our bit in this war by not grafting on the government."

At this point he caught the cold, hard eye of Jim Wallingford, and so used was he to the various appearances of

that small but keen orb that he stopped abruptly in what he had been about to say next.

"Just so, Blackie," observed Mr. Wallingford, and his shoulders began to heave and a chuckle rumbled in his throat; "but we hadn't seen a quarter-of-a-million-dollar profit then." He turned to Smith, with that smile which radiated cordiality and invited confidence. "Principles are fine things to have, Smith—in between business opportunities, eh?"

"Profits have no morals," agreed Smith.

"Well, then, tell me this: Why don't Welman sell these shells directly to the government for the million?"

A superior smile from Mr. Smith.

"I can't trust a man who has no money to put up."

"Oh, I see! Welman isn't the manufacturer. You are."

"I'm not saying anything about that." Another superior smile.

"Why don't you sell them to the government for the million?"

"I can't be the manufacturer; you are." And now Smith's smile of triumph became a laugh. "I'll tell you something in strict confidence, gentlemen." He produced a paper. "Here is my commission, which you may like to examine. I am a government purchasing agent."

"I'm out!" declared Mr. Daw fiercely. "I'm an American, I am! Me, I'm for the U. S. A., first, last, and all the time, and to the devil with war-graft!"

"Shut up, you slacker!" chuckled Wallingford. "I don't see any French medals on your skinny chest. When did you enlist?"



"We're doing our bit in this war by not grafting on the government."

"I'm over the age-limit," complained Blackie; "but I bleed at the bank-roll every time I see a Red Cross sign, don't I? And if you think I'm going to stand still and let you jockey me into using this humanitarian war for profiteering, you big blimp——"

"That'll be sufficient!" broke in Wallingford, trying in vain to fix Blackie with the cold, hard eye. "I'm responsible for the finances of our copartnership, and I know a friendly quarter of a million when I see it. It's mine!" He resorted to violence on the left foot to shut Blackie up, and the contortions of the lean, lank face looked to Smith like an extravagant smile. "What all do we have to do between now and the money?"

"Pay over the quarter of a million to even up with what I've paid, and show a clear title in your name, drop around here once a day to keep an eye on things, while the red tape grinds out, and in one month the government will take delivery, and I'll have our vouchers."

J. Rufus went over those papers again carefully, while the tiny clock on the desk ticked loudly. That and Blackie's forceful breathing were all that could be heard. Finally, Jim slid down from the stool and slammed his hat on his head.

"It's on!" he said. "Get your papers ready, and we'll be back with the money."

As soon as they were outside, and out of hearing, Wallingford turned on his friend and partner fiercely.

"You're getting thicker in the bean minute by minute!" he charged. "If you had one ounce of brain in your sounding-box, you'd have been hep that I put us into this thing out of pure patriotism!"

"Out of what?"

"Patriotism. Now listen: I'm no Wall Street crook. I'm going to hand the government those shells at cost. The whole thing will be in our hands, won't it? Well, I'll just double-cross this Smith person, go right over his head, and sell for half a million. I guess that's doing our bit."

"Great!" Blackie was jubilant again. "I'm not too proud to apologize. But, to tell you the truth, Jim, I was fussed. I didn't want any quarter of a million out of this sort of a deal."

"Why, you starved eel" —Wallingford stared at him, then he began to chuckle—"you don't see the joke yet! We get our quarter of a million anyhow. Smith's."

"Let's see; where were we?" humbly observed Blackie. "When we get that half-million, we keep it, and if Smith puts up a holler for his share, we turn him up. How?"

"Here it is." J. Rufus emphasized his points, one at a time, with a fat forefinger on Blackie's thin knee. "We scrape all the corners and raise our money, go back and sign the papers, but we won't take possession of the office

before to-morrow. They'll put the papers in the safe. Tonight I'll suggest a celebration, while you slip out and burgle the safe, destroy every scrap of evidence that Smith or Welman or anybody but ourselves ever had any claim to the ownership of those shells."

Blackie looked down at his long, lean, supple fingers and smiled.

"I'm in for the time of my life," he considered, with pleasure. "I haven't burgled a safe for a long, long while."

"I don't like this guy, Smith," grumbled Wallingford.

### III

THERE was the sound of revelry by night. In the splendid suite of William Smith there was a tub of ice, in which the last two dozen quarts of the famous 'Ninety-eight had reposed, and in which now less than a dozen swam. About the tub were gathered four earnestly consecutive drinkers, but all different in the moods with which they celebrated the conclusion of their important deal. Mr. Smith was pink-eyed, and inclined to sing between sentences, and vainglorious like a shanghai rooster on a gate-post; and the more he drank the more he admired William Smith. Welman grew constantly heavier and darker with his drinks, and, as the evening wore on, began to keep a watchful and concerned eye on the shanghai. Burglar Daw was the spirit of the mirth, for he had done a neat though hasty job out there in the night, and in a place safe from any eye but his there reposed all the evidence which might connect William Smith with the ownership of those valuable shells. And a fine bit was being done for the (Continued on page 126)



A secret slide in the bottom of one of the drawers of Smith's wardrobe-trunk gave forth a mine of information

# Myself and Others

By Lillie Langtry

(Lady De Bathe)



Lady De Bathe

With this instalment, Mrs. Langtry brings her very entertaining memoirs to a close.

She relates many of the amusing experiences that beset her in the many years she spent in this country; she tells of the noted theatrical productions she made, and of the noted stage folk with whom she worked in the most brilliant period of her professional career.

## American Experiences

THE unexpected has occurred so persistently in my life that I willingly accept the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our ends. When I left Liverpool with wild lamentations, it did not seem possible that I could ever become reconciled to, or be happy in, any country other than England, and yet, after a few months of acclimation, I became so alive to the opportunities offered by the New World that I decided to follow my luck and make the States my theatrical goal. To do this, it was necessary to obtain a release from Henry E. Abbey, with whom I had signed a contract to appear at the London Lyceum during Henry Irving's coming tour in America. I can truthfully say, however, that it was not the idea of continued success alone that held me. I had thoroughly enjoyed my initial tour; the immensity of the country was fascinating; the excitement of being whirled over vast tracts of magnificent country from one great city to another, the novelty and comfort of railway traveling, and, above all, the warm-heartedness of the American welcome made a strong appeal, and so it came to pass that without losing my love for the Union Jack, I coupled with it a great affection for the Stars and Stripes.

Soon after my arrival in New York, Mrs. Labouchère had somewhat peevishly returned to England, leaving me to my own devices and free to formulate my own plans for the future.

To Dion Boucicault, the famous Irish playwright and actor, who had long made the States his home, I now turned for advice, and he persuaded me that, purely from the actor's point of view, America was the promised land. Possibly I have the bump of habitation abnormally developed,

Mrs. Langtry as Lady Teazle, in  
"The School for Scandal"



The Jersey Lilly saloon  
in the Texas town

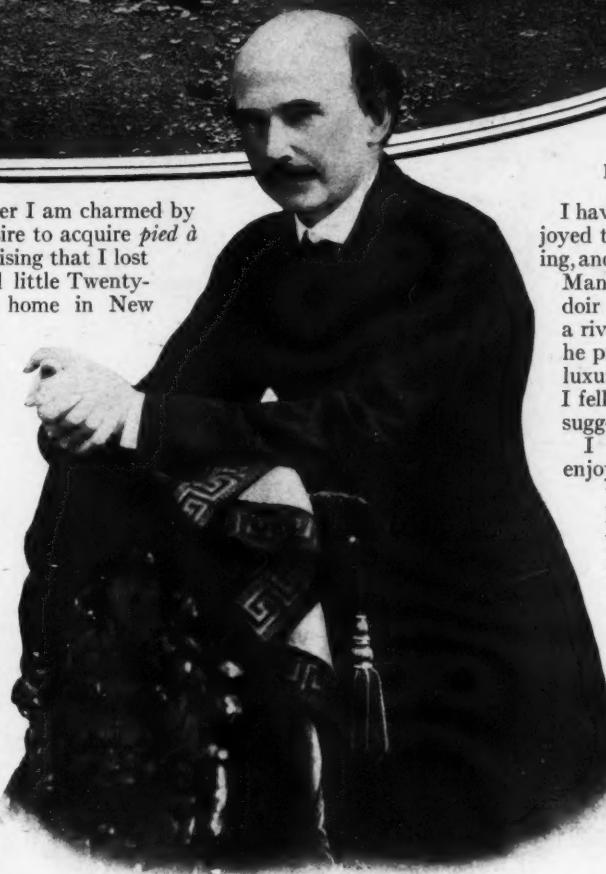
named in honor of Mrs.

Langtry, and once visited by her

for it is certain that whenever I am charmed by a place, I feel an intense desire to acquire *pied à terre* there; so it is not surprising that I lost no time in securing the odd little Twenty-third Street house for my home in New York, and, happily, my mother, though advanced in years, was prevailed upon to cross the Atlantic to be with me.

On my first tour, I produced "As You Like It," "The Honeymoon," and "She Stoops to Conquer," while, for my second tour, I was doubly fortunate in securing a successful English adaptation, by Clement Scott, of Sardou's "Nos Intimes" and engaging Charles Coghlan as my leading man, a position he held—with short intervals—for thirteen years. During this time, with his invaluable assistance, I added numerous plays to my repertoire—modern, costume, and Shakespearian. Among the more successful were "Macbeth," "The Hunchback," "The School for Scandal," "Lady Clancarty," and "Enemies" (a comedy-drama written by Coghlan), all of which were well received. Perhaps the most popular of my modern plays was "As in a Looking-glass," in which, by the way, that winning personality, Maurice Barrymore, created the part of the wicked Jack Fortinbras, and Robert Hilliard played the gullible Lord Dolly.

It does not seem necessary to tire my readers with details of my divers tours which embraced the States and Canada from Quebec to Florida and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, though a few anecdotes incidental to them may be worth relating.



Dion Boucicault, the famous Irish playwright and actor, on whose advice Mrs. Langtry remained five years in the United States

I have already said how much I enjoyed the American method of traveling, and, therefore, when I met Colonel

Mann, inventor of the Mann Boudoir railway-carriage—at that time a rival of the Pullman coach—and he proposed to design and build a luxurious car "for my very own," I fell an easy victim to the pleasing suggestion.

I think the colonel thoroughly enjoyed planning that car. Being very hard at work rehearsing, I let him have his head, and, beyond an occasional letter with reference to color or material, he did not disturb me with details, so that, when the finished car and the bill for it burst on my view almost simultaneously, I am not sure whether joy at the possession of such a beautiful preambulating home or horror at my extravagance in ordering it was uppermost in my mind. The car, which I christened "Lalee"—Indian for "Flirt"—was seventy-five feet long and really bore a

family resemblance to Cleopatra's barge minus the purple sails and plus wheels.

Its exterior was gorgeously blue (my favorite color), and on either side were emblazoned wreaths of golden lilies encircling the name. The roof was white, and there was an unusual quantity of decorative brass wrought into conventional designs of lilies. The platforms, which were of polished teak, brought, Colonel Mann told me, specially from India, were very massive. The car's outward appearance was most attractive and, though striking, not so garish as the description might indicate.

Of the interior, the observation-room calls for no special description, but the designer had certainly devised a wonder-

## Myself and Others

ful sleeping-room and bath. The former, upholstered in Nile-green silk brocade, was entirely padded—ceiling, walls, dresser, etc.—with the object of resisting shock in case of collision—a naive idea which, I am thankful to say, was never put to the test. The bath and its fittings were of silver, and the curtains in both rooms, of rose-colored silk, were trimmed with a profusion of Brussels lace. The *salon* was large and upholstered in cream-and-green brocade, made especially for the Lalee in Lyons, and I was agreeably surprised to find a piano installed therein. There were two guest-rooms, a maid's room, complete even to a sewing-

me through numerous tours, the Lalee was doomed to a sudden and tragic end, for it was totally destroyed by fire during my temporary absence one season.

Perhaps I may mention here an interview with a cowboy which I thought typical of these Western products. While waiting at a station for an extra engine, which was required to push the ponderous Lalee up an incline, there came a timid ring of the door-bell and my colored porter, Ben, announced that there was a lad in leathers demanding admission. He slouched in and stood twirling his sombrero, abashed for the moment at his temerity. Then he took heart to tell me that he loved a girl who was living in one of the more distant of the wooden shanties which composed the tiny town, that she possessed my picture, had read about me in the papers, and added that it would make them both very happy if I could be induced to wave my handkerchief in the



Mrs. Langtry as Kate Hardcastle, in "She Stoops to Conquer"

machine, a pantry, a kitchen, and sleeping-quarters for the staff. Underneath were enormous ice-chests capable of housing a whole stag, as I discovered later when I brought one back from my California ranch. For extra safety, Colonel Mann had furnished the Lalee with thirteen floors and eleven ceilings, which comforting precaution, together with the huge refrigerator, made the car so heavy that I was more than once officially warned to avoid certain semitottering bridges.

After having been a bliss to

direction of her little home, so that he might tell her later that I had done so. To gladden two people at so small a cost was a chance not to be missed, and he departed apparently satisfied. A little later, however, he reappeared at a window of my car.

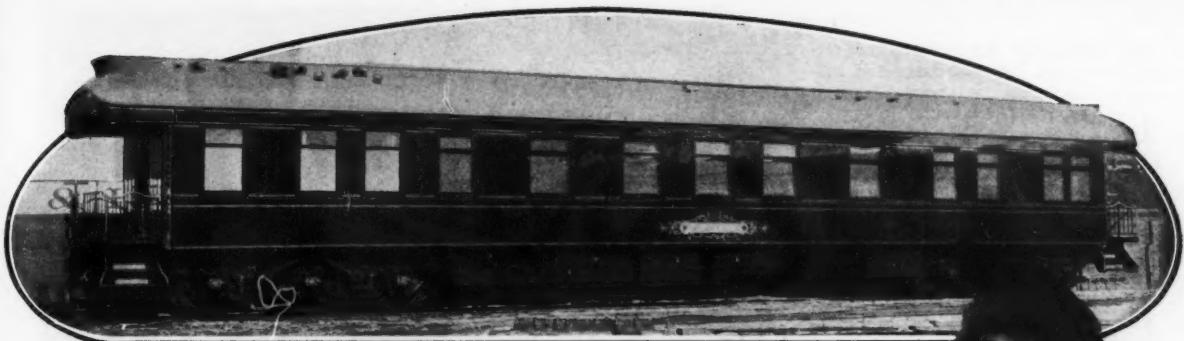
"Say," said he, "could you

Charles Coghlan, Mrs. Langtry's leading man for many years, as Orlando, in "As You Like It"



Mrs. Langtry as Lady Macbeth





The Lalee, Mrs. Langtry's luxurious private car, used in touring the United States and Canada

give me a bit of ribbon or something to remember you by? Here's my name and address, and, if you ever need me, I will go to the end of the earth to fight for you." Wasn't that Western girl lucky to be adored by so gallant a fellow?

Another quaint incident, which is not without its amusing side, occurred during the first extended trip of the Lalee. One afternoon, two men were observed standing on the back platform of the car, having evidently jumped thereon as the train was leaving a small Western town.

They had their transportation, and there was no question of an attempt to get a free ride, so my porter invited them to walk through the Lalee to the public coaches. They were about to accept when the official cautioned



they dropped off and entered the smoker ahead, thus, it is to be hoped, securing immunity from what they evidently regarded as the "feminine peril."

Accustomed to the parklike beauty of England,



Maurice Barrymore

them to go quietly as the car was a private one and occupied by a lady. At this piece of information, the men stolidly declined to cross the threshold, declaring that they had been living for years in the mountains without seeing a woman and had no desire to renew their acquaintance with the opposite sex. Becoming interested, I went to the window, but the men immediately "ducked," so that I failed to get a good look at them. In vain did Ben try to break their determination. They stood to their guns and did not budge until the train drew up at a lonely wayside station, when



Mrs. Langtry, in "As in a Looking-glass"

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BY H. J. FAIR

Mrs. Langtry as Juliana,  
in "The Honeymoon"

the first impression I gained on my travels through the United States was one of the magnitude of the country and the glory of the autumn. The apple orchards of New York state, through which we (Continued on page 108)

STEPHANIE QUEST, after the death of her well-connected but worthless parents, is taken, at the age of eleven, into the home of John Cleland, a wealthy New Yorker, a widower with an only son, Jim. After she grows up, she does not care for society, and develops some radical ideas on the independence of women and their right to lead what life they wish. Cleland dies when she is eighteen; Jim goes abroad for two years, to study and observe life with the idea of writing fiction, and Stephanie, after taking a course in hospital nursing in a home for defective children established by a wealthy aunt, becomes so attracted to the bohemian life of a certain type of New York artist that she takes a studio with a friend, Helen Davis, a sculptor. With legacies from Cleland and her aunt, she now enjoys a considerable income. After nearly three years' residence in Paris, Jim receives a cable from Stephanie saying that she has married Oswald Grismer, a college-mate of his who has taken up sculpture. Oswald's father was the uncle of Stephanie's mother. Jim returns home. He finds an unusual state of things existing. Stephanie has kept her own name and has not yet lived with Grismer as his wife. She says she will not do so until she is sure she loves him. She thinks she will know after a year or two. Apparently she has married him because he has lost his money and is in straitened circumstances.

Cleland leases an apartment in the house in which the two girls live, and works on a novel. He and Stephanie soon find that they are deeply in love with each other, and the girl exhibits jealousy at Cleland's attentions to other women. He is kind to Grismer, takes him to Runners' Rest, his country place in the Berkshires, the following summer, and gives him a commission for a fountain. Before Grismer leaves, he and Cleland discuss the perplexing situation in regard to Stephanie, in the course of which Grismer offers to give her up. Cleland says he can't accept unless Stephanie asks it, too.

Stephanie and Helen come for a visit. The former and Cleland discuss their love; the girl explains how she came to marry Grismer. They were automobiling far from home; the automobile broke down, and, in order not to compromise her, a marriage by declaration of intention before a witness was gone through with. She knows that Grismer will free her by divorce, but she does not want release on those terms. Philip Grayson, a friend of Jim's, comes to Runners' Rest and proposes marriage to Helen. Her inclinations are divided between her love and her art, but she accepts him and, after telling Stephanie, goes out to the porch, where Jim and Philip are.

**O**N the porch, Grayson and Cleland were smoking and consulting time-tables, and Helen gave the former a swift glance which questioned his intentions. He seemed to comprehend, for he said: "It's Jim. He's been talking to Oswald on the long-distance wire, and he's going down to town to see the model that Oswald has made."

"Are you going, too?" she asked.

"Not until you do," he said boldly.

Helen blushed furiously and glanced at Cleland, but he had not paid them any attention apparently, for he rose with an absent air and went into the house.



"Jim," she said unsteadily. "I had better go back."

## *The Restless*

*A Chronicle of*

"Steve!" he called, from the foot of the stairs. "I'm going to town to-night, if you don't mind."

There was no answer. He ran lightly up the stairs and glanced through her door, which was partly open. Then he went in.

She did not hear him, nor was she aware of his presence until she felt his questioning hand on her tumbled hair. Then she turned over, looked up into his anxious face,



I'm losing my head here with you—here under dad's roof"

# Sex

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

## Insurgent Youth

stretched out her arms to him in a sudden passion of loneliness and longing, and drew him convulsively to her breast with a little sob of surrender. And the next instant she had slipped through his arms to the floor, sprung to her feet, and now stood breathing fast and unevenly as he rose, half dazed, to confront her.

"Jim," she said unsteadily, "I had better go back. I'm losing my head here with you—here under dad's roof. Do

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you hear what I say? I can't trust myself. I'm going back."

"Where?"

"To Oswald."

"What?"

"It's the only safety for us. There's no use. No hope, either. And it's too dangerous—with no outlook, no possible chance that waiting may help us. There's not a ghost of a chance that we ever can marry. That is the real peril for us. So—I'll play the game. I'll go to him now—before it's too late—before you and I have made each other wretched for life—and before I have something still worse on my conscience."

"What?"

"My husband's death! He'll kill himself if I let you take me away somewhere."

After a silence, he said, in a low voice,

"Is that what you have been afraid of?"

"Yes."

"You believe he will kill himself if you divorce him?"

"I—I am certain of it."

"Why are you certain?"

"I can't tell you why."

He said coolly:

"Men don't do that sort of thing as a rule. Weak intellects seek that refuge from trouble; but his is not a weak character."

"I won't talk about it," she said. "I've told you more than I ever meant to. Now you know where I stand, what I fear—his death—if I dishonor dad's memory and go away with you. And if I ask divorce, he will give it to me—and then kill himself. Do you think I could accept even you on such terms as these?"

"No," he said.

He looked at her intently. She stood there very white, now, her gray eyes and the masses of chestnut hair accenting her pallor.

"All right," he said; "I'll take you to town."

"You need not."

"Won't you let me?"

"Yes; if you wish. When you go down-stairs, tell them to send up my trunks. Tell one of the maids to come."

"You can't go off this way to-night. You've two guests here," he said, in a dull voice.

"You will be here."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oswald called me on the long-distance wire an hour ago. He has asked me to go to town and look at the sketch he has made for the fountain. I said I'd go."

She dropped to the couch and sat there with gray eyes remote, her shoulders, in their jeweled kimono, huddled under her heavy mass of hair.

"Stay here for a while, anyway," he said. "There's no use taking such action until you have thought it over. And such action is not necessary, Steve."

"It is."

## The Restless Sex

"No—there is a much simpler solution for us both. I shall go abroad."

"What!" she exclaimed sharply, lifting her head.

"Of course. Why should you be driven into the arms of a husband you do not love, just because you are afraid of what you and I might do? That would be a senseless proceeding, Steve. The thing to do is to rid yourself of me and live your life as you choose."

She laid her head on her hands, pressing her forehead against her clenched fingers.

"That's the only thing to do, I guess," he said, in his curiously colorless voice. "I came too late. I'm paying for it. I'll go back to Paris and stay for a while. Time does things to people." She nodded her bowed head. "Time," he said, "forges an armor on us all. I'll wait until mine is well riveted before I return. You're quite right, Steve. You and I can't go on this way. There would come a time when the intense strain would break us both—break down our resolution and our sense of honor—and we'd go away together—or make each other wretched here. Because there's no real happiness for you and me without honor, Steve. Some people can do without it. We can't."

"We might come to think we could. We might take the chance. We might repeat the stale old phrase and try to 'count the world well lost.' But there would be no happiness for you and me, Steve. For, to people of our race, happiness is composite. Honesty is part of it; loyalty to ideals is another; the world's respect, the approval of our own hearts, the recognition of our responsibility to the civilization that depends on such as we—all these are part of the only kind of happiness that you and I can understand and experience. So we must give it up. And the best way is the way I offer. Let me go out of your life for a while. Live your own life as you care to live it. Time must do whatever else is to be done."

The girl lifted her disheveled head and looked at him.

"Are you going to-night?"

"Yes."

"You are not coming back?"

"No, dear."

She dropped her head again.

There was a train at four that afternoon. He took a gay and casual leave of Helen and Grayson where he found them reading together in the library.



"What's the matter?" she asked, glancing at his shabby

"Will you be back to-morrow?" inquired the latter.

"I'm not sure. I may be detained for some time," said Cleland carelessly, and he went up-stairs.

Stephanie, frightfully pale, came to her door. Her hair was dressed and she was gowned for the afternoon. She tried to speak, but no sound came from her colorless lips, and she laid her hands on his shoulders in silence. Their lips scarcely touched before they parted, but their eyes clung desperately.

"Good-by, dear."

"Good-by," she whispered.

"You know I love you? You know I shall never love another woman?"

"Try to—forget me, Jim."

"I can't."

"I can't forget you, either. I'm sorry, dear."



dressing-gown. "Up against it?"

She laid her head on his breast, rested a moment, then lifted it, not looking at him, and turned slowly back into her room.

It was dark when he arrived in New York. The flaring streets of the city seemed horrible to him.

### XXXV

WASHINGTON SQUARE seemed to him a little cooler than the streets to the northward—the white arch, the trees, the

splash of water made a difference. But beyond, southward, narrow streets and lanes were heavy with the close, hot odors of the slums—a sickening smell of overripe fruit piled on push-carts, the reek of raw fish, of sour malt from saloons, a subtler taint of opium from blind alleys where Chinese signs hung from rusting iron balconies.

Through cracks between drawn curtains behind the window of Grismer's basement studio, light glimmered; and when Cleland pulled the bell-wire in the area, he could hear the crazy, cracked bell jangling inside.

Grismer came. For a second he hesitated behind the iron area-gate, then, recognizing his visitor, opened for him.

They shook hands with a pleasant, commonplace word or two of civility, and walked together through the dark, hot passageway into the lighted basement.

"It's devilish hot," said Grismer. "There's probably a storm brewing over Staten Island."

He looked colorless and worn. There was a dew of perspiration on his forehead, which dampened the thick amber-gold hair. He wore only a gauze undershirt, under which his supple, graceful figure was apparent, trousers, and slippers.

"Grismer," said Cleland uneasily, "this cellar is hell in July. Why won't you come up to Runner's Rest for the hot period? You can't do anything here. You can't stand it."

Grismer fished a siphon out of his icebox and looked round with a questioning smile.

"I've some orange juice. Would you like some?"

Cleland nodded, and walked over to a revolving table on which the wax model of his fountain stood. Grismer presently came up beside him with both glasses, and he took his with an absent nod, but continued to examine the model in silence.

"Probably you don't care for it," suggested Grismer.

Cleland said slowly:

"You gave me a different idea. I didn't know you were going to do anything like this."

"I'm afraid you are disappointed."

"No—it's beautiful, Grismer. I hadn't thought that a figure would be possible, considering the character of the place and the very simple and primitive surroundings. But this is in perfect taste and amazingly in accord with everything."

He looked at the slim, naked, sinuous figure—an Indian girl of fifteen drinking out of cupped hands. Wild-strawberry vines in full fruit bound her hair, which fell in two clubbed braids to her shoulders. A narrow breadth of fawn-skin fell from a wampum girdle to her knees. And, from the thin metal forehead-fillet, the head of a snake reared, displaying every fang.

"It's the Lake Serpent, isn't it—the young Oneida girl of the Iroquois legend?" inquired Cleland.

Grismer nodded.

"That's your country," he said. "The Iroquois war-trail passed through your valley and down the river to Charlemont and Old Deerfield. I read up on it. The story of the Lake Serpent and the Eight Thunders fascinated me. I thought the thing might be done."

"You've done it. It's stunning."

## The Restless Sex

"The water," explained Grismer, "flows out of her hollowed hands, out of the serpent's throat, and down each braid of hair, dripping on her shoulders. Her entire body will appear to be all glimmering with a thin skin of running water. I shall use the 'serpent-spot' on her forehead as a caste-mark, I think. And what I want to get is an effect from a fine cloud of spray which will steam up from the basin at her feet like the 'cloud on the water' which the legend speaks of. I can get it by an arrangement of very minute orifices through which spray will rush and hang over the water in a sort of rainbow mist. Do you think that would be all right?"

"Of course. It's a masterpiece, Grismer," said the other quietly.

Into Grismer's pale face a slow color came and spread.

"That's worth living for," he said.

"What?"

"I said that I'm glad I have lived to hear you speak that way of anything I have done," said Grismer, with a smile.

"I don't understand why you should care about my opinion," returned Cleland, turning an amused and questioning gaze on the sculptor. "I'm no critic, you know."

"I know," nodded Grismer, with his odd smile. "But your approval means more than any critic has to offer me. There's an armchair over there, if you care to be seated."

Cleland took his glass of iced orange juice with him. Grismer set his on the floor and dropped onto the ragged couch.

"Anybody can point it up now," he said. "It ought to be cast in silver-gray bronze, not burnished—a trifle over life-size."

"You must have worked like the devil to have finished this in such a brief period."

"Oh, I work that way—when I do work. I've been anxious—worried over what you might think. I'm satisfied now."

He filled and lighted his pipe, leaned back, clasping his well-made arms behind his head.

"Cleland," he said, "it's a strange sensation to feel power within oneself—to be conscious of it, certain of it, and deliberately choose not to use it. And the very liberty of choice is an added power." Cleland looked up, perplexed. Grismer smiled, and his smile seemed singularly care-free and tranquil. "Just think," he said, "what the gods could have done if they had taken the trouble to bestir themselves! What they did do makes volumes of mythology; what they refrained from doing would continue in the telling through all eternity. What they did betrayed their power," he added, with a whimsical gesture toward his fountain; "but what they refrained from doing interests me, Cleland, fascinates me, arouses my curiosity, my respect, my awe, and my gratitude that they were godlike enough to disdain display—that they were decent enough to leave to the world material to feed its imagination."

Cleland smiled somberly at Grismer's whimsical humor, but his features settled again into grave, care-worn lines, and his absent gaze rested on nothing. And Grismer's golden eyes studied him.

"It must be pleasant out there in the country," he said casually.

"It's cool. You must go there, Grismer. This place is unendurable. Do go up while Phil Grayson is there."

"Is there anybody else?"

"Helen—and Stephanie," he said, using her name with an effort. "The Belters were there for a week. No doubt Stephanie will ask other people during the summer."

"When do you go back?" asked Grismer quietly.

There was a short silence; then Cleland said, in a voice of forced frankness:

"I was about to tell you that I'm going over to Paris for a while. You know how it is—a man grows restless—wants to run over and take a look at the place just to satisfy himself that it's still there." His strained smile remained

stamped on his face after his gaze shifted from Grismer's penetrating eyes—unsmiling, golden-deep eyes that seemed to have perceived a rent in him, and were looking through the aperture into the secret places of his mind.

"When are you going, Cleland?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometime this week, if I can get accommodations."

"You go alone?"

"Why—of course!"

"I thought perhaps you might feel that Stephanie ought to see Europe."

"I hadn't—considered—"

He reddened, took a swallow of his orange juice, and, holding the glass, turned his eyes on the wax model.

"How long will you be away?" asked Grismer, in his still and singularly agreeable voice.

There was another silence. Then Cleland made a painful effort at careless frankness once more.

"That reminds me, Grismer!" he exclaimed. "I can't ever repay you for that fountain, but I can do my damndest with a check-book and a fountain pen. I should feel most uncomfortable if I went away leaving that obligation unsettled."

He drew out his check-book and fountain pen and smiled resolutely at Grismer, whose dark-golden eyes rested on him with an intentness that he could scarcely endure.

"Would you let me give it to you, Cleland?"

"I can't, Grismer. It's splendid of you!"

"I shall not need the money," said Grismer, almost absently, and, for an instant, his gaze grew vague and remote. Then he turned his head again, where it lay cradled on his clasped hands behind his neck. "You won't let me give it to you, I know. And there's no use telling you that I shall not need the money. You won't believe me. You won't understand how absolutely meaningless is money to me—just now. Well, then—write in what you care to offer."

"I can't do that, Grismer."

Grismer smiled and, still smiling, named a figure. And Cleland wrote it out, detached the check, started to rise, but Grismer told him to lay it on the table beside his glass of orange juice.

"It's a thing no man can pay for," said Cleland, looking at the model.

Grismer said quietly:

"The heart alone can pay for anything. A gift without it is a check unsigned. Cleland, I've spoken to you twice since you have returned from abroad—but you have not understood. And there is much unsaid between us. It must be said some day. There are questions you ought to ask me. I'd see any other man in hell before I'd answer. But I'll answer you!" Cleland turned his eyes, heavy with care, on this man who was speaking. Grismer said, "There are three things in the world which I have desired—to stand honorably and well in the eyes of such people as your father and you, to win your personal regard and respect, to win the love of Stephanie Quest."

In the tense silence, he struck a match and relighted his pipe. It went out again and grew cold while he was speaking.

"I lost the consideration of such people as you and your father; in fact, I never gained it at all. And it was like a little death to something inside me. And as for Stephanie—" He shook his head. "No," he said; "there was no love in her to give me. There is none now. There never will be."

He laid aside his pipe, clasped his hands behind his head once more, and dropped one long leg over the other.

"You won't question me. I suppose it's the pride in you, Cleland. But my pride is dead; I cut its throat. So I'll tell you what you ought to know."

"I always was in love with her, even as a boy—after that single glimpse of her there in the railroad station. It's odd how such things really happen. Your people had



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

"The world is just beginning for us," he said. "This is the dawn of our first morning on earth"

## The Restless Sex

no social interest in mine. I shall use a more sinister term: your father held my father in contempt. So there was no chance for me to know you and Stephanie except as I was thrown with you in school." He smiled. "You can never know what a boy suffers who is fiercely proud, who is ready to devote himself, soul and body, to another boy, and who knows that he is considered inferior. It drives him to strange perverseness, to illogical excesses, to anything which may conceal the hurt—the raw, quivering heart of a boy. So we fought with fists. You remember. You remember, too, probably, many things I said and did to intensify your hostility and contempt—like a hurt thing biting at its own wounds." He shrugged. "Well, you went away. Has Stephanie told you how she and I met?"

"Yes."

"I thought she would tell you," he said tranquilly. "And has she told you about our unwise behavior—our informal comradeship—reckless escapades?"

"Yes."

Grismer raised his head and looked at him intently.

"And has she related the circumstances of our marriage?"

"Partly."

Grismer nodded.

"I mean in part. There were things she refused to speak of, were there not?"

"Yes."

He slowly unclasped his linked fingers and leaned forward on the couch, groping for his pipe. When he found it, he slowly knocked the cinders from the bowl, then laid it aside once more.

"Cleland, I'll have to tell where I stood the day that my father—killed himself."

"What?"

"Stephanie knew it. There had been a suit pending, threatening him. For years, the fear of such a thing had preyed on his mind. I never dreamed there was any reason for him to be afraid. But there was."

He dropped his head and sat for a few moments thinking and playing with his empty pipe. Then:

"Stephanie's aunt was the Nemesis. She became obsessed with the belief that her nephew and, later, Stephanie, had suffered wickedly through my father's—conversion—of trust funds." He swallowed hard and passed one hand over his eyes. "My father was a—defaulter. That woman's patience was infernal. She never ceased her investigations. She was implacable. And she—got him."

"She was dying when the case was ready. Nobody knew she was mortally ill. I suppose my father saw disgrace staring him in the face. He made a last effort to see her. He did see her. Stephanie was there. Then he went away. He had not been well. It was an overdose of morphine."

Grismer leaned forward, clasping his hands on his knees and fixing his eyes on space.

"The money that I inherited was considerable," he said, in his soft, agreeable voice. "But after I had begun to amuse myself with it, the papers in the suit were sent to me by that dead woman's attorneys. So," he said pleasantly, "I learned, for the first time, that the money belonged to Stephanie's estate. And of course I transferred it to her attorneys at once. She never told you anything of this?"

"No."

"No," said Grismer thoughtfully; "she couldn't have told you without laying bare my father's disgrace. But that is how I suddenly found myself on my uppers," he continued lightly. "Stephanie came to me in an agony of protest.

She is a splendid girl, Cleland. She rather violently refused to touch a penny of the money. You should have heard what she said to her aunt's attorneys, who now represented her. Really, Cleland, there was the devil to pay. But that was easy. I paid him. Naturally, I couldn't retain a penny. So it lies there yet, accumulating interest, payable at any time to Stephanie's order. But she'll never use it. Nor shall I, Cleland. God knows who'll get it—some charity, I hope. After I step out, I think Stephanie will give it to some charity for the use of little children who have missed their childhood—children like herself, Cleland."

After a silence, he idly struck a match, watched it burn out, dropped the cinder to the floor.

"There was no question of *you* at that time," said Grismer, lifting his eyes to Cleland's drawn face. "And I was very desperately in love. There (Continued on page 139)



He halted a pace from where Cleland was sitting. "I told her to go back to her studio and think it over. She went out. I did not think of her coming back here."

# The Psychic Scar

It has been said that Freud, by means of psychoanalysis, has reduced the workings of the soul to an exact science. However that may be, the versatile and up-to-date Craig Kennedy has mastered the technique of the method, realizing that it is a surer and quicker way of getting at the truth in many of the mysteries he is called upon to solve than the methods generally used in crime investigation.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Black Cross" and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase



"I must get there—his—our own house—the den!"  
she cried, rising wildly and appealingly

**W**OULD you mind telling that dream over again while Mr. Jameson takes it down? I can hardly read the writing of these notes."

Sylvia Woodworth was indeed, I thought, a very beautiful woman as she turned her large, lustrous, gray-blue eyes toward me. From her carefully dressed chestnut hair to her fashionable footwear she was "correct." Her face had what people call "character." Yet, as I studied it and the personality it expressed, I had an indefinable feeling that there was something wrong. Her beauty was that of a splendid piece of sculpture—cold, marble. There seemed to be something lacking. I wondered whether it was that elusive thing we call "heart."

It was the second visit that Mrs. Woodworth had paid to Kennedy in a week, and if she had been very much worried the first time, she was even more so now.

Her original appeal had been a naive request for Kennedy to shadow her husband, Carroll Woodworth, as though Craig were an ordinary detective agent.

Kennedy had been on the point of advising her to consult one of the regular agencies when she had told him of having had a dream the night before in which her husband had disappeared. For the moment, she seemed to show more real feeling than at any other period of her recital, even when she had hinted that there was, perhaps, another woman. The dream seemed to have affected her very much, without her realizing it, or I am sure that her very correctness would have suppressed the exhibition of emotion.

Kennedy at once began to be interested, and he became even more so when she told of another dream in which she had seen her husband dead from some mysterious cause.

Instead of sending her to a detective agency, Kennedy had asked her to write down her dreams. It was a novel request which did not entirely satisfy her, but she said nothing. I knew at once, however, that the interest Kennedy had shown in the case arose not from the fact that the people concerned were persons of prominence and wealth but purely from science itself, for he was a keen student of the Freudian theory of the interpretation of dreams.

"Well," she replied slowly, with a little nervous laugh at Kennedy's request to repeat the dream which she had already written out for him, "I seemed to be at a house-party somewhere. I was there with my sister, Mrs. Bannister. There were several ladies and gentlemen present whom we both knew. The faces are not all distinct, yet I recall that Carroll was there, and Irma and Merle and Bennett Brown and some others."

She paused a moment, as though there had been some break in the continuity of the dream almost at the start. Kennedy, I saw, was watching her attentively as I scratched away, endeavoring to transcribe faithfully every word.

Mrs. Woodworth, it will be remembered, was one of the two famous beauties, the Gildersleeve twins, heiresses to several millions. She had married Carroll Woodworth shortly after the death of his mother, through which event Woodworth had himself come into several millions. Just before that, her sister Bella had married Blair Bannister.

"There seemed to be a dangerous errand," she resumed, and I noticed that again she laughed a bit nervously as she strove to recollect. "I don't know how it was, but there was some danger attached to it—" Again she hesitated. "I chose one of the men to do it," she continued, "and I remember I put it up to him that here was a chance to make a man of himself—" Again she paused, and I was about to note it when Kennedy interrupted.

"Who was it—do you recall?"

"N-no," she replied. "It seemed strange, as though the faces were blurred. I should say that it was a handsome man—with dark hair and deep-brown eyes. The hair and the eyes are all that I remember of him."

"Yes—go on."

"After that, I seemed to be walking through a wood with another man—a lighter man—more like Carroll. Yes—it was Carroll. Wherever it was I was going, it seemed that I had difficulty in getting there. He seemed to help me along. Finally, when we had got almost to the top of the hill, I stopped. I did not go any further. Somehow, I

## The Psychic Scar

seemed to meet Irma. Just then, she cried that there was a fire. I turned round, and looked in time to see a big explosion. Then everyone ran out of their houses, shrieking." Her voice trailed off as she added, "It is all blank after that."

Fantastic as it was, I could see nothing very remarkable about the dream. Nevertheless, it seemed to interest Kennedy deeply. I had hardly completed my writing and Kennedy was evidently prepared to ask some questions when the telephone-bell rang. He answered it.

"It is for you, Mrs. Woodworth—from your sister, Mrs. Bannister," he said, handing the instrument to Sylvia.

She took it with every indication of surprise.

"I told her I might be here. Yes, Bella; what is it? . . . There has been a message—to me—at the hotel? . . . What? . . . Carroll—found in the den. Something is—"

The instrument clattered to the floor from her nerveless hands as she sank back in the chair, staring at us wildly.

"The dream!" she gasped. "Carroll is dead! Shot—just as I dreamed before I came to you—before!"

Kennedy had anticipated no such dénouement as this in his psychic study, nor was he prepared for it. Yet here was indeed a mystery thrice confounded before he had even started on it.

"I must get there—his—our own house—the den!" she cried, rising wildly and appealingly.

There was no need for her to appeal to us to take her home. Kennedy summoned a cab.

The ride across the city with Sylvia Woodworth I shall never forget. She seemed torn by conflicting emotions, quite different from the marble woman I had at first taken her to be. And yet, when I came to analyze it all, I was amazed to find myself still in doubt as to whether her feelings sprang from grief more than from fear of what people would think of the tragedy.

Kennedy had need of all his tact and sympathy during the ride. Apparently, the dream had all been forgotten. Often Sylvia talked wildly, incoherently. It seemed as if she were actually accusing herself, though of what did not appear for some time. Finally, under stress of her emotions and gentle urging from Kennedy, her reserve broke down.

"Professor Kennedy," she confided, "I have a confession to make to you. I have been concealing something. When I left you last week, I was dissatisfied. I went to another detective."

Kennedy did not betray any surprise.

"And what did he tell you?" he asked simply, without reproach.

"I told him I had some suspicions of another woman. He has found out nothing yet—directly. But, as I suspected, there has been some gossip—oh, you cannot, in this Freemasonry of men, ever find out the truth! They will not tell you. Last night, I could stand it no longer. We quarreled. I left him and went to live in a hotel. Of course he denied everything. I expected that. I don't know what to do—which way to turn."

Kennedy had been listening, intent and silent

"Who is the detective, may I ask?"

"The Ransom Agency—Mr. Ransom himself. He cleared up nothing—at least, not yet—no one has. Everyone is against me."

Evidently there was no getting anything like a coherent story from her now. Just then our cab pulled up at a large, old-fashioned brownstone house, cold and formal. Sylvia sprang up the steps, and we followed her in.

"Oh, Bella, Bella, it can't be true—tell me—it can't!"

Mrs. Bannister had received word first and had arrived before us. She said nothing, but gently supported her sister into an inner room on the first floor toward the rear.

As we followed into the "den," overlooking a back yard with an alleyway beside it, there, on a divan, lay the body of Carroll Woodworth. His face still was set grimly, although his handsome curly light hair was undisturbed. It did not seem as though any physical violence had been done. Yet in his chest was an ugly bullet wound.

Sylvia dropped on her knees beside the divan, sobbing and murmuring inaudibly.

I looked about hastily. The room itself was in disorder. Evidently Woodworth had been packing up, as though going away. In the grate still smoldered a fire, and it seemed that he had been burning up letters and papers.

Beside the divan, Sylvia sobbed convulsively. For a moment, Kennedy left her alone with her grief. Involuntarily I recalled the ostensible reason for her first visit to us and for that which had followed. I thought of my own observation of her marble nature. What was it that actuated her now—real grief, nervousness, or was it plain acting?

Aside, Craig talked rapidly in low tones with Mrs. Bannister, and I saw at once that the dream was still on his mind.

"Who is Irma?" he asked quickly.

"Irma?" she replied, with an unconscious glance at the dead man which was not lost on Craig. "Why, you must mean Irma Macy. Why?"

"Never mind. There is something I must get straight immediately. And Merle—who is Merle?"

"Oh, Merle Burleigh, you must mean," she replied. "It has been the talk of our set. I suppose he has proposed to Irma Macy a dozen times. Is that what you mean?"

"Perhaps. And Bennett—who is he?"

"Bennett Brown, brother of Carroll, I suppose. He is not really a brother—not even any relation. You know, Carroll's mother married again, Bennett Brown, senior. After she died, Brown, senior and his son went abroad, and, a short time after, Brown, senior, as we used to call him, died, and Bennett returned to this country. Carroll, you know, had inherited quite some money from his mother. I do not know about



Kennedy stepped forward and gently raised Sylvia to her feet



DRAWN BY EDWARD L. CHASE

Immediately Kennedy began poking about in the fireplace among the charred papers. At first I thought that he might be attempting to find one which would have some bearing on the case, and the same idea was evidently in the mind of Doyle, who smiled quietly. He was satisfied that the papers were thoroughly consumed

## The Psychic Scar

Bennett, though. Perhaps the father had gone through what they had. Anyhow, when he came back, Carroll introduced him into society, and he has been very popular, though in a quiet way."

"Did he live here in this house?"

"Oh, no, of course not! He was no relation, you know."

By this time the police had arrived. Kennedy stepped forward and gently raised Sylvia to her feet, whispering to her to be calm.

She struggled with herself, and her sister and I succeeded in leading her to another room across the hall. Kennedy joined the city detective and the coroner's physician, who also had arrived.

"Tell me, Bella, how did it happen?" murmured Sylvia. "Do they know?"

Mrs. Bannister shook her head.

"The servants heard no shot, they say. He had left orders to be let alone, and he was alone for some hours. They found him on the floor before the grate. As nearly as we can make out, he must have been cleaning a gun—when it exploded."

It was an old story. In my newspaper experience, I had heard it often before. Besides, there were other circumstances that aroused in my mind the ugly suspicion that it had not been an accident but a suicide—that perhaps the beautiful young wife might have more knowledge of it than appeared.

"But the gun," I asked, "where is it?"

"They found his revolver on the table. Didn't you see it?"

I went across the hall again to look. Kennedy already had found it and picked it up. As I told him what I had just heard, he broke it open. One cartridge had been fired. He looked down the barrel, and his face clouded.

"Why was it on the table—not on the floor?" he muttered, more to himself than to me.

I had no answer, and stood aside as he rejoined the group of officers about the body. Several minutes later, he came back, a peculiar look on his face.

"You don't think it was an accident?" I queried eagerly. He shook his head. "Suicide?" I asked doubtfully.

He looked at me searchingly for a moment.

"Neither. The caliber of the bullet which was probed from the wound is forty-two, different from that of this gun, which is thirty-eight. Besides, this gun has not been fired recently." I gazed at him, speechless. There was a greater tragedy than even I had guessed. "He must have been lying here some time," he went on, "perhaps two or three hours before he was discovered."

"Then he was already dead before Mrs. Woodworth came to us in the laboratory?" I queried

"Long before."

The city detective, Doyle, joined us a moment later.

"What do you know about her?" he asked, with an ominous nod across the hall to where Mrs. Woodworth was. "Ransom told me, as soon as the news was out, that she had had him doing a bit of work for her. She was very suspicious of him, wasn't she?"

Kennedy shrugged. I knew what his opinion of private-detective agencies was, but he was not going to tell it to Doyle. It was plain, though, that Doyle was deeply suspicious, for some reason or other, of Mrs. Woodworth herself. A moment later, he shouldered his way across the hall, and Kennedy followed quickly.

"I understand," questioned Doyle, in his favorite gruff



Kennedy flung down the exploded cartridge, the bullet, the box of forty-twos, and the pistol on the table

manner, "that you had employed detectives to shadow your husband, madam, and that last night you quarreled with him and left him."

"Yes?" Sylvia parried.

"From the time you left until now, you did not enter the house or see him again?"

He said it with an air of conviction as if he knew both statements to be untrue, but she did not flinch as she answered,

"No."

Try as he might, Doyle could not shake her story. Finally, as though preparing a refinement which had worked in other cases, he bellowed out,

"We shall have to require you to remain here in this house until further notice—where we can find you."

There was a noise at the door. A rather handsome man entered, a man of dashing, debonair ways, one could see, but now sobered by the tragedy. By his look, as he angrily pushed back his dark hair from his forehead and shot a glance of scorn at Doyle, I saw that, in the instant in the hall, he had heard all that had taken place.

"Bennett Brown," murmured Mrs. Bannister to us.

Before anyone could speak, he strode forward angrily.

"Sylvia," he ground out, "the suspicions of the detectives are preposterous. I am not wealthy, but you may count on every dollar I have and every moment of my time to defend you if they carry this ridiculous thing further."

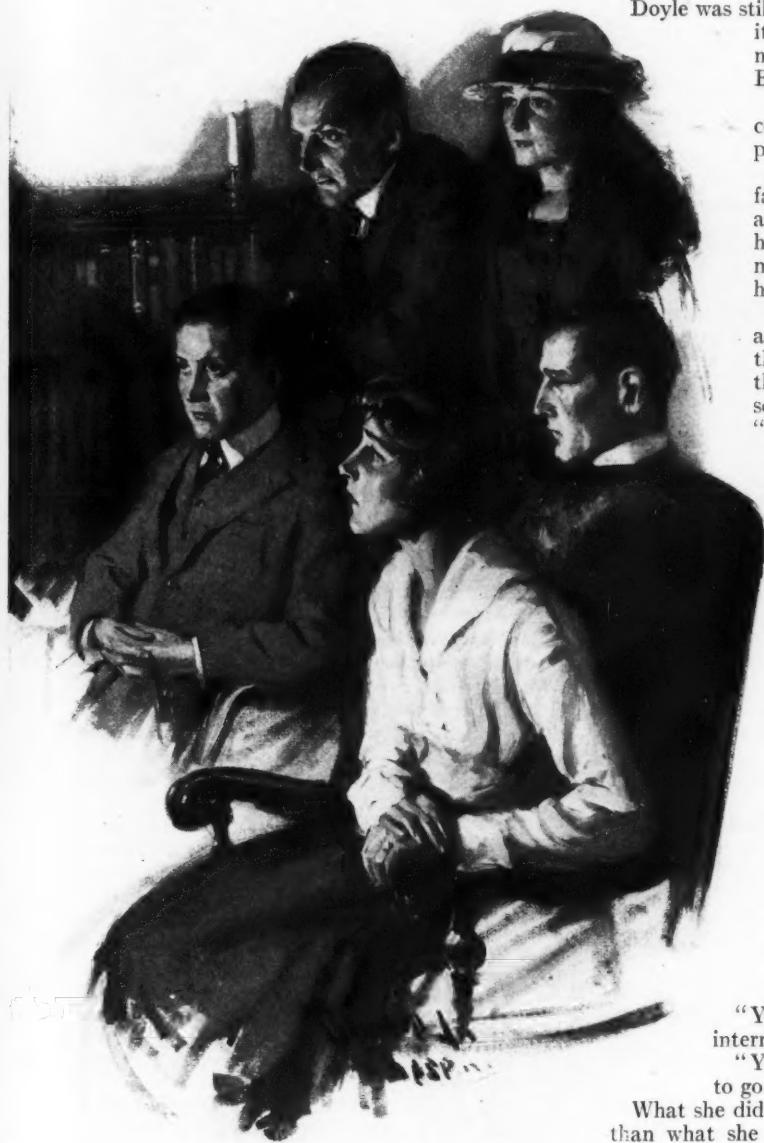
For the moment, I fancied that Sylvia's color mounted a bit in her now pale face. Craig was observing her sharply.

"And who may you be?" scorned the detective. "For two cents I'd order you out of this house faster than you came in."

Brown smiled quietly, controlling his temper.

"I'm no relation—except by marriage—but I have a natural interest. He and I were boys together. You have no objection to my taking a look at my brother, I suppose?"

Doyle ground his teeth helplessly as Bennett nodded reassuringly again at Sylvia, then, coolly ignoring Doyle, tiptoed across to the den, followed by another Central Office man.



Doyle stamped out in a rage which Kennedy secretly enjoyed, though he did not relish the staccato orders that made Sylvia a virtual prisoner in the house, full of associations that might tend to break her down.

As Doyle left, Sylvia's glance roved across the hall where now and then floated out sharp words between Bennett and the police. She strained her ears to catch them, no longer emotionless.

"You think a great deal of him, do you not?" shot out Kennedy, who had been watching her closely.

She turned on him in indignant surprise.

"I care for no one now," she shot back, with a glance that meant much.

Almost, I felt, Craig had accused her of being in love with this other man, and that when the body of her husband was scarcely cold.

"Mrs. Woodworth," he hastened, before she could recover, "may I ask you a straight question?"

"Why—yes," she answered, taken back.

"Did you ever tell anyone else what you had dreamed?"

"Why—I guess so."

"Who?"

"My sister and Irma Macy—no one else—not to them lately."

Doyle was still hanging about, and, after a few moments, it became evident that we would have little more chance to talk privately with Sylvia. Brown left the house finally, storming.

"I must have a talk with Irma Macy," concluded Craig, as we, too, left and haled a passing cab.

Ten minutes later, we pulled up before a fashionable apartment-house on the Drive, and were fortunate enough to find Irma at home. Kennedy made no concealment of his mission, and she received him almost as if he had not been a total stranger.

As we talked, it came to me that here was a woman who seemed more deeply affected than even Sylvia herself. I would have thought it strange if I had not guessed that, somehow, she was suspected of being the "other woman."

Irma was of quite the opposite type from Sylvia, a woman of rare physical attractions. It needed but a glance to tell that men interested Irma, and I am quite sure that few men could have withstood the spell of her interest—if she chose.

"Did Mrs. Woodworth ever talk to you about her dreams?" finally asked Kennedy.

"Yes—but not lately."

"Not lately?"

"No. We—she hasn't been very friendly lately."

"How is that?"

Irma met Craig's gaze squarely.

"I don't know."

As they talked, Kennedy seemed to watch her as he might a strange element in a chemical reaction. On her part, she seemed intuitively to recognize a challenge in Craig's very personality. Arts which she might have tried on another seemed not to impress this man. Actually, I felt that she was piqued.

"You knew Carroll Woodworth very well?" interrogated Craig.

"Y—yes," she hesitated, as though unwilling to go too far or not far enough.

What she did not say, however, was far more important than what she did. There could be no doubt, from the suppressed emotion, that her very breathing showed that the dead man had inspired a deeper feeling than she could conceal.

"Have you ever told anyone else what she told you?"

"What do you mean?"

"The dreams, of course," insisted Craig. "Have you?"

"Of what interest is it to me what that woman dreams?" she parried angrily. "Are you trying to third-degree me? You are not working for that Ransom Agency—are you?"

It was meant to be a direct thrust at Kennedy, but he took it with a disconcerting smile.

"Then you know?"

(Continued on page 600)

ONCE the Home Paper had to announce that a couple of Residents had been wafted to the dim Beyond. Ye Editor pulled out the Tremolo Stop and rendered a sentimental Obbligato in his Over-the-Rivers to Uncle Philo Dilbry and Schuyler Colfax, alias "Red," Montgomery.

He opined that Uncle Philo had rounded out a highly resultful Career.

When the Grim Reaper swished his Sickle, he brought down a very fine Specimen of ripened Grain that had grown in the same Spot for a long time and thrown out a lot of Capillaries.

Shifting the Record and putting in a new Needle, the Obituarian went on to liken the recent Old Settler to a Ship that comes into Port after a long and tempestuous Voyage.

The Staunch Craft had withstood the howling Gales and buffeting Waves and finally had found Anchorage in Safety Harbor, with some Cargo stowed away.

Those who had been close to Uncle Philo read the Figurative Allusions and made the usual Discounts.

It seemed to them that he had been more like the bearded Grain than the gallant Ship.

A Canal Boat? Yea, Bo! It never gets more than 8 Feet from the Shore and is built for Safety rather than Speed.

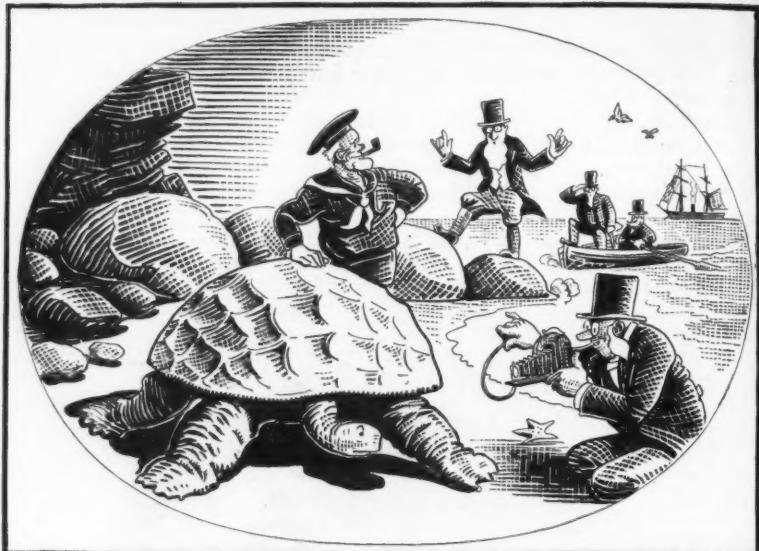
What the weeping Biographer wanted to convey was that Uncle Philo had lived in the County a long time, had looked out for Number One so consistently that he was simply crawling with Collateral, had never been apprehended by the Grand Jury or mixed up with Untamed Women; therefore his life had been a Glorious Example.

Between the Lines one might read that the Good Citizen is he who keeps out of the Calaboose.

Sweet Consolation dripped from the Piece regarding Uncle Philo.

He had continued to breathe for many Decades and thereby had accomplished the main Purpose of every Homo born into this Vale of Speculation.

He departed before the Estate was tapped for the In-



"There is a species of large Tortoise, found in the Galapagos Islands, which is known to live over 200 years."

- McCUTCHEON -

## New Fables

By George Ade

### The Fable of the Ripe Persimmon

inheritance Tax; so everything seemed to work out for the Best.

The Valedictory to "Red" Montgomery was more tabloid.

The Lad never had attained Social Prominence or loaned money at Eight per cent. per Annum or lined up as a Reforming Influence, and so there was mighty little to put in the Paper about him except that the whole Community had been Shocked to find his Name in the dreaded black-type List.

You could see that the Editor wanted to give "Red" a fair Shake, but what was there to say about a Sorrel-Top who had played a little Baseball, and then some Football, and then had messed around a Small College until the first Call came, and then had gone out with grinning Cheerfulness to die for his Country?

There wasn't a great deal to add up in the case of "Red," because the Kid never had accomplished anything very definite.

That is, he never had Camped long enough and hard enough in one Place to make an Impression, whereas Uncle Philo had left quite a Dent.

"Red" stepped beyond the Threshold and was cut down, and his Taking-Off was so sad and heart-breaking and gave so little opening for Reflections of a compensating Character that the local Biographer rather threw up his Hands on the Job.

The only Condolence he could manufacture was that "Red" had shown himself to be a Game Guy and a true Patriot.

The Records proved that Uncle Philo



Uncle Philo never showed a voluntary Interest in a Liberty Loan, and never recognized the necessity of either the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A.



Behold the Aviator circling a White Cloud and 3000 feet below him  
the Yokel seated on a creaking Wagon!

— McCUTCHEON —

## in Slang

Illustrated by  
John T. McCutcheon

### and the Plucked Flower

had stayed along until he was 82, while Schuyler Colfax Montgomery dropped out at the immature Age of 23.

According to the time-honored Mathematical Scale for the Measuring of Achievements, Uncle Philo had it about four ways on "Red" and finished a dead heat with the long-tailed African Parrot, which lives to be about 80 years of Age and hands out a stereotyped Line of Conversation to the last Gasp.

The Preacher who was asked to make a little Spiel for the late plunging Half-Back was up against it, the same as the Editor when he sat down to write his Remarks.

What was left of "Red" had not been sent home.

A good Minister who specializes on Sob Stuff finds himself handicapped and short of Cues if he cannot look down at the Floral Tributes and the Silver Handles.

The Dominie somehow felt that it was up to him to pull something besides the sure-fire Hokum about a brilliant Career being headed off and the Ways of an all-wise Providence being beyond mortal Ken.

It happened that the Parson had the Courage to be candid and the Vision to see beyond the Township Limits.

It came to him that when they had the Special Service for "Red," it might be a bright Idea to can all the Weeps and ring the Bells.

For it was "Red" who had rounded out a full Career, and it was Uncle Philo who had been prematurely snatched away.

Just to prove that even a Funeral Sermon may be invested with the Charm of Novelty, here is what the

Vicar handed out to the hushed Assemblage:

We find our text in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," under the heading of "Longevity."

It reads as follows: "There is a species of large Tortoise, found in the Galapagos Islands, which is known to live over 200 years."

In the same Chapter, and throwing side-lights on our Theme, we read that Buffon was personally acquainted with a Carp that was 150 years old, and it is a common Belief among Scientists that Whales continue to operate in a perfectly cold-blooded manner, unhampered by altruistic Considerations, for several Centuries.

Within the week we have planted an old Residenter who was a familiar Figure on the Depot Platform.

His Demise calls attention to the Fact that, when it comes to hanging on, the Crab can show some Class along with the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale.

Many of you have made doleful Comparisons between the Symmetrical and extended Life-Span of Uncle Philo Dilbry and the abbreviated, unfinished Mission on Earth of our Young Friend commonly known as "Red" Montgomery.

If it grieves you to reflect that Uncle Philo was here eighty-odd years, while "Red" stayed just long enough to cast his first Vote, what Anguish must you experience when you consider that a careful Carp has 70 years' Edge on Uncle Philo, and the Tortoise on Galapagos Island skins him by 120 years, and a Whale that takes any care of himself puts Uncle Philo away back into the Infant Mortality class!

The comparison between these various long-lived Specimens becomes more Significant when we note various Points of Resemblance.

Uncle Philo, like the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale, gave undivided attention to his own Sustenance and Welfare, was coldly indifferent to Public Improvements, never showed a voluntary Interest in a Liberty Loan, and never recognized the necessity of either the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A.



Who could look at those square Shoulders and the beaming Freckles and that beautiful bulge of Chest without feeling a reinforced Desire to be of Service?

## New Fables in Slang

Like these other perennial Members of the Animal Kingdom, he was strong for his own Habitat, and sought for himself such Environment as favors Perpetuity.

He avoided the Dangers incident to Travel and Rash Adventure, never wandering from his own Precinct after the Railways stopped giving Passes to Grain Dealers and Members of the State Legislature.

He has been much lauded since his Departure, because he was Cautious and Conservative.

For 82 years he never took his Foot off of Second Base.

If there be among you any who figure that dear old Uncle Philo, with the Soapstone Eye and the leaky Whiskers, had no Occasion to envy the Carp or the Tortoise or the Whale, let us adopt your same Course of Reasoning and ask if any Mortal Existence can be estimated by means of a Calendar.

Uncle Philo met up with certain Experiences of a Quasi-Human Kind which were denied the Tortoise. Therefore he never would have changed Places with the Others, not even with the Whale, which lives as long as some of the Old Testament Patriarchs who never heard of Sanitation and Hygiene.

Shall we count the Ticks of the Clock or shall we take into account merely the High Spots?

Is it better to eat three Squares a day for a great many Days and be true to the same Mattress all the Time, or go down the Highway of Experience for just a few days, blowing a Silver Bugle?

I have no desire to knock Uncle Philo to those who had a Mortgage Acquaintance with him, but I am wondering if he had as much on the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale as "Red" Montgomery had on him.

I learn that "Red" once carried the Ball 55 yards for a Touch-Down, while 5000 of his Fellow Creatures stood on their Hind Legs and shrieked his darling Name.

You know that when most of the Burlies were praying for Leaky Valves and Flat Feet, "Red" Montgomery had his

Hat off and his Hand in the Air, offering his Flag all that he had to give and a little sore that he couldn't give more.

I happen to know that the most adorable Girl in all the world leaned up against his Khaki Coat and gave the Boy a Look such as Uncle Philo never got during the whole 82 years.

You all have heard that the Charge which he led across the muddy Craters and through the tangled Wire did not fail. He dropped out, but he saw the Men go on.

I hold that he who makes a Touch-Down and then Enlists, and holds the Woman of his Choice in his Arms, and then goes through Hell-Fire to carry a Trench, has hit the High Spots to which I referred a short time ago and that his Life has not been Brief.

Is it not better

to deliver a Pinch Hit in a World's Series than to sit on the Bench for 5 years?

Is it not—ignoring any thought of the Pay Envelop?

Behold the Aviator circling a White Cloud and 3000 feet below him the Yokel seated on a creaking Wagon!

The Flyer does as many Miles in an Hour as the Teamster would do in a Week.

He sees 10,000 times as much of

the Landscape and breathes a new and tonic Air, and yet we still find individuals, pretending to be People, who believe that a Day's Journey means riding from Morning to Night in a Prairie Schooner!

What Edison shall yet invent a Meter so sensitive and so neatly balanced and so delicately responsive that we may find out how a bold Example affects the concealed and laggard Aspirations of those who came up against it?

Every time "Red" Montgomery walked out on the hammered Turf of an Athletic Field, he preached a Ser-

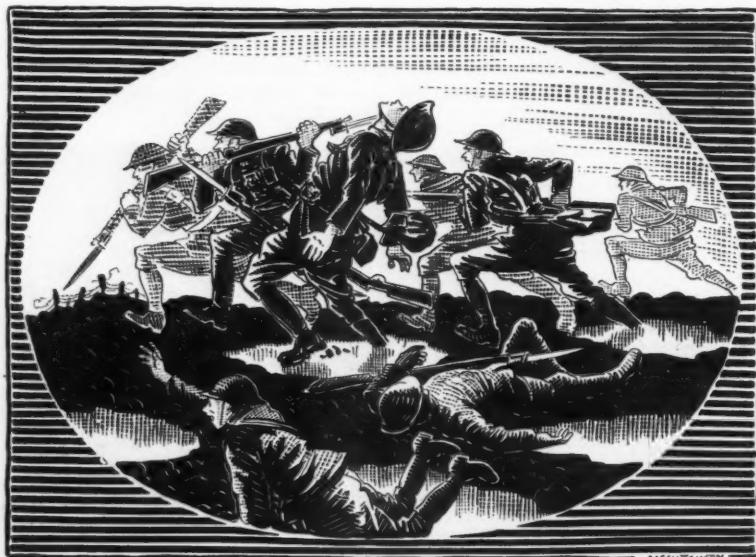
mon for clean Living and self-denying Habits and the Courage that knows no faltering.

After he got into his Soldier Togs, who could look at those square Shoulders and bea (Concluded on page 94)



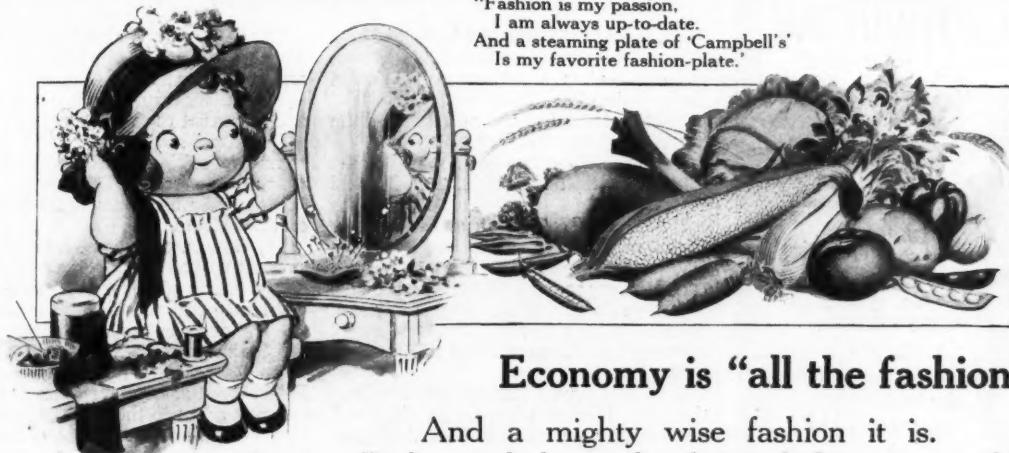
Young and old alike observed. "Ah, this is the day when some unsuspecting Geezer gets it in the Cervical Vertebrae!"

— McCUTCHEN —



We may reasonably believe that when he was lying in No Man's Land, if he had any time to make a swift Review, he did not regret that he had been a Regular Person

— McCUTCHEN —



## Economy is "all the fashion"

And a mighty wise fashion it is.

Right-minded people always believe in sensible economy. Today they are *proud of it*. No matter how much money they have they are ashamed to waste it.

Every intelligent and patriotic housewife studies food values, studies to provide her table with ample nourishment of the *right kind* at the least expense.

"*Live well, but wisely and without waste!*" That is what the National Food Administration asks of us all. And there is no food-product which gives you more practical help in this direction than

# Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Wholesome, hearty, tempting—it supplies the food elements most needed to complete a properly balanced diet.

We use selected beef to make the full-bodied satisfying stock. With this we combine choice white potatoes, Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—diced. Also small green peas, "baby" lima beans, "Country Gentleman" corn, Dutch cabbage, celery, parsley, green okra

and a puree of fine tomatoes. We add plenty of barley and rice, a sprinkling of alphabet macaroni and a delicate bit of leek, onion and sweet red peppers to enhance the attractive flavor.

Pure, rich in food value, and its use involving no waste nor cooking expense for you—this nourishing soup is in every sense as economical as it is appetizing and delicious.

Let your grocer send you a dozen or more at a time, and keep it on hand.

21 kinds

12c a can

Asparagus  
Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)  
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder  
Consmé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail

Pea  
Printanier  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable  
Vegetable-Beef  
Vermicelli-Tomato



# Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

**Tetlow's**  
**Pussywillow**  
**Face Powder**

**Sifted**  
**Through Silk**

THE most charming face powder the house of Henry Tetlow has created in 69 years is PUSSYWILLOW.

You'll like it not only for its charming odor but because it is transparent, and it stays on until you want it off.

Your dealer has it or can get it for you. Five shades. 50 cents a box.

**Trial Portion Free** or a miniature box sent for 10 cents.

**HENRY TETLOW CO.**  
Established 1849  
Makers of  
Pussywillow Dry Shampoo  
600 Henry Tetlow Building  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**GRAFLEX-KODAKS**

Cameras, Lenses and supplies of every description. We can save you 25 to 80 per cent on slightly used outfitts. Write at once for free Bargain Book and Catalog

Illustrating hundreds of slightly used and new cameras and supplies at money-saving prices. All goods sold on ten days free trial. Money refunded in full if unsatisfactory. We make no charge for shipping or handling. We have been established in the photographic business over 10 years.

Central Camera Co., Dept. 274, 124 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

**An Excellent Tonic for**  
**Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair**

**HONIC'S**  
**BALDPATE**  
**HAIR TONIC**  
**NEVER FAILS**

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

Send 10c for Trial Size  
Applications obtained at the better Barber Shops

**BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK**  
467 West 34th Street, Dept. C.  
Sold by all druggists or send \$1.00

Reg. in U.S. and Canada

## New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 92)

Freckles and that beautiful bulge of Chest without feeling a new Pride in what we call our Native Land and a reenforced Desire to be of Service?

Slackers looked at him and inquired the nearest way to a Recruiting Station.

Young Women watched him up the Street and then hurried to roll Surgical Dressings.

Prosperous Speculators, extensive as to Girth and short of Breath, sized him up as One beyond them and superior, entitled to such Backing as mere Dollars can provide.

Can we doubt that the tempered Steel of his Resolution made the Thrust effective, even when his Comrades had to leave him behind?

By way of playful Comparison, what was the general Effect when Uncle Philo was seen starting out on some Errand of utilitarian intent?

Young and old alike observed, "Ah, this is the day when some unsuspecting Geezer gets it in the Cervical Vertebræ!"

If you can follow me further without getting a Headache, let us think of each earthly Transient as a Weaver.

I don't know what Warp and Woof mean, but they are old Standbys and here is where I work them in.

We see a Weaver at his Loom Day after Day through a long Period, say 80 Years or more.

He is Johnny-on-the-Spot at Sunup and camps on the Job until the Whistle blows.

Let us give him Credit for Industry and Patience, but let us not hang any Medals on him until we examine his Output.

He throws the Shuttle back and forth, Day after Day, Week after Week, Month after Month, Year after Year, and turns out Bundles and Bales and Wagon-Loads of Burlap.

He is responsible for a slew of moderately useful Product, but it is all Burlap—unpoetical, loose-woven Burlap.

If you could have your Wish, wouldn't you rather weave something besides No. 3 Sacking?

How about the Artist Workman whose only Handiwork is one Banner, but the Texture is Silk and the Color is Royal Purple and the flaring Design in the center is of the rarest Cloth of Gold?

In conclusion, we may reasonably believe that when he was lying in No Man's Land, if he had any time to make a swift Review, he did not regret that he had been a Regular Person, and he did not wish that the Lord had made him a Carp or a Tortoise or a Whale or even Uncle Philo Dilbry.

The next day after the Services, certain Relatives and Beneficiaries of a highly respected Citizen, now in the Probate Court, called the Preacher almost everything except a German Spy.

*Moral—It isn't how long you Stick Around but what you Put Over while you are here.*

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *The Hard-up Yeoman who went on a Visit*, will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

## Speaking of Frock Coats

(Continued from page 68)

uncomfortably, and they had docked tails. The harness they wore was mounted with a display of silver that made the silver on William B. Snow's team, standing just below Donovan's, look outright inconspicuous.

Leaning back in luxurious comfort, as the carriage came so softly along the street, holding up a parasol of black lace, overshadowing her niece, pretty little Cicely Hamlin, who sat beside her. Madame Watt, her large person dressed with costly simplicity in black with a touch of color at the throat, square of face, with an emphatic chin, a strongly hooked nose, penetrating black eyes, surveyed the street

with a commanding dignity—an assertive dignity, if the phrase may be used. Or it may have been that a touch of self-consciousness within her showed through the enveloping dignity and made you think about it. Certainly there was a final outstanding reason for self-consciousness, even in the case of Madame Watt—who, despite her American origin, had been an unquestionable countess in Paris, and now, after a period of impressively prominent widowhood, had taken to herself as husband the once famous albeit now elderly Senator William M. Watt, sponsor for the Watt Currency Act that had once nearly split a nation—for, on the high

The New  
Gossard  
Front

that rivals

The Famous  
Gossard  
Back



## GOSSARD CORSETS

### *The Original Front-Lacing Corsets*

A perfect front—a perfect back—a perfect corset. *Gossard* are inimitable.

Women of every figure find Gossard Corsets graceful, youthful, perfect in every detail. The new Gossard front gives the tapering waistline, eliminates all appearance of fat or thickness at the front, and assures perfect freedom of the diaphragm, though never permitting an accumulation of flesh.

Gossard Corsets are not high priced. There is the utmost in quality in every Gossard, therefore it is practicing true economy to buy them at any price you may pay, whether it be \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.50 \$5.00 \$5.50 or up to \$50.00

Beautiful women are healthy women, and health is the first consideration in the designing of Gossard Corsets. In a Gossard your health is safeguarded and you are assured a priceless, all-day corset comfort.

Every Gossard is guaranteed to give satisfactory wearing service and to retain its original lines until it is worn out.

The name **Gossard** on the inside of the corset is your guarantee of the original—insist upon it.

There are stores in every city selling genuine Gossard Corsets. Beware of substitutes. It is unsafe to simply ask for a front-lacing corset—ask for a Gossard and be sure that the name **Gossard** is on the inside.

Look for this name

**Gossard**

**The H. W. Gossard Co., Inc.**

Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

TORONTO

CHICAGO

NEW YORK BUENOS AIRES

Look for this name

**Gossard**

*A Gossard will improve every figure*

There are many Gossard Corsets designed for every type of figure; in a Gossard any woman may attain the ideal proportions of her type and that youthfulness of outline that makes possible the wearing of model suits and frocks without the tedium and expense of alterations.

*A Gossard is so easy to put on*

You stand before your mirror, seeing and adjusting your lacings to obtain a flat abdomen, a curve under the bust and perfect freedom above the waistline, and so retain in your oldest Gossard the same lines you had when the corset was new.

*Wear*  
**Gossard**  
CORSETS  
*They Lace In Front*

box in front, visible for blocks above the traffic of the street, sat, in wooden perfection as in plum-colored livery, side by side, a coachman and a footman.

At Swanson's, the footman leaped nimbly down and stood rigid by the step while *madame* heavily descended and passed across the walk and into the shop.

Then, and not until then, the hush that had fallen upon the street lifted. Trade was resumed.

A pretty girl in the most wonderful carriage ever seen—a new girl at that, bringing a stir of quickened interest to the younger set—it is a magnet of considerable attracting power. Young people appeared—from nowhere, it seemed—and clustered about the carriage. Two couples hurried from the soda-fountain in Donovan's. The De Casselles boys were passing on their way from the country-club courts (which were still on the old grounds, down near the lake) in blazer coats and with expensive rackets in wooden presses. Alfred Knight was out collecting for the bank, and happened to be near. Mary Ames and Jane Bellman came over from Berger's, where Mary was scrutinizing cauliflower with a cool eye.

It was at this moment that Henry reached the corner by Berger's, paused, hopelessly confused and torn in the swirl of success and disaster that marked this painful day, fighting down that mad impulse to talk out loud his resentments in a passionate torrent of words, saw the carriage, the girl in it, and the crowd about it in one nervous glance, then, suddenly pale, lips tightly compressed, moved doggedly forward across the street.

He had nearly reached the opposite curb—not turning; with the ugly little note that was clasped in his left hand, he could not trust himself to bow. He felt a miserable sort of relief that the distance might excuse his appearing not to see—and there had to be an excuse, or it would look to some like cowardice—when an errant summer breeze wandered round the corner and seized on his straw hat.

He felt it lifting, dropped his stick, reached then after both hat and stick, and in doing so nearly dropped the paper. In another moment, he was to be seen, desperately white, running straight down Simpson Street after his hat, which whirled, sailed, rolled, sailed again, circled, and settled in the dust not two rods from the Watt carriage. The street, as streets will, turned to look.

Henry lunged for the hat. It lifted and rolled a little way on. He lunged again. It whirled over and over, then rolled rapidly straight down the street, just missing the hoofs of a delivery-horse, passing under Mr. George F. Smith's buggy without touching either horse or wheels, and sailed on. Henry fell to one knee in his second lunge. And his pallor gave place to a hot flush.

Laughter came to his ears—jeering laughter. And it came unquestionably from the group about the Watt carriage. The first voices were masculine. Before he could get to his feet, one or two of the girls had joined in. In something near despair of the spirit, helplessly, he looked up.

The whole group, still laughing, turned away. All, that is, but one. Cicely was not laughing. She was leaning a little forward, looking right at him, not even

smiling, her lips parted slightly. He was too far gone even to speculate as to what her expression meant. It fell upon him as the final blow. He ran on and on. In front of Hempl's market a boy stopped the hat with his foot. Henry, trembling with rage, took it from him, muttered a word of thanks, and rushed, followed by curious eyes, round the corner to the north.

Humphrey found him, a little before one, at the rooms, and thought he looked ill. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, staring at a small newspaper clipping.

"What's all this?" asked Humphrey, smiling rather wearily—a wrinkly smile. Henry got up then and came slowly into the living-room.

"It's this," he explained, in a voice that was husky and light, without its usual body. "This thing. I've had it quite a while."

Humphrey read:

Positively No Commission  
HEIRS CAN BORROW

On or sell their individual estate, income, or future inheritance. Lowest rates; Strictly confidential.

HEIRS' LOAN OFFICE

And an address.

"What on earth are you doing with this, Hen?"

"Well, Hump, there's still a little more'n three thousand dollars in my legacy. I got a thousand this summer, you know, and lent it to McGibbon for my interest in the paper. But my uncle said he wouldn't give me a cent more until I'm twenty-one, in November. And so I was wondering—Look here: How much do you suppose I could get out of it from these people?"

"You'd just about get out with your underwear and shoes, Hen. They might leave you a necktie. What do you want it for—throw it in after the thousand?"

"Well, McGibbon's broke—"

"Yes; I know. They're saying on the street that Boice has got the *Gleaner* already. Two compositors and your foreman were in our place half an hour ago asking for work. Boice went right down there. I saw him start climbing the stairs."

"That's his second trip this morning, then, Hump. He offered Bob five hundred."

"But it ought to be worth a few thousands."

"Sure! And, except for there not being any money, it's going great. You'd be surprised! You know it's often that way. Bob says many a promising business has gone under just because they didn't have the money to tide it over a tight place. But he's getting the circulation. You've no idea! And when you get that, you're bound to get the advertisers. Sooner or later."

Humphrey appeared to be only half listening to this eager little torrent of words. He deliberately filled his pipe, then moved over to a window and gazed soberly out at the back yard of the First Presbyterian parsonage across the alley.

Henry, moody again, was staring at the advertisement.

"Great to think of the old man having to climb those stairs twice!" Humphrey remarked, without turning. Then: "Even

Cosmopolitan for April, 1918

with all the trouble you're going through, Hen, you're lucky not to be working for Boice. He wears on one."

He smoked the pipe out. Then, brows knit, his long, swarthy face wrinkled deeply with thought, he walked slowly over to the door of his own bedroom and leaned there, studying the interior. It was a comfortable room. For several years it had been the home of a studious and quietly ambitious though contented bachelor. The walls were lined from floor to ceiling with volumes dealing with principles of physics and mechanics, that new device, the gas-engine, the known principles of torsion, studies of bird-flight, works on ballistics, gravitation, and aeronautics.

"There's three thousand dollars' worth of books in here," he remarked. "Or close to it. Even at second hand, they'd fetch something. You see, it's really a well-built, pretty complete little library. Now come down-stairs." He had to say it again. "Come on down-stairs."

Henry followed then, hardly aware of the oddity of Humphrey's actions.

Down-stairs was the "shop," spreading over what had once been the carriage-room and out into feed-room, storeroom, and stalls. In the half-light that sifted dustily in through the high windows, the metal lathes, large and small, the tool-benches, the two large reels of piano-wire, the rows of wall boxes filled with machine parts, the round objects that might have been electric motors hanging by twisted strings or wires from the ceiling-joists, the heavy steel wheels of various sizes mounted in frames, some with wooden handles at one side, the big box kites and the wood-and-silk planes stacked at one end of the room, the gas-engine mounted at the other end, the water-motor in a corner, the wheels, shafts, and belting overhead—all were indistinct, ghostly. And all were covered with dust.

"See!" Humphrey waved his pipe. "I've done no work here for six weeks. And I shan't do any for a good while. I can't. It takes leisure—long evenings—Sundays, when you aren't disturbed by a soul. And at that it means years and years, working as I've had to. You know, getting out the *Voice* every week. You know how it's been with me, Hen. People are going to fly some day. As sure as we're walking now. Pretty soon. Chanute—Langley—they know! Those are Chanute gliders over there. By the kites. I've never told you; I've worked with 'em, moonlight nights, from the sand-dunes away up the beach. I've got some locked in an old boat-house up there, Hen. I've flown over six hundred feet! Myself! Gliding, of course. Got an awful ducking, but I did it!"

"But it takes money, Hen. I've thought I could be an inventor and do my job besides. Maybe I could. Maybe, some day, I'll succeed at it. But I've just come to see what it needs. Material, workmen, time; Hen, you've got to have a real shop and a real pay-roll to do it right. And—oh, I'm not telling you the truth, Hen! Not the real truth."

He took to walking around now, making angular gestures. Henry, watching him, coming slowly alive now to the complex life that was flowing round him, found himself confronted by a new, a disturbed Humphrey. He had, during the year and more of their friendship, taken him for granted as



"All of us at home use Lux exclusively for gloves, blouses and anything else we may wash, ourselves. My mother has abandoned everything else since Lux made its appearance on the market."—  
Miss J. C. Waller,  
Chicago, Ill.



# G The things you'd never put in the Family Laundry!

YES, it's beginning to look dusky around the edges of the cuff and along the roll of the collar. Your precious new Georgette—you'd never dream of putting it in with the general laundry.

Your silk underwear, silk stockings, white satin collars—how they discolor, or yellow—how the threads break and grow weak when they are washed in the family laundry.

You cannot afford to have your nicest things go so fast. You, yourself, can now gently rinse the dirt out of your filimiest things—take them from the pure Lux suds soft and gleaming and new!

The secret? No ruinous rubbing of a cake

of soap on fine fabrics! No rubbing again to get the soap and the dirt out.

#### No ruinous rubbing of fine fabrics

Lux comes in wonderful delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. They dissolve instantly in hot water. You whisk them into the richest, softest lather that loosens all the dirt without a bit of rubbing—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a fiber roughened or weakened in any way.

Write for free booklet and simple Lux directions for laundering. Learn how easy it is to launder perfectly the most delicate fabrics.

Be sure to get your package of Lux today. Your grocer, druggist or department store has it—Lever Bros. Co., Dept. H-2, Cambridge, Mass.



"I find Lux does not shrink the daintiest of woolens. I would not be without it. I like it so much."—Mrs. Connell, New York



# LUX

These things need never be spoiled by washing  
Try washing them the Lux way

Georgette and  
Crepe de Chine  
Blouses and Dresses  
Silk Underwear  
Lace Collars  
Fine Table Linens

Lace Jabots  
Washable Satin  
Collars and Cuffs  
Sweaters  
Blankets  
Sport Coats

Baby's Woolens  
Children's  
Fine Dresses  
Silk Stockings  
Washable Gloves  
Fine Curtains

*Lux is so pure that it will not harm anything that pure water alone will not injure*



## Pebeco for Reveille and Taps

When the bugles blare, "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up," the wise soldier wakes up his mouth with the tingling tang of Pebeco Tooth Paste. And if taps sends him regularly to bed Pebeco-refreshed, he is giving his teeth true soldierly protection.

Tooth-ache is a mighty mean thing in camp or on the march. Yet where tooth-decay goes unchecked, tooth-ache is bound to follow. The soldier spends much of his time in damp and cold—and damp and cold find unerringly the weak spots in teeth.

Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth," which authorities claim is the principal cause of tooth destruction. They say that nine out of every ten persons have "Acid-Mouth."

The dental profession universally recommends Pebeco, not only because it checks "Acid-Mouth" but because it also cleans and polishes the teeth, makes wholesome the breath, and invigorates the whole mouth. In all ways, it's the model dentifrice for the soldier.

The tooth paste that the soldier relies upon amid rigors of camp and trenches is a dependable tooth protection for the civilian.

*Suggestions to Soldiers' Families and Friends:* Send the boy several tubes of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

### Free Trial Offer

We send free to any person, who wants to test for "Acid-Mouth," free acid test papers and trial tube of Pebeco. The test is simple, and shows the presence or absence of "Acid-Mouth" instantly. And the trial tube contains enough Pebeco to show conclusively that Pebeco does counteract this dangerous condition.

*Pebeco is for sale by all druggists*



LEHN & FINK, 112 William St., New York



an older, steadier influence, had leaned on him more than he knew. He had been a rock for the erratic Henry to cling to in the confusing, unstable swirl of life.

"Hen"—Humphrey turned on him—"you don't know, but I'm going to be married."

Henry's jaw sagged.

"It's Mildred, of course."

Henry nodded.

"He gave me his note."

"Let's see it."

Henry ran up the stairs, and returned with a pasteboard box file, which, not without a momentary touch of pride in his quite new business sense, he handed to his friend. Humphrey glanced at the carefully printed-out phrase on the back:

To Begin in May Cosmopolitan

## The World and I

The Autobiography of

### Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Cosmopolitan readers do not have to be told of the trend of Mrs. Wilcox's effort. They know how unflinchingly she devotes her splendid talent and powerful energy to fighting for higher standards of conduct, in order to keep our national life sound and wholesome and to foster in our men and women that sense of responsibility to themselves and to the world around them which alone will enable our great country to fulfil a high destiny.

The life-story of a woman who has set herself such a task must be of supreme interest. For a long time, Mrs. Wilcox has been engaged in making a faithful and intimate record of her mental and spiritual development. Now that it is finished, it becomes the duty and the privilege of Cosmopolitan to publish it. The author tells of her early struggles for recognition as a poet, of how she set out to make her way in the world, of the great romance of her life and the lasting happiness it brought. She gives her own sincere estimate of many of the noted people she has met, and the impressions gained in journeys all over the face of the globe.

But, as the title indicates, it is, in addition to all this, the personal narrative of the formulation of a creed and a philosophy of life which have made their possessor a respected and admired figure in public estimation, and a helpful guide and friend to many thousands of her fellow beings. Mrs. Wilcox deals most frankly with the events that have been responsible for her attitude toward the world at large. Do not forget that the first instalment of this extraordinary autobiography appears in the next issue,

May Cosmopolitan.

HENRY CALVERLY, 3d.  
BUSINESS AFFAIRS

Henry's mind darted back to a period that seemed like an earlier existence, when Humphrey and he, with Mildred Henderson and her pretty guest, Corinne Doag, had made up, for a brief time, an inseparable quartet. He had, it seemed, changed vitally since then. The stories had come to him, had swept him off his feet and into another world of thought and feeling. And he had met Cicely Hamlin. At the thought of her, his lips drew tightly together. The memory that he had flirted outrageously brought confusion now, and a shame that was not without bitterness.

"It's going to be hard on the little woman, Hen. She's got to get her divorce. She can't take money from her husband, of course, and she's only got a little. She'll need me." His voice grew a thought unsteady; he waved his pipe, as if to indicate and explain the machinery. "I've got to strike out—take the plunge, you know, make a little money. It's occurred to me this machinery's worth more than the library—in a pinch. And I've got two bonds left. Just two. They're money, of course. Hen, you said you *lent* that thousand to McGibbon?"

but did not smile. He opened it and ran through the indexed leaves. It appeared to be empty.

"Look under 'Mc,'" said Henry.

The note was there.

"For three months," Humphrey mused aloud. Then he smiled. "Hen," he said, "got a quarter?"

The smile seemed to restore the rock that Henry had lately clung to. He found himself returning the smile, faintly but with a growing warmth. He replied,

"Just about."

"Match me!" cried Humphrey.

"What for?"

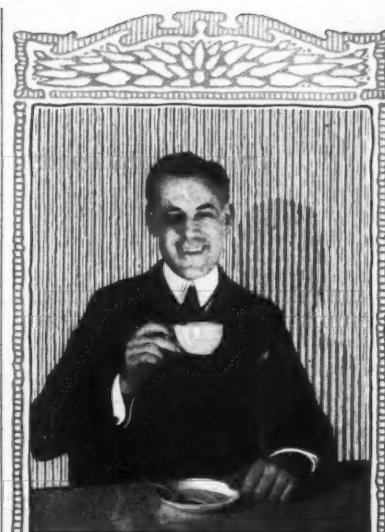
"To settle a very important point. Somebody's name has got to come first. Best two out of three."

"But I don't—"

"Match me! No—it's mine! Now I'll match you—mine again! I win. Well, that's settled!"

"What's settled? I don't—"

Humphrey sat on a tool-bench, swung his legs, grinned.



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on Filbert Avenue, and the faint note from the Second Presbyterian, over on the West Side across the tracks.

Humphrey had made coffee and toast. They sat at an end of the center-table. Humphrey, in bath-robe and slippers, Henry fully dressed in his blue-serge suit, neat silk four-in-hand tie, stiff white collar, and carefully polished shoes.

"Where are you going with all that?" Humphrey asked.

Henry hesitated, flushed a little.

"To church," he finally replied.

Humphrey's surprise was real. There had been a time, before they came to know each other, when the boy had sung bass in the quartet at the Second Presbyterian. But since that period he had not been a churchgoer. Henry had been quiet all evening, and now, this morning, he seemed all boxed up within himself. Preoccupied. As if the triumph over old Boice had merely opened up the way to new responsibilities. Which, for that matter, was just what it had done. To both of them. Humphrey, not being given to prying, would have let it drop here had not Henry surprised him by breaking hotly forth into words.

Henry was like that—moody, silent to the point of secretiveness while his emotions gathered, then suddenly and unexpectedly volatile.

"It's my big fight, Hump," he was saying now. "Don't you see? This town. All they say. Look here!" He laid a rumpled bit of paper on the table. As if he had been holding it ready in his hand.

"Oh, that letter?" said Humphrey.

"Yes. It's what I've got to fight. And I've got to win. Don't you see?"

"Yes," Humphrey replied gravely; "I see."

"I think," said Henry, "it's being in love that's going to help me. We've got to hold our heads up, you and I. Build the *Gleaner* into a real property. Win confidence. And there mustn't be any doubt. The way we step out and fight, you know. I've got to stand with you." Humphrey's eyes strayed to the sunlit window. He suppressed a little sigh. "This note's right enough—in a way," Henry went on. "It wouldn't be fair to compromise her." He leaned earnestly over the table. "It's really a hopeless love. I know that, Hump. But it isn't like the others. It makes me feel ashamed of them. All of them. I've got to show her or, at least, show myself that it's this love that has made a man of me. Without asking anything, you know."

Humphrey listened in silence as the talk ran on. The boy was changing, no question about that. Even back of the romantic note that was coloring his attitude, the suggestion of pose in it, there was real evidence of this change. At least, his fighting blood was up. And he was really taking punishment.

Sitting there, sipping his coffee, Humphrey, half listening, soberly considered his younger friend. Henry was distinctly odd, a square peg in a world of round holes. He was capable of curiously outrageous acts, yet most of them seemed to arise from a downright inability to sense the common attitude, to feel with his fellows. He could be heedless, neglectful, self-centered; but Humphrey had never found meanness or unkindness in him. And he was capable of a passionate

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generosity. He had indeed for Humphrey the fascination that an erratic and ingenuous but gifted person often exerts on older, steadier natures. You could be angry at him; but you couldn't get over the feeling that you had to take care of him. And it always seemed, even when he was out-and-out exasperating, that the thing that was the matter with him was the very quality that underlay his astonishing gifts, that he was really different from others. The difference ran all through, from his unexpected, rather self-centered ways of acting and reacting clear up to the fact that he could write what other people couldn't write. "If they could," thought Humphrey now, shrewdly, "very likely they'd be different, too." Take this business of dressing up like a born suburbanite and going to church. It was something of a romantic gesture. But that wasn't all it was. The fight was real, whatever unexpected things it might lead him to do from day to day.

Herbert De Casselles, wooden-faced, dressed impeccably in frock coat, heavy Ascot tie, gray-striped trousers perfectly creased (Henry had never owned a frock coat), ushered him half-way down the long aisle to a seat in Mrs. Ellen F. Wilson's pew. He felt eyes on him as he walked, imagined whispers, and set his face doggedly against them all. He had set out in a sort of fervor; but now the thing was harder to do than he had imagined. The people looked cold and hostile. It was to be a long fight. He might never win. The more successful he might come to be, the more some of them would hate him and fight him down—It was queer, Herb De Casselles ushering him.

The organist slid on to his seat up in the organ-loft behind the pulpit, spread out his music and turned up the corners, pulled and pushed on stops and couplers, glanced up into his narrow mirror, adjusted his tie, fussed again with the stops, began to play. Henry sat up stiffly, even boldly, and looked about.

Across the church, in a pew near the front, sat the Watts—the senator, on the aisle, looking curiously insignificant with his meek, narrow face and his little, slightly askew chin-beard; Madame Watt sitting wide and high over him, like a stout hawk, chin up, nose down, beady eyes fixed firmly on the pulpit; Cicely Hamlin, almost fragile beside her, eyes downcast—or was she looking at the hymns?

When Cicely was talking, with her nervous eagerness, her quick smile, her almost Frenchy gestures, she seemed gay. When in repose, as now, her delicate sensitiveness, her slightly sad expression, were evident, even to Henry. He was incapable of studying her impersonally, of course. But she made him feel something as Sothern had made him feel in the closing scene of "The Prisoner of Zenda," where he was bidding the princess who could never be his a last farewell; the mere sight of her thrilled him with a deep, romantic sorrow.

Through the prayers, the announcements, the choir-numbers, and collection, his sacrificial mood grew more and more intense. It was something of a question whether he could hide his emotion before

all these hostile people. The long fight ahead to rebuild his name in the village loomed larger and larger, began to take on an aspect that was almost terrifying. He sat very quiet, hands clenched on his knees, and unconsciously thrust out his chin a little.

When the doxology was sung and his head was bowed for the benediction, he had to struggle with a mad impulse to rush out, run down the aisle while people were picking up their hats and things. The thing to do, of course, was to take his time, be natural, move out with the rest. This he did, blazing with self-consciousness, his chin forward.

It was difficult. Several persons—older persons who had known his mother—stopped him and congratulated him on the brilliant work he was doing. This in the midst of the unuttered hostility that seemed, like hundreds of little barbed darts, penetrating his skin from every side. He could only blush and mumble. Elderly, innocent Mrs. Bedford, of Filbert Avenue, actually introduced him to her nieces from Boston as a young man of whom all Sunbury was proud. He had to blush and mumble here for a long time, while the long line of people crowded decorously past.

At last he got to the door. Stiffly raising his hat as one or two groups of young people recognized him, he moved out to the sidewalk. There he raised his eyes. They met for a fleeting instant, but squarely, over Herb De Casselles' shoulder, the dark eyes of Cicely Hamlin.

She was sitting on the little forward seat of the black-and-plum victoria. Madame Watt was settling herself in the back seat; the senator was stepping in. The plum-colored footman stood stiffly by. The plum-colored driver sat stiffly on the box. Herb De Casselles turned, with a wry smile. Henry raised his hat, bit his lip, hesitated, hurried on. Then he heard her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Calverly!"

He had to turn back. He knew he was fiery red. He knew, too, that, in this state of tortured bewilderment, he couldn't trust his tongue for a moment.

Cicely leaned out, with outstretched hand. He had to take it. The thrill the momentary touch of it gave him but added a wrench to the torture. Then the senator's hand had to be taken; finally Madame's.

His pulse was racing, pounding at his temples. What did all this mean?

Cicely, her own color up a little, speaking quickly, her face lighting up, her hands moving, cried,

"Oh, Mr. Calverly—we heard this morning that the *Gleaner* has failed and that Mr. Boice has it and we aren't to see your stories any more!"

"No," said Henry, a faint touch of assurance appearing in his heart, mind, voice; "that isn't so. Mr. Boice hasn't got it. We've got it—Humphrey Weaver and I."

"You mean you have purchased it?" This from the senator.

"Yay-ah. We bought it yesterday."

"No!" cried Cicely. "Really?"

"Yay-ah. We bought it."

"Then," commented the senator, "you must permit me indeed to congratulate

you. It is unusual to find business acumen and enterprise combined with such a literary talent as yours."

This was pleasing, if stilted. It was beginning to be possible for Henry to smile. Then Cicely clinched matters.

"You promised to come and read me the others, Mr. Calverly. Oh, but you did! You must come. Really! Let me see—I know I shall be at home to-morrow evening." Then, for a moment, Cicely seemed to falter. She turned questioningly to her aunt.

Madame Watt certainly knew the situation. She had heard Henry discussed in relation to the Mamie Wilcox incident. She knew how high feeling was running in the village. Just what her motive was, I cannot say. Perhaps it was her tendency to make her own decisions and, if possible, to make different decisions from those of the folk about her. The instinct to stand out aggressively in all matters was strong within her. And I know that she liked Henry. The flare of extreme individuality in him probably reached her and touched a curiously different strain of extreme individuality within herself. She hated sheep. Henry was not a sheep.

As for Cicely's part of it, I know she had been thrilled when Henry read her the first ten stories. She had read more than the Sunbury girls, and she saw more in his oddities than they were capable of seeing. To fail in any degree to conform to the prevailing customs and thought was to be ridiculous in Sunbury. But she had no more forgotten the jeers that had followed Henry from this very carriage as he chased his hat down Simpson Street the preceding day than had Henry himself. Nor had she forgotten that Herbert De Casselles had been one of that unkind group. And as she certainly knew what she was about, despite her impulsiveness I prefer to think that her action was deliberately kind and deliberately brave.

"Come to dinner," said Madame Watt shortly, but with a sort of rough cordiality. "Seven o'clock. To-morrow evening. Informal dress. All right, Watson."

Cicely settled back, her eyes bright, but gave Henry only the same suddenly impersonal little nod of good-by that she gave Herbert De Casselles. The footman leaped to the box. The remarkable carriage rolled luxuriously away on its rubber tires. Henry turned, grinning in foolish happiness, on the young man in the frock coat who had not been asked to dinner.

"Walking up toward Simpson, Herb?" he asked.

"Me—why—no; I'm going this way." And Herb pointed hurriedly southward.

"Well—so long," said Henry, and headed northward.

The warm sunlight filtered down through the dense foliage. Birds twittered up there. The church procession moving slowly along was brightly dressed, pleasant to see. Henry, head up, light of foot, smiling easily when this or that person, after a moment's hesitation, bowed to him, listened to the birds, expanded his chest in answer to the mellowing sunshine, and gave way, with a fresh little thrill, to the thought: "I must get a frock coat for to-morrow night."



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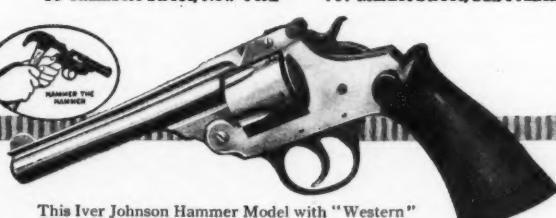
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meant business about squealing on me for that phony check?"

"I remember," growled Colby. "And that's what gets me. Before you even met these people, you were keen to do 'em no harm. But now, after they've shown that they're a million miles over our heads, you want to knife 'em."

"You see," went on Herndon, unheeding the interruption, "I tried to stall you because I saw what a juicy good thing it was; I thought I could sneak down here by myself and grab the whole thousand, instead of half one miserable 'grand.' That was my reason for refusing to come in with you, Frank."

"And yet, when you wanted to rob them and me, too, you try to make me believe that you have sent them back the thousand. If you were going to give it back to them, why did you take it?"

"I told you—because it would make us look queer."

"And I agreed with you, like a sucker. It wouldn't at all."

"Well, there'd have been tears and all that sort of thing."

"Well, what of it? Now, I don't see what we could have done, after letting ourselves in for it. But one thing's certain: neither of us is going to spend a cent of their money. Give me that check."

"I tell you I sent it back to them."

Oddly enough, Colby believed him.

"Well, you were a sucker. You should have torn it up. Now they'll want to write you a letter of thanks; they'll find you don't live where you said you did. They'll look me up; they'll find I'm no detective—we're in for trouble. At least, you are—you committed forgery."

"When?"

"When? What's the joke? Half an hour ago, when you signed Hugh Wayne's name to that deed."

"Oh!" Herndon lighted another cigarette. "I'll never be jailed for that."

"No? Maybe not. You're lucky, I'll admit. O Lord!" Colby stared out the window and sighed.

"What's wrong, Frank? Sorry you wasted time on this affair?"

Colby shook his head.

"Not the money; something else. I—the police haven't a blamed thing on me. I could ask any woman to marry me without fear of my record busting up the happy home. And I—I could go straight, and earn money, too—And that Miss Sary lady—"

"Well, what about her?"

"A center-shot—in the heart, kid. Sounds funny; an old grafter like me—but—you'll never josh me about it, if you're wise, my friend. I'm just talking. You listen—and forget it."

"Why, I wouldn't josh you, Frank. But why not go back to her?"

"With her finding out some day that I planted you, that I was accessory to a forgery? Fine chance!"

Herndon lighted still another cigarette.

"Well, well. And whoever thought I'd be playing Cupid? Listen, Frank: If that's all that's keeping you, get off the train at the next stop. That deed will never bother you. Hugh Wayne will never say he didn't sign his name to it."

"Yah. How do you know?"

"How? Why, this is how: Before I began calling myself Larry Herndon, my name was Hugh Wayne."

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## Myself and Others

(Continued from page 77)

passed for hours *en route* to Buffalo, are graven on my memory. Mounds of fresh-gathered fruit, some golden, some crimson, lay about the trees, many of which still carried their colorful burden. Another potent remembrance of this and subsequent tours is of the turn of the leaf in Canada, so flaming and complete in its chromatic scale from lemon to scarlet as to appear almost unreal.

During the five consecutive years that I played in America, I fancy that I grew more familiar with the country than were most Americans, for I can hardly put my finger on any town sufficiently important to be marked on the map which I have not visited more than once. Certain marvels—such as Niagara—were too awesome to be appreciated at once, but perhaps the first glimpse of the Yosemite Valley from the top of the hill was the most soul-stirring of all of them. The Mariposa grove of big trees filled me with an almost childish astonishment, for, until I actually saw these Wellingtonias, I confess that I had regarded their existence as a chimera of our American cousins' imagination, but after having exhausted a bobbin of thread in encircling the circumference of the Grizzly Giant of the group, and having been given ocular proof that a hole cut through a living tree could shelter our cumbersome coach and the six horses, I felt they were very real indeed. On a medium-sized tree I nailed a silver tablet bearing my name.

Singularly lucky in meeting with no accidents, I still had some narrow escapes. One night, while going South, the couplings gave way unperceived, and the LaLee was left standing for two hours on a single line in a magnolia forest, but until an engine returned in burning haste to fetch us, the whole car had been sleeping in blissful ignorance of its jeopardy.

On one or two occasions we jolted off the line, one of these mishaps occurring near a small Texas town. There was necessarily a considerable delay, and the cowboys lounging around the small station planned a Buffalo Bill show for my entertainment. Among other items, a raw bronco was lassoed, and a substantial present was to be bestowed by me on whoever should succeed in mounting it. Louis Calvert, who was in my company that season, will remember his courageous but futile efforts to climb up on the tricky beast, which eventually submitted to a seasoned vaquero after a score of badly bruised aspirants had been worsted.

And now let me say a few words regarding my distinguished coworker, Charles Coghlan. It is, I believe, generally conceded by reviewers of the drama that he was one of the foremost and most intellectual players of his day. I think he told me that he had first studied acting in Paris and had even played small parts at the Théâtre Français, where he had developed an artistic restraint which later caused him to become the apostle of "reserved force" on the British stage. For this quality he was praised to the skies by that band of fine critics headed by Clement Scott and including Moy Thomas, Joseph Knight, and other educators of the theatrical taste of London at the time.



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Coghlan was an exceedingly "brainy" actor, but an equally temperamental one, giving at times a great performance, at others a purely mechanical one. Inferior artists passed him in the race for fame and became stars and managers, for he seemed deficient in certain characteristics that help to make a star. Perhaps he lacked magnetism, for, although audiences appreciated his scholarly and eminently natural playing, I do not think he established that electrical contact with them which is so vital for a public favorite.

When he joined me, he must have been about forty. An Irishman by birth and disposition, he had lived much on the Continent and spoke several foreign languages fluently, besides being unusually proficient in his own. He was also author of several successful plays, among them "Lady Barter" and "A Quiet Rubber." The latter is still included in Sir John Hare's repertory. Rehearsals and preparation seemed more congenial to him than the actual performances, for he hated and railed against the actor's make-up, deemed necessary before facing the footlights, urging that, though it was natural for a woman to resort to art to display herself to advantage, it was infinitely degrading to a man. He died and was buried at Galveston, Texas, but his remains were not allowed to rest in peace, for the great storm that demolished the town invaded the cemetery and swept many of the coffins (including that of Charles Coghlan) out to sea, which singular happening to his remains was predicted for him by a crystal-gazer while he was still a young man.

Doubtless every woman who goes on the stage and makes anything of a name for herself receives dozens, possibly hundreds, of letters from unknown admirers, who either imagine themselves in love with the object of their epistolatory attentions or are possessed of an insane desire to become acquainted with those who are more or less in the public eye. I myself have not been neglected in this respect, and though the letters received from my unknown correspondents were usually dropped into the waste-paper basket as soon as the subject of their contents became obvious, I find I have kept two, which came to light recently when going through my correspondence of earlier days. I reproduce them as examples of the difference existing in the view-point of an Englishman and an American. The former evidently believed that my attention might be caught by sentiment, while the latter pinned his faith to my commercial instincts. Let us have the sentimental one first.

## MRS. LANGTRY:

I have fallen in love with you. I cannot find any poetic language to express my feelings. I never was any good at making love in the style of the halfpenny novelette. I just know that I love you. I don't know why I do, but I do. Perhaps you will think this rather impudent, coming from an utter stranger, but I could not help falling in love with you, dear, could I? I don't think anyone could.

I am not one of those individuals who run after actresses; indeed, I would send you my name and address, but I don't know whether you want to know it or not. As a sort of guarantee, however, I may mention that my father has been a citizen of N—for over fifty years and has been on the Commission of the Board for some years. I myself am twenty years of age. So you will understand that, in what-

ever I say or do, my intentions are strictly honorable.

Would you meet me in the Central Station on Sunday, 21st. inst., at 3 o'clock? Will you come, dearest?

If you want to communicate with me, if you will put a line in the *Evening Chronicle* in what serves for the personal column (above the Lost and Found) to-morrow (Saturday) or any day next week, I will immediately send you my name and address, so that you can write direct. By the by, to enable you to recognize me, I will wear a white flower in my jacket on Sunday. The station is awfully quiet on Sunday afternoons, scarcely anyone about, so there will be no fear of a mistake if you care to come. Won't you, dear?

Yours,  
E—J—S.

The letter from the American, dated from Salt Lake City in 1893, was more to the point, and certainly the poor man could not be accused of concealing from me either his present circumstances or his future prospects:

MADAM:

To-day a gentleman arrived in this city from Leeds, Yorkshire, England. He eulogized you as being amiable, affable, and of pleasant disposition, well educated, refined, and cultured, of a very respectable family, high social and financial standing, handsome appearance, irreproachable character, and, last but not least, a thorough Christian lady.

He informed me you would remarry if you received a worthy opportunity. He also suggested I write to you, object being matrimony. He likewise requested me not to use or divulge his name. I must confess I know nothing concerning you, but verily believe aforementioned eulogium and information is truth without exaggeration; therefore I write this epistle.

To you, I presume I am a stranger, unknown and unheard of; consequently I deem it necessary to state who I am and from whom I originated. My deceased father was paper manufacturer on Esk River. His ancestors and the ancestors of W. E. Gladstone were identical. My deceased mother's name was M—C—, of Highland Scotch descent.

My business is a paper manufacturer. In the past I have been connected with the paper-manufacturing industry in this city, but the plant being operated by steam-power, I resolved to establish a paper-manufacture industry where a sufficiency of water-power and raw material inexhaustible can be obtained, where labor is cheap, and where there is a large field for the consumption of the manufactured product, in a mild and genial climate, and the same can be found at San Antonio, Texas.

I therefore propose to establish a large paper-manufacture industry thereat, employing male and female. As soon as I can dispose of all my property in Utah, I will proceed to Texas, purchase the site, and subsequently proceed East to purchase paper-making machinery.

If my object to you is acceptable and you propose visiting the United States during the World's Fair, and you have no objection to converse with and see me, I would be pleased if you would name the month you intend being in Chicago and thereby give me an opportunity of seeing you.

I consider it advisable to describe myself. My height and weight is similar to that of Andrew Carnegie and deceased Jay Gould. Height five feet five, weight one hundred and fifty pounds, age thirty, color of hair brown, complexion fair, never married, and church member. May I send you my photo? W. E. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and the Duke of Marlborough and others have my photo sent from U. S.

I am, madam,

Yours sincerely,  
W—H—G.

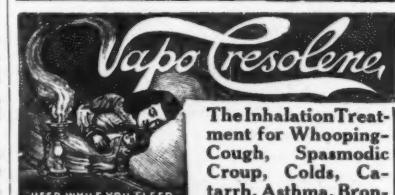
# The Jar of Musterole on the Bath-Room Shelf

When little Susie had the croup; when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold; when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates down to where the congestion causes the ache or the cold. And the heat which it generates usually carries off the congestion together with the cold or sprain or rheumatism. Yet its heat is a non-blistering heat. Musterole even feels cool a few moments after you have applied it. And the ease usually comes immediately while you are rubbing on Musterole over the place. Keep your jar of Musterole on the bath-room shelf—handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

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Dr. B. C. Moore says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp." The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a 'bloom' by Asthma sufferers. For the treatment of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of success.

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Cosmopolitan for April, 1918



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"When my complexion was red, rough and unsightly, I was so ashamed that I never had any fun. I imagined that people avoided me—perhaps they did! But the regular use of Resinol Soap—with a little Resinol Ointment just at first—has given me back my clear, healthy skin."

Try Resinol Soap a week, and you will know why you will want it the year round. The soothing, healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to blotches and oiliness, soothes irritated pores, offsets the effects of neglect or improper treatment, and brings out the real beauty of the complexion, giving *Nature* the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

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A favorite compliment to or souvenir of actresses seems to find expression in calling babies who happen to be of the christening age after them, and there must be a considerable number of Lillie Langtry Smiths, Lillie Langtry Browns, and Lillie Langtry Joneses distributed about the globe. Once, a charming lady, a stranger, visited me in a provincial English town where I was playing. She led by the hand a pretty little flaxen-haired girl of five years and begged me to be her godmother, saying that she had postponed her christening till I paid a return visit, the baby having come into the world when I was there before.

The greatest surprise of all was to have a town named in my honor! This happened on my first tour in the States, when a Canadian styled Roy Bean, after spending much of his life in northern Mexico, grounded the town in question in southern Texas. The embryo city clearly thrived, for in two or three years it was accorded the privilege of a station on the Southern Pacific, and about that time I received a letter from the founder pressing me to visit it. It was at the moment impossible, and on writing him my regrets, I offered to present an ornamental drinking-fountain as a sop; but Roy Bean's quick reply was that "it would be quite useless, as the only thing the citizens of Langtry did not drink was water."

Years passed, and I came and went and toured and forgot the circumstance. Then, on a later trip to California by the southern route, the invitation was repeated by the "bigwigs" of the township, who besought me to take advantage of passing through Langtry to bestow half an hour on a reception. The Southern Pacific was willing, and my company and I awaited the new experience all agog, working ourselves up to the high point of interest and anticipation as the train, having crossed the Pecos River, sped nearer and nearer MY town!

The afternoon sun was blazing down on the parched sandy plain with its monotonous clothing of sage-brush and low-growing cactus when the Sunset Express came to a sudden stop. A casual glance from the window of the Lalee revealed no reason why we should pause there rather than at any other point of the continuous gray desert, but the three woolly heads of my devoted "staff" made a simultaneous appearance in the doorway, announcing, in an excited chorus, the fact that we were actually at Langtry, but on account of my car being, as usual, placed at the tail-end of the long train, we could see no sign of habitation. I hurriedly alighted, just as a cloud of sand heralded the approach of a numerous throng of citizens plowing their way along the entire length of the train to give me the "glad hand." That the order of procedure had been thought out and organized was soon evident, for at the head of the ceremonious procession were the officials of the little Texas town, who received me very heartily.

Justice of the Peace Dodd, a quiet, interesting man, introduced himself and then presented Postmaster Fielding, Station-master Smith, and other persons of consequence. Next in order came a number of cowboys, who were also formally introduced. Langtry did not boast a newspaper, and therefore these young

men had been gathered in from the ranges by means of mounted messengers. They were all garbed in their finest leathers and most flamboyant shirts, as became the occasion, making a picturesque group, one loosing off his gun as he passed me in tangible proof of his appreciation of my visit.

Thirty or forty girls, all about fifteen or sixteen, followed and were announced *en bloc* as "the young ladies of Langtry." And finally "our wives" brought up the rear. Justice Dodd then welcomed me in an apt speech, and after recounting the history of the town from its inception, declared that it would have been the proudest day in the late "King" Bean's life (he had been dead only a few months) if he had lived to meet me, adding, with obvious embarrassment, that his eldest son, aged twenty-one, who had been cast for the leading rôle in this unique reception, had received a sudden summons to San Francisco on important business. But it was generally whispered that he had taken fright at the prospect of the responsible part he was to play, and was lying in hiding somewhere among the universal sage-brush.

The special concession allowed by the railway authorities being limited to half an hour, I was regrettably unable to see the town proper, which lay across the line and some little distance from the tiny wooden shed with "LANGTRY" writ large upon it and which did duty for the station, but happily the Jersey Lilly saloon was near at hand, and we trudged to it through sage-brush and prickly cactus. I found it a roughly built wooden two-story house, its entire front being shaded by a porch on which a chained monkey gamboled, the latter (installed when the saloon was built) bearing the name of "The Lily" in my honor. The interior of the Ritz of Langtry consisted of a long, narrow room which comprised the entire ground floor, whence a ladder staircase led to a sleeping-loft. One side of the room was given up to a bar—naturally the most important feature of the place—while stoutly made tables and a few benches occupied the vacant space. The tables showed plainly that they had been severely used, for they were slashed as if with bowie-knives, and on each was a well-thumbed deck of playing-cards. It was here that Roy Bean, justice of the peace and self-styled "law west of the Pecos River," used to hold his court and administer justice, which, incidentally, sometimes brought "grist to his mill." The stories I was told of his ready wit and audacity made me indeed sorry that he had not lived over my visit. A tale was related of a Langtryite who had killed a Chinaman in a brawl in a neighboring town, where a large number of the "yellow peril" were employed on some special work, the result being that a deputation of the inhabitants arrived at Langtry crying out for vengeance. Roy Bean received his angry visitors in a conciliatory spirit, did a thriving business at the bar of the "hotel," housed them in the loft for the night, and left promising to consult his book of law. Returning next morning, the J. O. P. took his accustomed seat on the bar-counter with much dignity and made a speech, discharging the prisoner for the reason that, though he found there was certainly a penalty for killing a white man and a modified penalty for killing a black one,



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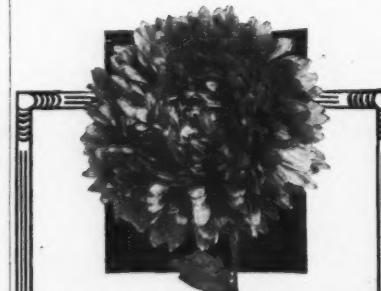


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### HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St., Phila.

he regretted to say there was not even an allusion to a yellow man in his famous volume.

This resourceful individual also prospered on a system, all his own, which allowed of immediate divorce and remarriage, until his methods were frowned on by the government. A story I recall of his ready jurisdiction was that, on being informed that a traveler was lying dead near by, he went to inspect the corpse. One of the pockets of the dead man sheltered a revolver, and the other contained forty dollars. He adjudged this case instanter by fining the corpse forty dollars for illegally carrying a revolver and transferring both weapon and money to the commonwealth of Langtry.

We still had a few minutes to see the schoolhouse, which was adjacent to the saloon, but the schoolmistress had locked the door on this great holiday, so, after pledging myself to send a supply of suitable books from San Francisco, I returned to the train. The cemetery was pointed out to me in the distance, and the significant act deduced that only fifteen of the citizens buried there had died natural deaths!

One of the officials—a large, red-bearded, exuberant person—confided to a lady of my company that he deplored not having brought me a keg of fresh-made butter, also that he had a great mind to kiss me, only he didn't know how I would take it, and I thankfully add that Miss Leila Repton had the presence of mind to put a damper on his bold design.

On nearing the train, which was becoming rather impatient, I saw the strange sight of a huge cinnamon bear careering across the line, dragging a cowboy at the end of a long chain. The Lailee was decorated with a good many cages, for on my journey through the South I had acquired a jumping frog at Charleston, an alligator in Florida, a number of horned toads, and a delightfully tame prairie-dog called Bob. Hence I suppose the correct inference was drawn that I was fond of animals, and the boys resolved to add the late Roy Bean's pet to my collection. They hoisted the unwilling animal on to the platform and tethered him to the rail, but happily before I had time to consider how to rid myself of this unwelcome addition without seeming discourteous, he broke away, scattering the crowd and causing some of the vaqueros to start shooting wildly at all angles.

It was a short visit but an unforgettable one. As a substitute for the runaway bear, I was presented later with Roy Bean's revolver, which hangs in a place of honor in my English home and bears the following inscription:

Presented by W. H. Dodd, of Langtry, Texas, to Mrs. Lillie Langtry in honor of her visit to our town. This pistol was formerly the property of Judge Roy Bean. It aided him in finding some of his famous decisions and keeping order west of the Pecos River. It also kept order in the Jersey Lilly Saloon. Kindly accept this as a small token of our regards.

I also carried away a box of resurrection-plants, the gathering of which for sale in the large cities is one of the sources of revenue to Langtry. Later, in England, I gave one to the great American painter, John S. Sargent, and his appreciation is certainly a guarantee of the resurrection-

plant's ability to live up to its reputation. He wrote:

DEAR MRS. LANGTRY:

That resurrection-plant is amazing. It is a green tree to-day. A thousand thanks for such a rarity. I meant to have called to thank you, but am busy sending off pictures.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN S. SARGENT.

As the painter writes, these resurrection-plants are indeed astonishing; even baking in an oven cannot kill them.

After five intensely interesting years

spent in the States, I returned to England to continue my profession, and since then have only occasionally visited America to fill engagements. But however long I may remain absent from the "Land of the Free," the days spent there will remain shrined in my store of happy memories. So my readers will realize how great a pleasure it has been to set down in these fugitive papers a few circumstances of my life. Some day, perhaps, I may resume the task of recording further incidents concerning "Myself and Others."

THE END

## A Boob Spelled Backward

(Continued from page 35)

house—oh, you don't find me starting my married life that way at this late date. I haven't held off five years for that."

Mr. Lipkind pushed back his but slightly tasting food, lines of strain and a certain whiteness out in his face.

"It—it just seems awful, Clara, this going-around in a circle and not getting anywhere."

"I'm at the end of my rope, I am."

"I see your point in a way, Clara, but, my God, a man's mother is his mother! It's eating up my life just as it's eating yours, but what you going to do about it? It just seems the best years of our life are going, waiting for God knows what."

Hands clasped until her finger nails whitened, Miss Bloom leaned across the table, her voice careful and concentrated.

"Now you said something. That's why you and me are here alone together to-night. There's not going to be a sixth year of this kind of waiting between us. Things have got to come to a head. I've got a chance, Sam, to marry. Eddie Leonard has asked me."

"I—thought so."

"Eddie Leonard ain't a Sam Lipkind, but after the war his five-thousand-dollar job is down at Arnstein's waiting for him, and he's got a good stiff bank-account saved as good as yours and—and no strings to it. I believe in a girl facing them facts the same as any other facts. Why, I—this war and all—why, if anything was to happen to you to-morrow—us unmarried this way—I'd be left high and dry without so much as a penny to show for the best five years of my life. We've got to do one thing or another, Sam. I believe in a girl being practical as well as romantic."

"I—see your point, Clara."

"I'm done with going around in this circle of ours."

"You mean—"

"You know what I mean."

The lower half of Mr. Lipkind's face seemed to lock, as it were, into a kind of rigidity which shot out his lower jaw.

"I'll see Eddie Leonard burning like brimstone before I let him have you!"

"Well?"

"God, I don't know what to say—I don't know what to say!"

"That's your trouble, Sam; you're so chicken-hearted you—"

"My father died when I was five, Clara, and no matter what my feelings are to you, there's no power on earth can make me quit having to be him as well as

a son to my mother. Maybe it sounds soft to you—but if I got to pay with her happiness for—ours—then I never want happiness to the day I die."

"In other words, it's the mother first."

"Don't put it that way—it's her—age—first. It ain't what she wants and don't want; it's what she's got to have. My mother couldn't live away from me."

"She could if you were called to war."

There was something electric in the silence that followed, something that seemed to tighten the gaze of each for the other.

"But I haven't been—yet."

"The next draft'll get you."

"Maybe."

"Well, what'll you do then?"

"That's something me and ma haven't ever discussed. The war hasn't been mentioned in our house for two years—except that the letters don't come from Germany, and that's a grief to her. There's enough time for her to cross that bridge when we come to it. She worries about it enough."

"If I was a man I'd enlist, I would!"

"I'd give my right hand to. Every other night I dream I'm a lieutenant."

"Why, there's not a fellow I know that hasn't beaten the draft to it and enlisted for the kind of service he wants. I know a half a dozen who have got in the home guard and things and have saved themselves by volunteering from being sent to France."

"I wouldn't dodge the front thataway. I'd like to enlist as a private and then work myself up to lieutenant and then on up to captain and get right into the fray on the front—I—"

"You bet, if I was a fellow, I'd enlist for the kind of home service I wanted—that's what Eddie and all the fellows are doing."

"So would I, Clara, if I was what you call a—free man. There's nobody given it more thought than me."

"Well then, why don't you? Talk's cheap."

"You know why, Clara, to get back to going around in a circle again."

"But you got to go, sooner or later. You've got a comfortable married sister and independent circumstances of your own to keep your mother; you haven't got a chance for exemption."

"I don't want exemption."

"Well then, beat the draft to it."

"I—most girls ain't so anxious to—to get rid of their best fellows, Clara."

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"Silly! Can't you see the point? If—if you'd enlist and go off to a camp, I—I could go and live near you there like Birdie Harberger does her husband. See?"

"You mean—"

"Then—God forbid anything should happen to you—I'm your wife. You see, Sam?"

"Why, Clara—"

"You see what I mean. But nothing can happen this way because if you try to enlist in some mechanical department where they need you in this country—you see, Sam? See?"

"I—see."

"Your mother would have to get used to things then, Sam—it would be the easiest for her. An old lady like her couldn't go trailing around the outskirts of a camp like your wife could. Think of the comfort it'll be to her to have me with you if she can't be. She'll get so used to—"

"I—you mustn't talk that way to me, Clara. When I'm called to serve my country, I'm the first one that will want to go. I've given more money already than I can afford to help the boys who are at the front. So far as I'm concerned, enlisting like this with—with you—around would be the happiest thing ever happened to me, but—well, you see for yourself."

"You mean, then, you won't?"

"I mean, Clara, I can't."

She was immediately level of tone again and pushed back, placing her folded napkin beside her place, patting it down.

"Well then, Sam, I'm done."

"Done, Clara?"

"Yep. That lets me out. I've given you every chance to make this thing possible. Your mother is no better and no different than thousands and thousands of other mothers who are giving their sons to enlist; only, she is better off than most, because she's provided for. It's all right for a fellow's mother to come first, maybe, but if his wife isn't even to come second or third or tenth, then it's about time to call quits. I haven't made up my mind to this in a day. I'm done."

"Clara—"

"Ed has asked me. I don't pretend he's my ideal, but he's more concerned about my future than he is about anybody else's. If I'm ready to leave with him on that one-ten train for Boston to-morrow, where he's going to be put in the clerical corps at Camp Usonis, we'll be married there to-morrow night, and I'll settle down somewhere near camp as long as I can. He's got a good nest-egg if God forbid anything should happen— That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"My God, Clara, this is awful! Eddie Leonin ain't—"

"I've given you first chance, Sam. That proves how you stand with me. Ar! Ace high! First! Nobody can ever take your place with me. Don't be a boob coming and going, Sam; you're one now not to see things and you'll be another one spelled backward if you don't help yourself to your chance when it comes. You've got your life in front of you, and your mother's got hers in back of her. Now choose."

"My God, Clara, this is—terrible—why—I'd rather be a thousand boobs than take my mother's heart and tear—"

"You won't?"

"I can't."

*Cosmopolitan for April, 1918*

"Don't say that, Sam. Go home and—sleep on it. Think it over. Please! Come to your senses, honey. Telephone me at eleven to keep me from catching that one-ten train. Don't let me take it with Eddie. Think it over, Sam. Honey—or—future—don't throw it away!"

There were tears streaming from her eyes, and her lips, so carefully firm, were beginning to tremble.

"You can't blame a girl, Sam, for wanting to provide for her future. Can you, Sam? Think it over. Please! I'll be praying when eleven o'clock comes to-morrow morning for you to call me. Please, Sam—think!"

He dropped his face low, lower toward the table, trembling under the red wave that surged over him and up into the roots of his hair.

"I'll think it over, Clara—my girl—my own girl!"

As if the moments themselves had been woven by her flying amber needles into a whole cloth of meditation, Mrs. Lipkind, beside a kitchen lamp that glowed in gracious light, knitted the long, quiet hours of her evening into fabric, her face screwed and out of repose and occasionally the lips moving. Age is prone to that. Memories love to be mumbled and chewed over—the unconscious kind of articulation which comes with the years and for which youth has a wink and a quirk.

A tiger cat with overfed sides and a stare that seemed to sleep purred on the window-ledges, gold and unswerving of eye. The silence was like the singing inside of a shell, and into it rocked Mrs. Lipkind.

By nine o'clock she was already glancing up at the clock, cocking her head to each and every of night's creaks.

By half after nine there were small and frequent periods of peering through cupped hands down into a street so remote that its traffic had neither shape nor identity. Once she went down a long slit of hallway to the front door, opening it and gazing out upon a fog-filled corridor that was papered in embossed leatherette, one speckled incandescent bulb lighting it sadly. There was something impregnable, even terrible to her in the featureless stare of the doors of three adjoining apartments. She tiptoed, almost ran, poor dear, with the consciousness of some one at her heels, back to the kitchen, where at least was the warm print of the cat's presence; fell to knitting again, clacking her needles for the solace of explainable sound.

Identically with the round moment of ten, Mr. Lipkind entered, almost running down the hallway.

"Hello, ma! Think I got lost? Just got to talking and didn't realize. Haven't been worried, ma? Afraid?"

She lifted her head from his kiss.

"Afraid?" What you take me for? For why should I be worried at only ten o'clock. Say, I'm glad if you stay out for recreation."

He kissed her again, shaking out of his coat and unwinding his muffler.

"I could just see you walking the floor and looking out of the window."

"Sa-y, I been so busy all evening I didn't have time to think. I'm not such a worrier no more like I used to be. Like the saying is—life is too short."

He drew up beside her, lifting her needles off her work.

"Little sweetheart mama-la, why don't you sit on the big sofa in the front room where it's more comfortable?"

"You can't make, Sammy, out of a pig's ear a silk stocking."

He would detain her hands, his eyes pucker and oh, so intent upon her.

"You had a good time, Sammy?"

"You'd be surprised, ma, what a nice place Clara boards at."

"What did they have to eat? Good cooking?"

"Not for a fellow that's used to my boarding-house."

"What?"

"I couldn't tell if it was soup or finger-bowls they served for the first course."

"I know—stylish broth. Let me warm you up a little of my thick lentil soup that's left over from—"

He pressed her down.

"Please, ma! I'm full up. I couldn't. They had pink ice-cream, too, with pink cake and—"

"Such mess-food what is bad for you. I'm surprised how Clara keeps her good complexion. Let me fix you some fried—"

"Ma, I tell you I couldn't. It's ten o'clock. You mustn't try to fatten me up so. In war-time a man has got to be lean."

She sat back suddenly and whitely quiet.

"That's—twice already to-day, Sam, you talk like that."

He took up her lax hand, moving each separate finger up and down, eyes lowered.

"Why not? Doesn't it ever strike you, mama-la, that you and me are—kidding ourselves along on this war business, pretending to each other there ain't no war."

She laid a quick hand to her breast.

"What you mean, Sammy?"

"Why, you know what I mean, ma. I notice you read the war-news pretty closely all right."

"Sammy, you mean something!"

"Now, ma, there's no need to get excited right away. Think of the mothers who haven't even got bank-accounts whose sons have got to go."

"Sammy—you ain't been—"

"No, no; I haven't."

"You have! I can see it in your face! You've come home with some news to break. You been drafted!"

He held her arms to her sides, still pressing her down to her chair.

"I tell you I haven't! Can't you take my word for it?"

"Swear to me, Sammy!"

"All right; I swear."

"Swear to me on your dead father who is an angel in heaven!"

"I swear—thataway."

She was still pressing against her breathing.

"You're keeping something back. Sammy, is that we got mail from Germany? From aunt Carrie? Bad news—O my God!"

"No! No! Who could I get mail from there any more than you've been getting it for the last two years? Mamma, if you're going to be this excitable and get yourself sick, I won't talk over anything with you. I'll quit."

"You got something, Sammy, to break to me. I can read you like a book."

"I'm done. If I can't talk facts over



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## Infantile Paralysis

caused the deformity of foot and leg shown in this picture. Treatment at the McLain Sanitarium resulted as shown below. The boy is Marlen Ohman. His mother writes:

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Cosmopolitan for April, 1918

with you without your going to pieces this way, I'm done. I quit."

She clasped her hands, her face pleading up to him.

"Sammy, what is it? If you don't tell me, I can't stand it. Sammy?"

"Will you sit quiet and not get excited?"

"Please, Sammy, I will."

"It's this: You see, ma, the way the draft goes. When a fellow's called to war, drafted, he's got to go, no questions asked. But when a fellow enlists for war, volunteers, you see, before the government calls him, then thataway he can pick out for himself the thing he wants to be in the army. Y'see? And then maybe the thing he picks out for himself can keep him right here at home. Y'see, ma—so he don't have to go away. See the point?"

"You mean when a boy enlists he offers himself instead of gets offered."

"Exactly."

"You got something behind all this. You mean you—you want to enlist."

"Now, ma—you see, if I was to enlist—and stay right here in this country—with you near the camp or, as long as it's too rough life for you, with—with Clara there—a woman to look in on—"

"Sammy—you mean it's enlistment!"

Her voice rose in velocity; he could feel her pulse run beneath his fingers.

"It's the best way, ma. The draft is sure to get me. Let me beat it and keep myself home—near you. We might as well face the music, ma. They'll get me one way or another. Let me enlist now, ma. Like a man. Rightaway. For my country!"

Do you know the Eyes of Bellini's "Agony in a Garden?" Can you hear for yourself the note that must have been Cassandra's when she shouted out her forebodings? There were these now in the glance and voice of Mrs. Lipkind as she drew back from him, her face actually seeming to shrivel.

"No, Sammy. No! No! No!"

"Ma—please—"

"You wouldn't! You couldn't! No, Sammy—my son!"

"Ma, for God's sakes don't go on so!"

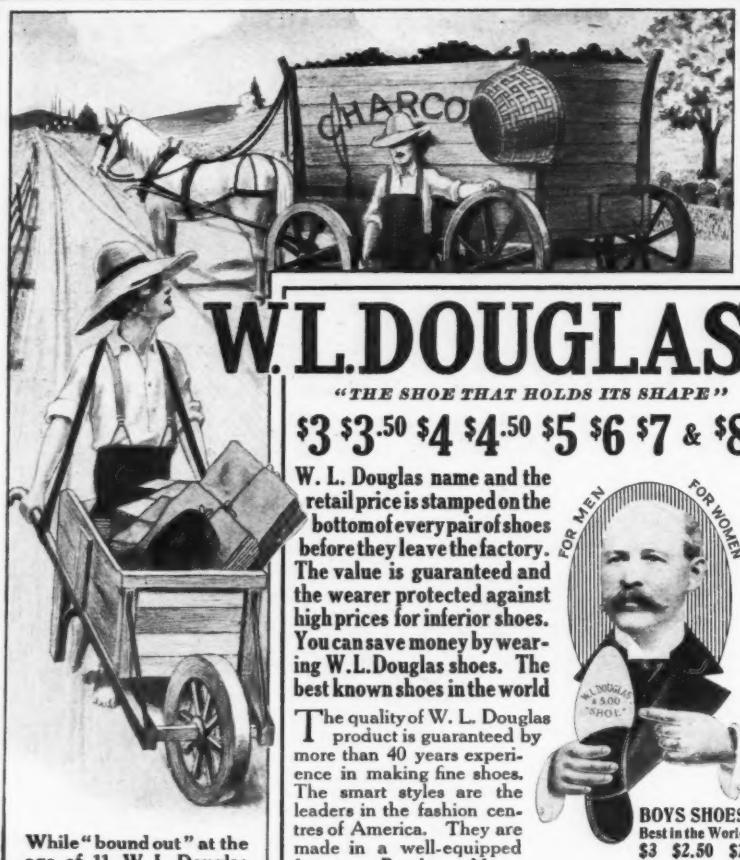
"Then tell me you wouldn't! Against your own flesh and blood! Tell me you wouldn't!"

"No, no, ma! For God's sake, don't take a fit—a stroke—no, no; I wouldn't—I wouldn't!"

"Your own blood, Sammy! Your own baby cousins what I tucked you in bed with—mine own sister's children! Her babies what slept with you. Mine own sister who raised me and worked down her hands to the bone to make it so with my young husband and baby we could come to America—no—no!"

"Mamma, for God's sakes—"

"Three years like a snake here inside of it's eating me—all night—all day—I'm a good American, Sammy; I got so much I should be thankful for to America. Twenty-five years it's my home, the home where I had prosperity and good treatment, the home where I had happiness with your papa and where he lies buried, but I can't give you to fight against my own, Sammy—to be murdered by your own—my sister what never in her life harmed a bird—my child and her children—cousins—against each other. My beautiful country what I remember with cows and green fields and clover—always the smell



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of clover. It ain't human to be such patriotic, Sammy. It ain't human to murder against your own flesh and blood for God knows what reason!"

"Mamma, there is a reason it——"

"I tell you I'm a good American, Sammy. For America I give my last cent, but not to stick knives in my own—it ain't human—why didn't I die before we got war? What good am I here? In my boy's way for his country—his marriage—his happiness—why don't I die?"

"Ma, I tell you you mustn't! You're making yourself sick. Let me fan you. Here, ma, I didn't mean it. See—I'm holding you tight. I won't never let go. You're my little sweetheart mama-la. You mustn't tremble like that. I'm holding you tight—tight—little mama-la."

"My boy! My little boy! My son! My all! All in their bed together. Three. Her two. Mine. The smell of clover—always that smell—my boy—Sammy—Sam—" And lay back in his arms suddenly, very white and very quiet and very shrivelled.

He watched beside her bed the next five hours of the night, his face so close above hers that, when she opened her eyes, his were merged into one for her, and the clasp of his hand never left hers.

"You all right, ma? Sure? Sure you don't need the doctor?"

She looked up at him with a tired, a burned-out, an ashamed smile.

"The first time in my life, Sammy, such a thing ever happened to me."

He pressed a chain of close kisses to the back of her hand, his voice far from firm.

"It was me, ma. I'll never forgive myself. My little mama-la, my little mama-la sweetheart!"

"I feel fine, son; only, with you sitting here all night, you don't let me sleep for worry that you ain't in bed."

"I love it. I love to sit here by you and watch you sleep. You're sure you've no fever? Sure? Is that the way you tell by if your head is hot?"

"I'm well, Sammy. It was nothing but what you call a fainting-fit. For some women it's nothing that they should faint every time they get a little bit excited. It's nothing. Feel my hands—how cool! That's always a sign—coolness."

He pressed them both to his lips, blowing his warm breath against them.

"There now—go to sleep."

The night-light burning weakly, the great black-walnut bedstead ponderous in the gloom, she lay there mostly smiling and always shamefaced.

"Such a thing should happen to me at my age!"

"Try to sleep, ma."

"Go in your room to bed, and then I get sleep. Do you want your own clerks should beat you to business to-morrow?"

"A little whisky?"

"Go away; you got me dosed up enough with such Schnapps."

"The light lower?"

"No. If you don't go in your room, I lay here all night with my eyes open, so help me!"

He rose, stiff and sore-kneed, hair awry, and his eyes with the red rims of fatigue.

"You'll sure ring the little bell if you want anything, ma?"

"Sure."

"You promise you won't get up to fix breakfast."

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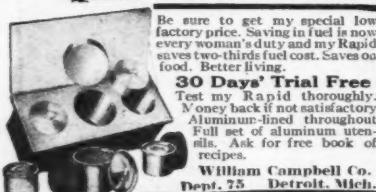
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"If I don't feel good, I let you fix mine."  
"Good-night, little sweetheart mama-la."

"You ain't—mad at me, Sam?"

"Mad! Why, ma, you mustn't ask me a—a thing like that; it just kills me to hear you. Me that's not even fit to black your shoes! Mad at you? Why, I—I—good-night—good—night—ma."

At just fifteen minutes before seven, to the pungency of coffee and the harsh sing of water across the hall, Mrs. Lipkind in a fuzzy wrapper the color of her eyes and hair, kissed her son awake.

"Sam! Sammy! Get up! *Thu, thu*, I can't get him up in the morning!"

The snuggle away and into the crotch of his elbow.

"Sam-my—quarter to seven!"

He sprang up then, haggard, but in a flood of recollection and remorse.

"Ma, I must'a' dropped off at the last minute. You all right? What are you doing up? Go right back—didn't I tell you not to get up?"

"I been up an hour already; that's how fine I feel. Get up, Sammy; it's late."

He flung on his robe, trying to withdraw her from the business of looping back the bed-clothing over the foot-board and pounding into the pillows.

"I tell you I won't have it! You got to lay in bed this morning."

"I'm all right, Sammy. Wouldn't I say so if I wasn't?" But she sat down rather weakly on the edge of the bed, holding the right side of her, breathing too hard.

"I—I shouldn't have beat that pillow is all. Let me get my breathing. I'm all right." Nevertheless, she let him relax her to his pillow, draw the covers down from the base-board, and cover her.

"This settles it," he said quietly. "I'm going to get a doctor."

She caught his hand.

"If—if you want to get me excited for sure, just you call a doctor—now—before I talk with you a minute—I want to talk—I'm all right, Sammy, if you let me talk to you—one step to that telephone, and I get excited—"

"Please, ma—"

"Sammy?"

"Yes."

"Will you listen to me and do like I want it?"

"Yes."

"I—been a bad old woman."

"That's right—break my heart."

"I got a brave boy for a son, and I want to make from him a coward."

"Ma—please!"

"I laid saying to myself all night a mother should have such a son like mine and make things hard for him yet!"

"Please, get it all out of your head—"

"From America what has given to me everything I should hold back my son from fighting for. In war, it ain't your own flesh and blood what counts; it's the flesh and blood of your country, not, Sam? I been thinking only it's my family affair. If God let's be such a terrible thing like war, there is somewhere a good reason for it. I want you to enlist, Sammy, for your country. Not for in an office, but for where they need you. I want you to enlist to get some day to be such a lieutenant and a captain like you used to play it with tin soldiers. I want—"

*Cosmopolitan for April, 1918*

"Mamma, mamma, you know you don't mean it!"

"I want it, I tell you. All night I worked on it how dumb I've been, not right away to see it—last night. With Clara near you in the camp—"

"Ma, I didn't mean it that way; I—"

"Clara near you for a woman to look in on, I been so dumb not to right away see it. I'm glad you let it out, Sam. I wouldn't take five thousand dollars it didn't happen—I feel fine—I want it—I—"

"I didn't mean it, ma—I swear! Don't rub it in this way—please—please—"

"Why, I never wanted anything in my life like I want this, Sammy—that you should enlist—a woman to look in on—I been a bad woman, Sammy, I—I—oh—"

It was then that Mr. Lipkind tore to the telephone, his hands so frenzied that they would not properly hold the receiver.

At eight o'clock, and without even a further word, Mrs. Lipkind breathed out quietly, a little tiredly, and yet so eloquent of eye. To her son, pleading there beside her for the life she had not left to give, it was as if the swollen bosom of some stream were carrying her rapidly but gently down its surface, her gaze back at him and begging him to stay the current.

"Mamma! Darling! Doctor—please—for God's sakes—please—she wants something—she can't say it—give it to her! Try to make her tell me what she wants—she wants something—this is terrible—don't let her want something—mamma—little darling mama-la—just one word to me—try—try—O my God—Doctor—"

A black arm then reached down to withdraw him from the glazed stare which had begun to set in from the pillow.

By ten o'clock a light snow had set in, blowing almost horizontally across the window-pane. He sat his third hour there in a rather forward huddle beside the drawn shade of that window, the *sotto-voce* comings and goings, all the black-coated *parvenus* that follow the wake of death, moving about him. A clock shaped like a pilot's wheel, a boyhood property which had marked the time of twenty years, finally chimed the thin, tin stroke of eleven. He glanced up at it with his swollen eyes, and then almost automatically out to the wall telephone in the hall opposite the open door. But he did not move. In fact, for two more hours sat there impervious to proffered warmth of word or deed. Meanwhile, the snow behind the drawn shade had turned to rain that beat and washed against the pane.

Just so the iciness that had locked Samuel Lipkind seemed suddenly to melt in a tornado of sobs that swept him, felled him into a prostration of the terrible tears that men weep.

At a training-camp—somewhere—from his side of a tent that had flapped like a captive wing all through a wind-swept night, Lieutenant Lipkind stirred rather painfully for a final snuggle into the crotch of an elbow that was stiff with chill and night damp.

Out over the peaked city that had been pitched rather than built, and on beyond over the frozen stubble of fields, sounded the bugle-cry of the reveille, which shrills so potently,

I can't get 'em up; I can't get 'em up;  
I can't get 'em up in the morn—ing!

## The Complete Fusser

(Continued from page 37)

He spends his days attaching vast quantities of importance to a vast number of things. Whereas, the truth is that scarcely any of the said things are important in more than the slightest degree. He is the victim of not one delusion but of hundreds of delusions, and especially the grand delusion that the world is ready to come to an end on the most trifling provocation.

But there is no hope of his being sent to join the poached egg in the lunatic asylum. His friends are content to say of him, "He's rather a particular man."

True, his enemies scorn and objurgate him, and proclaim him pernicious to society. You naturally are his enemy, and you scorn him. But you should beware how you scorn him, because you may unconsciously be on the way to becoming a complete fusser yourself. All of us—or, at any rate, ninety-nine out of every hundred of us—have within us the insidious microbe of fussiness.

### III

THE way to becoming a complete fusser is obscure at the start of it. To determine the predisposing causes to fussiness would necessitate volumes of research into the secrets of individuality and the origin of character, and would assuredly lead to no practical result, because these creative mysteries lie beyond our influence—at any rate for the present. A man is born with or without the instinct to fuss—that must suffice for us.

Nevertheless, the real instinct to fuss ought not to be confused with perfectly normal impulses which may superficially resemble it. Thus, it is often assumed that domestic servants as a class are fussy—especially about their food. I can see no reason why domestic servants as a class should be fussy, and I do not believe they are. What is mistaken for fussiness in them is merely the universal human prejudice against anything to which one is not accustomed. Laboring people are, unfortunately for themselves, used to a narrow diet. A hundred comestibles which to their alleged superiors may seem quite commonplace are fearsomely strange to laboring people. A rural girl goes to serve in a large house; she is offered excellent fish and she refuses it; she "can't fancy it." Whereupon the mistress exclaims upon the astounding fussiness of the poor. The explanation of the affair is simply that the rural girl has never had opportunity to regard fish as an article of diet.

Similar phenomena may be observed in children of even the superior unfussy classes. And, for another instance, gardeners will grow the most superb asparagus who would not dream of eating it, and could scarcely bring themselves to eat it. For them, asparagus is not a luxury but something unnatural in the mouth, like snails or the hind legs of frogs. Snails and the hind legs of frogs are luxuries in various parts of the world; the Anglo-Saxon maid-scoring mistress would certainly recoil from them if they were put on her plate, and, in so doing, she would not lay herself open to a charge of fussiness. Yet, in recoiling from them, she

would be behaving exactly like the rural maid whom she scorns.

Nor must fussiness be confused with certain profound and incurable antipathies, such as the strong repulsion of some individuals for cats, apples, horses, etc.

The real instinct to fuss can always be distinguished from the other thing by this: the real instinct to fuss is progressive. If it is not checked with extreme firmness, it goes steadily on its way. And though the start of the way to becoming a complete fusser may be obscure, the later portions of the journey are not so obscure. Pride, if not conceit, presides over them, and is always pushing forward the traveler from one abnormality to the next. Thus, a man discloses a dislike for black clothes. His aunt dies at a great distance and leaves him some money. His wife asks him, "Shall you wear black?" He answers, with somewhat pained dignity, "Darling, you know I never wear black." He is now known to himself and to his wife as the man who will not wear black. Then his father dies, in the same town where the son lives; the object or to black will have to attend the funeral. After a little conversation with him, the wife says to friends: "You know Edward objects to black. He does really. He *never* wears it, and I'm afraid he won't wear it even for his father's funeral."

Henceforth, Edward is known not merely to himself and his wife but to the whole town as the man who won't wear black. It is a distinction. He is proud of it. His wife is rather impressed by the sturdiness of his resolution. He has suffered a little for his objection to black. His reputation is made. An antiblack clause inserts itself into his religion. Pride develops into conceit. Success and renown encourage the instinct to fuss, and soon he has grown fussy about something else. And thus does the fellow reach his goal of being a complete fusser.

### IV

THERE is no cure for the complete fusser. You might think that some tremendous disaster—such as marrying a shrew who hated fussing, or being cast on a desert island, or being imprisoned—would cure him. But it would not. It would only cause a change in the symptoms; for every human environment whatsoever gives occasion for fussiness to the complete fusser. Even in the army, even in the lowest and most order-ridden grades of the army, the complete fusser contrives to flourish. And he is incurable, because he is unconscious of being fussy. What the world regards as fussiness, he regards as wisdom essential to a reasonable existence. He sincerely looks down upon the rest of mankind. Spiritual pride puts him into the category of the hopeless case—along with the alcoholic drunkard, the genuine kleptomaniac, and other specimens whom he would chillingly despise.

Apparently, the sole use of the complete fusser is to serve as a terrible warning to those who are on the way to becoming complete fusers themselves—a terrible warning to pull up.

That fussiness in its earlier stages can

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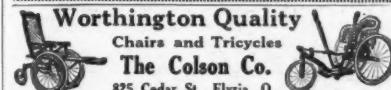
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be cured is certain. But the cure is very drastic in nature. There are lucid moments in the life of the as yet incomplete fuser when he suspects his malady, when he guiltily says to himself, "I know I am peculiar, but—" Such a moment must be seized and immediate action taken. (The "but" must be choked. The "but" may be full of wisdom, but it must be choked; the "but" is fatal.) If the fuser

is antiblack, let him proceed to the shopping-quarter at once. Let him not order a suit-to-measure of black. Let him buy a ready-made suit. Let him put it on in the store or shop, and let him have the other suit sent home. Let him then walk about the town in black. He is saved! No less thorough procedure will save him.

And similarly for all other varieties of fussiness.

The next **Arnold Bennett** article, *Running Away from Life*, will appear in **May Cosmopolitan**.

### Penrod Jashber

(Continued from page 42)

"What were you all doing this afternoon, Sam?"

"When?"

"Following Penrod's sister and—and her friend all over town."

Sam at once looked serious.

"Well, that part of it isn't playin' at all. It's—it's a party dangerous bizness."

"So! How is it dangerous?"

Before Sam could reply, the cry came again from the yard beyond the next:

"Hi, Tabber! You comin'?"

"Can't you wait a minute?" Sam responded impatiently. "Honest, Bob, I can't stay any—"

"Oh, yes, you can," said Robert. "For fifty cents."

"Well, where's—"

"I mean the fifty cents I've already given you," Robert explained.

"Oh," Sam said rather blankly, and then, appreciating the justice of his brother's argument, he inquired, "What you want me to do?"

"Tell me what is the dangerous business, and why you and the other boys were following those two this afternoon. First, how long did you follow them?"

"Till they came back," Sam said, with admirable simplicity.

"Well, I always did believe in young people being carefully chaperoned," said Robert thoughtfully. "It seems to me you boys behaved quite properly in this matter, Sam. What did they do?"

"You goin' to tell papa and mamma?"

"I won't tell anybody at all."

"Well, they got kind of mad, I guess," Sam admitted. "First, they wanted Verman to keep away from 'em, but they couldn't understand anything he said, and I guess they thought he was just goin' the way they were, anyhow; so they went on, way out party near to the new park, and when they got out there, they stood around on the new bridge a good while, and then this ole Dade he tried to chase Verman back, but he couldn't catch him—and Margaret was kind of mad, too, I guess. Well, and then they went and sat around on a bench. So, after while, they got up and started home, and ole Dade he just wouldn't let Verman keep anywhere near 'em. He kep' chasin' him back all the time, and once he chased him party near a square—but every time 'course Verman'd come back again, and then he'd chase him again, and Herman, too. He never saw me and Penrod, but sometimes lots of other people did, and they'd kind o' laugh or sumpthing, and ole Dade, 'course he thought it was all Verman's fault—but he never did catch him."

"Thank you, Sam," said Robert, and, to Sam's surprise, his brother's voice was so affable that it was almost tender. "Now, if you'll just tell me what it's all about, I won't keep you any longer. What did you boys do it for? What were you up to?"

Sam stepped closer and spoke in a low tone.

"Well, Penrod's a detective, now," he said confidentially.

"You mean you boys play he's one."

"No," Sam insisted earnestly; "he *is*! He's a real one. Honest he is, Bob! He's got a badge and everything. He's Number Hundred and three. It's the honest truth, and I wouldn't believe him myself till he showed me the badge. He had to pay a whole lot of money for it, honest! He's got a right to shadow anybody he wants to, and he's got a right to tell anybody else to go and shadow 'em, and they got a right to do it. It's the law."

"All right," said Robert. "But what were you doing this afternoon?"

"We were just out shadowin'. We go out shadowin' that ole Dade all the time. Some days we don't all keep after him, because Herman and Verman got to do a lot o' work around their house, but most o' the time they come along, and they keep right up close to him because Verman's tongue-tied."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"Well, listen, Bob," said Sam, obviously believing his explanation ample, "listen: Herman can understand everything he says, but this ole Dade can't understand a word. Ole Dade tried to kick him four or five times lately, but I don't believe there's anybody in the world can kick Verman. He knows how to get out o' the way when anybody kicks at him better'n any boy I ever knew in my life."

"How does it happen you al' like to go out shadowing Mr. Dade, Sam? How'd you decide on him?"

"Why, I told you," said Sam. "Penrod's a detective. He found it all out."

"Found what out?"

"About old Dade bein' a crook."

"What are you talking about, Sam?"

"Why, he *is* a crook!" Sam exclaimed. "Isn't he, Bob? Don't you think so?"

"Well"—Robert hesitated—"I understand that he was organizing a new insurance company with Mr. Paoli Jones and his brother Montgomery. I didn't know that was criminal, precisely. What does Penrod say he found out?"

"Penrod says first he found out ole Dade steals horses."



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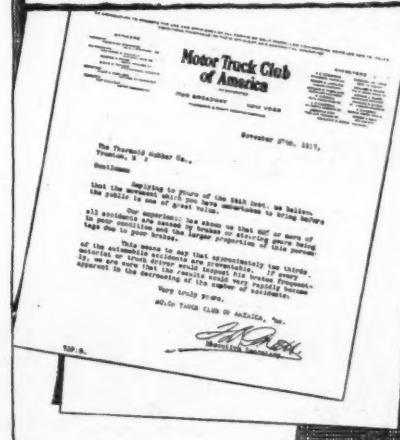
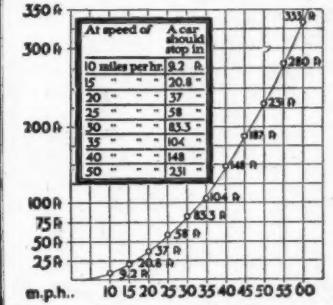
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### **Thermoid Brake Inspection Chart**



Cosmopolitan for April, 1918



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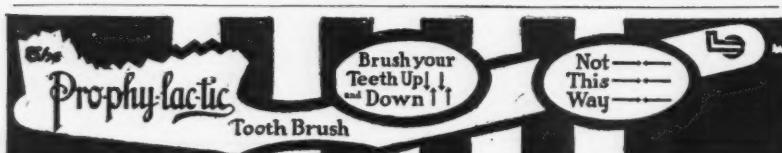
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"No! Did he?"

"Don't you believe it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Robert musingly. "Penrod is a very intelligent boy, it seems to me. I hope he hasn't made a mistake about this."

"Well, that isn't the worst," Sam continued, becoming eager under the encouragement of his brother's benevolent manner. "He does lots worse'n that!"

"What, Sam?"

"Well, you just said yourself he was doin' sumpthing to Marjorie Jones' father and her uncle."

"Well—"

"Well, Penrod found out this ole Dade is goin' to get Marjorie Jones' uncle drunk, and then he's goin' to kill him or sumpthing, and make Marjorie Jones' father sign some ole papers, and take his house an' lot away from him or sumpthing, and get married to Margaret. Penrod says we got to shadow him every minute, because ole Dade's liable to take and do it any day. He's over there now, and that's what I got to go for. We got to keep shadowin' him until we haf to go to bed."

"Run along," said Robert. "I'll ask mother to let you stay out an extra half-hour before she calls you. But here"—he fumbled in his pocket—"here's another quarter. It's not for you; it's for Penrod. Tell him it's a secret, though; he mustn't mention that I sent it to him. Penrod's a nice boy, Sam. I'm glad you're such a friend of his."

And as Sam dropped to the other side of the fence, Mr. Robert Williams decided that he liked boys. Wholesome, fine, sensible creatures, he thought them; and, with his hands in his empty pockets, he strolled round the block under the starlight, whistling. But his whistling stopped momentarily as he passed along the Schofield fence and his ear caught strange, animal-like sounds—not very like. An owl was evidently meant to hoot, and there was a protracted chorus of barking which never would have interested Penrod Schofield's little old dog, Duke.

Robert went on, his renewed whistling loud and cheery.

The next morning Robert received a letter, written and posted late the previous evening. The girlish handwriting, pretty and appealing, showed signs of jerkiness here and there, seeming to reveal that the writer had been subject to agitation as she wrote. Robert paid a more flattering attention to this phenomenon than to the direct and intentional substance of the missive.

### ROBERT:

I really was so amused at your pretending to read a book and not even speaking to old friends as they pass your house. I should think if college had done you much good, you would still be polite enough to at least bow to old friends. I suppose you are still cross over what I said that evening. I don't care, because it was just for your own good and didn't have anything to do with what you were nonsensical enough to accuse me of, anyhow. I should really like to know what on earth is the matter with you. Just because a girl shows a passing interest in somebody else she may hardly know at all except in the most superficial way, and might even be tiresome or ridiculous if she saw too much of such a person, I think nothing could be sillier than her old friends behaving with *actual rudeness* to her for such an absurd reason. I have always been taught that good manners were just as necessary between old

friends as they were anywhere—but, of course, I may be wrong.

Sincerely,  
MARGARET PASSLOE SCHOFIELD.

That afternoon, being again in funds, Robert gave Sam a dollar. Sam's amazement fully equaled his gratitude.

"Well, I certainly am much obliged!" he gasped.

"I want you to give half of it to Penrod," Robert said affably. "He's a boy the more I think about him the more I like to think about him. I suppose you're going on with your game—not 'game,' I mean to say—"

"You mean about ole Dade?"

"Yes," said Robert, "that dangerous business you were speaking of last night. Are you boys going on with it to-day?"

"Why, 'course!"

"Don't let me keep you, then," said Robert politely. "Not for a minute!"

Nevertheless, he called Sam back, after the latter had started, and gave him a dime for Herman and one for Verman.

When Sam, bringing these financial encouragements, reached the agency in Penrod's stable, George B. Jashber and Bill and Jim, that is to say, Nos. 103, 104, and 105 (or George B. and his men) felt that they were making considerable progress. Elated, they went at once to the corner drug-store, where each had an afternoon pick-me-up of soda-water thickened by ice-cream and sweet flavoring sirup. Then, carrying with them salted peanuts, salted almonds, cinnamon drops, sticks of liquorice, a bag of large, soggy balls of coconut-sugar and flour, and a terrible thing almost a foot long, purchased at the grocery and known to them as a "b'loney sausage," they returned to the stable and performed the rite of the Daily Report. The notes taken by George B. on this occasion were sketchier than usual, since the utterance of Bill and Tabber, impeded by mastication, was not much more intelligible than that of Jim. However, since these notes covered the shadowing of the previous day, in which all members of the organization had taken part, their fragmentary nature was probably of no great detrimental importance.

Nor were the chief and his subordinates at all disturbed by the fact that this report showed nothing more discreditable to Mr. Dade than that he had taken a walk with Penrod's sister and had displayed irritation with Verman and, subsequently, with Herman. Indeed, there was no reason why the members of the agency should have been more discouraged by this report than by any other in Penrod's collection, for all the others were as innocuous. The trail of the scoundrel Dade led sometimes from the Y. M. C. A. building to Jones Brothers' real-estate office, sometimes to a barber shop, sometimes to a dairy-lunch or other restaurant, sometimes to the post-office, most frequently to the house of Penrod Schofield—and always, when the shadowers persisted long enough, back to the Y. M. C. A. building. There were times when the scoundrel had been tracked to a confectioner's, and twice he had gone to a florist's, but not once did a report prove him to have entered a saloon. The truth is that a grown person, examining these documents, must have judged Mr. Dade to be certainly harmless and probably exemplary; and if the young man had known of their existence, he might well have cited them in a court of law (suppos-



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*Cosmopolitan for April, 1918*

ing such necessity) as proof of his good habits and testimony to his high character. But whoever surmises that the reports lacked damning significance in the eyes of the agency understands little of George B. Jashber, Bill, Jim, and honest Tabber. They had begun by accepting it as a fact that this ole Dade was guilty; therefore, whatever he did was suspicious. The nature of his guilt remained indefinite; sometimes it was one thing, sometimes another. On certain days, he would be spoken and thought of as a man who stole horses; on other days, his habitual crime seemed to be obtaining possession of some ole father's house an' lot through the signing of some ole papers. But never for one moment was there any doubt that he was a crook. In that capacity, he was securely established—it might be said, indeed, that he had been appointed to the office; he was the official crook of this agency. One noontime, Penrod and Sam shadowed him to a business-men's revival meeting; they even followed him inside, and nothing that he did there shook their constant faith that in selecting him to be the agency's crook Penrod had done well.

And in this—as in other ways of boys, whose ways, fundamentally, are grown people's ways, and of whom nearly all human truth may be learned—in this we see a plain old fact of life prettily confirmed: that once we judge, we no longer possess judgment. That is the reason why grown people who have decided to think of certain other people as enemies or as bad people are shocked and troubled (for the moment) when they hear of those enemies or bad people doing something worthy and creditable. The worthy and creditable action is interpreted, in such cases, as the deceptive result of vicious motives. George B. Jashber, Bill, Jim, and Tabber merely omitted the pause for being shocked and doing the interpreting. Thus, the report of ole Dade's visit to the revival meeting was written simply:

Report. Number 103 George B. Jashber and Number 106 Tabber shad to where lots going on like praying and all such. The crook got to sending hims.

The conclusion of *Penrod Jashber* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

## Doing Their Bit

(Continued from page 73)

humanitarian war; and before Blackie's very eyes crowded William Smith, little knowing that, on this very night, he had been double-crossed. So every time Smith laughed, which was often and loud, Blackie had a double laugh. He was the spirit of the mirth. J. Rufus Wallingford imbibed less jubilantly than any of them, and imbibed more soberly. He didn't like Smith.

"Drink 'em out, boys!" ordered Smith thickly, and proposed, for the twentieth time, the toast which seemed to give him particular joy. "Here's to the manufacturers! Here's to you, Mr. Wallingford! And to you, Mr. Daw! May you have a happy life and a glorious death!"

"Nix on the glorious death!" objected Mr. Daw. "That's several times you've buried me, Smith, and it don't mix with champagne."

Mr. Smith laughed uproariously and clinked his glass with Welman.

"We'll take it back, then, Daw. I won't wish you a glorious death. Drink out, boys!" He swayed on his feet, and in his throat rumbled a snatch of guttural song.

Wallingford glanced up and resumed the quiet pinching of the bridge of his nose. He was a man of keen perceptions, of uncomfortable intuitions, and little waves of something had begun to come to him.

Smith refilled from the bottle in his hand. He lifted his glass straight up.

"*Hoch!*"

"Nix on the *Hoch!*!" ordered Blackie.

"That's for the kaiser," returned Smith. "We'll send him the *Hoch!* with those shells!" And, laughing uproariously, he slapped Weylmann on the shoulder. "*Hoch!*"

"We won't *hoch*, anyhow!" declared Blackie.

"That's all right!" And Smith swayed in front of Daw, shaking a finger at him. "In the end, I'll prove to be a better American than you. *Hoch!*"

"No *hoch!*"

"Yes—*hoch!*"

"Not!" And Blackie poured his champagne into the tub.

"Open another bottle, Weylmann!"

Weylmann! Wallingford stared.

"Suppose we wait a while," suggested Weylmann, anxiously regarding Smith.

An instantaneous change came over the latter; his shoulders squared; his neck stiffened; his sandy pompadour seemed to bristle; his jaws set; his lips squared.

"*Öffnen!*" he ordered, in a voice so deep and so hard that Weylmann, as if electrified, jerked the bottle out of the tub with his left hand—and with his right automatically gave a German military salute.

"*Boche!*" yelled Blackie at Smith, and hit him.

"*Boche!*" repeated J. Rufus, slapping his hand to his forehead as the men clutched. "That was it all the time!" He grabbed the 'phone. "Police! Police! Spies! Spies, I say! Germans!" He dropped the 'phone to rush across the room, and, inspired by patriotism to greater heights of personal courage than he had ever known, grabbed the chair which Weylmann had lifted above his head to smash Blackie; but the fight was brief, for the jerk on the chair threw Weylmann backward on the floor, and Wallingford, with a headlong plunge, landed on him with his full tonnage and the struggle was over. Meanwhile, Blackie and Smith had overturned every table and chair in the room, and were now out in the next room doing likewise. They were wrestling over the possession of Smith's gun when the police burst in, and Wallingford panted:

"Huh! Huh! Help him! Huh, huh! I can hold this one!"

It was but a few minutes' work to tie the Teutons, and by that time secret-service men had arrived and the chief was wanting to know things.

"Where's your evidence?"

"Hunch," explained Wallingford. "That's all. Say, Blackie, I know now how Smith took those *boche* waiters away from my table, darn him—military authority! I'll bet you a bird and a bottle, Chief, that you find something."

A secret slide in the bottom of one of the drawers of Smith's wardrobe-trunk gave forth a mine of information concerning the operations of Wilhelm von Schmitt-

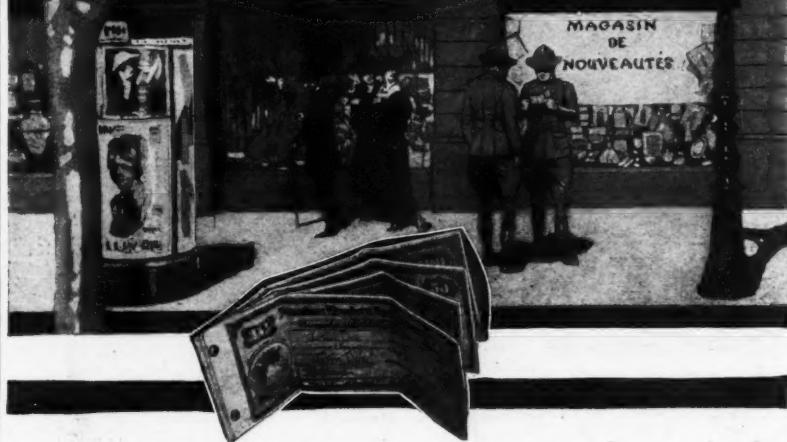
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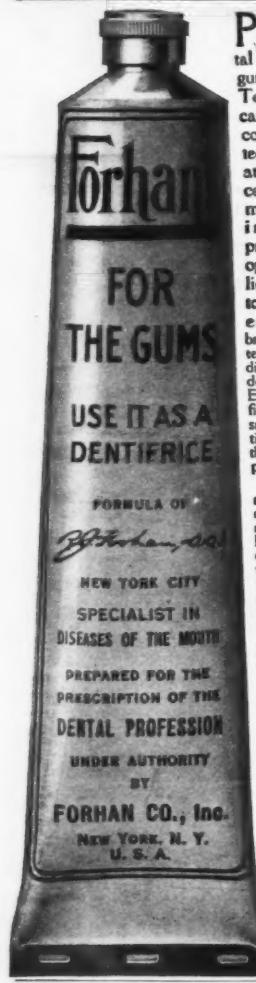
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burg—correspondence with his chiefs in Germany, correspondence with his chiefs in Washington, playful little allusions to the stupidity of the American secret-service men and to the stupidity of Americans in general.

"Smooth stuff, Jim," quietly observed Blackie, while the investigators were translating some ciphers. "We wanted to put this guy away, anyhow."

Wallingford turned on his partner indignantly.

"That wasn't why I did it!" he emphatically asserted. "I did my duty as a patriotic American!"

"Though, of course, Jimmy," grinned Blackie, "if it helps toward that quarter of a million—"

A low whistle interrupted him.

"Great stuff!" shouted the chief. "These guys have been manufacturing shells which will pass government tests for two months, and after that won't carry further than the French rear trenches! Deteriorating chemicals. Where are those shells?"

Wallingford and Blackie were each startled to find that the other had turned the color of a cold fish. There was a great lump in Wallingford's throat as he realized himself to be the boob after all. Oh, a nice little scheme! He and Blackie were to have those shells in their possession for one month after the government tests, and when the ammunition proved to have been Germanized, who would be the goats? And in the safe in the little office was all the evidence which connected Blackie and Wallingford with the ownership of those shells! Glorious death, eh? If only they

The next *Wallingford* story will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

**The Psychic Scar**

(Continued from page 89)

"How could I help it? Carroll Woodworth was a fool to stand it—that's all!"

The quick change in her opened my eyes. I remembered what a thin line there may be between love and hate. Why, in her philosophy, was Carroll a fool? Was it because he had resisted the spell of her? Whatever the answer, it was evident that now she was on guard. Rather than antagonize her further, Kennedy excused himself, and we slowly continued up-town to the university.

Back in the laboratory, Craig began keenly studying the original notes of the dream which Sylvia had brought to him.

"Of course," he remarked, as he looked over what I had written, "you understood that I could read what she had written all right?"

I had not, and I did not hesitate to confess it.

"Well," he smiled, "I wanted to see whether she would make any changes. Changes in telling dreams are often very significant."

What she had written was as follows:

I was at a house-party somewhere, last year, with my sister, and Irma and Carroll were there. There were other men, Merle and Bennett. There seemed to be a dangerous errand. How it was dangerous is not quite clear. But I chose a man—a dark man—of rather bad reputation to do it, and put it up to him to do the work and redeem himself.

Afterward I seemed to be walking through a wood with Carroll. I don't know where we

*Cosmopolitan* for April, 1918

hadn't double-crossed Smith! If only that evidence were back in the safe and their own evidence removed! Wallingford looked again toward burglar Daw, but Blackie was gone. Sweet peace settled at once on the troubled countenance of J. Rufus.

"We'll put your prisoners away; then I'll lead you to the ammonish," he said to the chief, mopping his brow; for the perspiration had started and he was nice and pink again. "Why, the cusses tried to sell us that stuff to sell to the government! That's how we got on."

When the secret-service men raided the little office and forced open the safe, they found more evidence against Smith and Welman, but none against Wallingford and Blackie Daw. The latter gentleman arrived while they were going through the papers, and received a glance of approval from his partner.

"Quickest job of safe-cracking I ever did," whispered Blackie, at his earliest opportunity; "and the first time I ever did two in one night. But say, Jim, you know what happened when I destroyed all the evidence that we owned those shells? We lost that half-million dollars, Schmitz's quarter-million, and our own scrapings."

"I'm satisfied," whispered Wallingford, running his finger round inside his collar. It had seemed tight on his neck when he had thought that the ownership of those doctored munitions might be fastened on him and Blackie. "I'm satisfied to be out of this alive."

"But broke," added Blackie thoughtfully. "We certainly did our bit."

were going, but I seemed to have difficulty in getting there, and Carroll was helping me along. Finally, when we got almost to the top of the hill, I stopped. I did not go any further, though he did.

Then I seemed to meet Irma. Just then, she cried that there was a fire. I turned round and looked. There was a big explosion, and everybody ran out of the houses, shrieking.

For some moments Craig continued comparing the two versions of the dream.

"There are some important variations between what she wrote calmly on paper and what she spoke under more or less excitement later," he remarked, "I wish I could have reversed the process. I fancy the variations would have been more significant."

"Then you regard the dreams as important?" I asked.

"Important! Indispensable. If I can get at the truth of the situation, it must be through these dreams. I am sure that it will be impossible otherwise with these sophisticated, rapid society members. It may be that I can solve that which otherwise would be insoluble."

I did not follow him, but that was not strange for me, for his mind worked so rapidly.

"You know," he soliloquized, "Freud tells us that as soon as you enter the intimate dream-life of a patient, you find sex in some form or other. The best indication of abnormality is its absence. Sex is one of

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(Continued from page 11)

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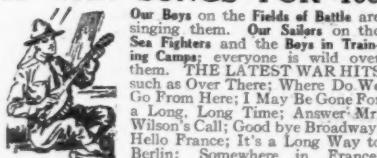
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the strongest impulses, the one subjected to the greatest repression, and, for that reason, the weakest point in our cultural development. The dream is not senseless, but has a definite meaning always.

"There are certain things to keep in mind. Morbid anxiety means unsatisfied love. The gods of fear are born of the goddess of love. Sex-life possesses a far higher significance in our mental household than traditional psychology is willing to admit. Thus, why John Doe doesn't get along with his wife has always been a matter of absorbing interest to the neighborhood. Now, psychology—and mainly dreams—can explain the trouble.

"I can't go into the Freud theory now. But here we are dealing with two opposite types of woman. In one, I fancy I see a wild, *demi-mondaine* instinct that slumbers at the back of her mind, all unknown to herself. She does not know what love is yet—until she feels the wild passion. The other type knows well what love is—too well—she has had many experiences and is always seeking—"

"Craig," I remonstrated, "you do not mean to tell me that you believe you can sit here in a laboratory and analyze love as if it were a chemical in a test-tube!"

"Why not?" he returned. "Love is nothing but a cold, scientific fact. You ask me to explain it, and I tell you I cannot. But there is an attraction—that is a cold, scientific fact—which two people feel for one another. Society may have set up certain external standards. Love knows nothing of them. Our education has taught us to respect them. But, from this veneer, every now and then crop out impulses, the repulsions and attractions which nature, millions of years back, implanted in human hearts and handed down. I know nothing more interesting than to put this thing you call love under the microscope and dissect it."

I regarded Craig with amazement.

"You mean that?" I queried. "Why, Craig, some day you will meet your fate—you, the cold, calm, calculating man of science. Like as not she will be some fluffy little creature from the 'Midnight Frolic.' It would be poetic justice if she were. And what a race she would lead you—with your microscope and test-tubes!"

Kennedy smiled indulgently.

"If it should be the case, it would only prove my theory," he replied coolly. "Two atoms are attracted like the electrically charged pith balls—or repulsed. All your fine-spun traditions of society and laws do not then count for the weight of a spider-thread. That is precisely what I mean."

"To get back to the case: Here are two women who no more understand the impulses that sway them than do the moon and sun in their courses. Deep, fundamental forces of sex are at play here. It is for me to unravel what is a closed book to them all. And the Freud theory will do it. Already I know more than even you suspect—"

A rap at the door interrupted him, and a young man shouldered his way in. He was a slender, fashion-plate type, close-cropped of hair, dark, slim, tall.

"I am Merle Burleigh," he announced.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Craig quietly.

"Yes," blustered the other; "I understand that you have been talking with Miss Irma Macy. Professor Kennedy, I want

to tell you that you are treading on dangerous ground. I know the slanders and innuendos that are flying about," went on the young man. "Let me warn you that you will pursue your hounding of that girl to a dangerous point if it is not stopped immediately. You detectives are too clever by half."

The young man turned sharply on his heel, and a moment later was gone. I looked at Craig.

"I think," he remarked, reaching for his hat, "that we had better pursue the remainder of our investigations as rapidly as possible. I am going down to see that detective, Ransom. You, I think, had better go to the *Star*. Perhaps some of the society reporters may give you an earful."

Accordingly, I rode down to the *Star* office, where I was agreeably surprised to learn, after a talk with one of the women reporters assigned to cover society news, that the gossip that had been hinted at by Mrs. Bannister and, later, by Burleigh himself, had attained quite sizable proportions regarding Carroll Woodworth and Irma Macy.

It had been an open secret before his marriage that Carroll had been much in her company, and, indeed, his marriage to the beautiful Sylvia Gildersleeve had been a great surprise. The busybodies had never ceased to talk, and lately there had been a revival of gossip.

As for Merle Burleigh, he was what might be called a "society ass." To no one had the gossip been more galling than to Burleigh, whose idea, evidently was that, if Carroll Woodworth would only let matters alone, he might win Irma himself.

Not a week before, there had actually been an encounter between Carroll and Merle at the hunt club, in which Merle had not come out with flying colors. In general opinion, it was about Irma Macy.

Burleigh, clearly, was jealous. But had it been Irma who had egged him on? Or was it his own irresponsible, quixotic self?

At any rate, when the story had come down to the *Star* office, it had been suppressed, owing to the prominence of the people involved. Now, however, in the light of what had happened, the story became very important.

This was all I could discover, and I returned to the laboratory to wait for Kennedy.

"Did Ransom have anything to say?" I inquired, when he came in and I had related to him what I had learned.

"Not very much," he replied, his mind evidently on something else. "I saw the reports which the agency handed to Mrs. Woodworth—at least," he corrected, "the reports they said they handed her."

"Evidently you haven't a high opinion of Ransom."

"At the best, I don't think much of these detectives who make a specialty of divorce-cases. And, in this instance, I am quite convinced that Ransom was serving some one else, too."

"How's that? Who?" I inquired.

Kennedy shook his head as though to discourage questioning.

"Whatever we may think of this particular stratum of society," he remarked, changing the subject, "I think it will come as a distinct surprise to most people that Carroll Woodworth, in spite of all the stories about him, has absolutely left not a blot on his reputation since his marriage.



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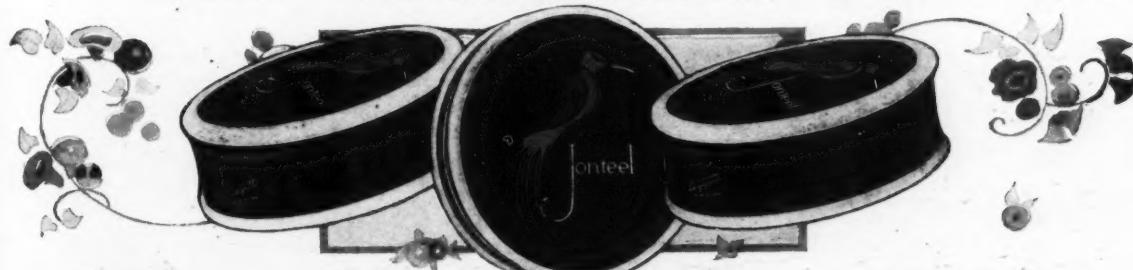
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Yet there are plenty of evidences that he was not without his temptations."

I wondered whether he meant that Irma had actually been as he had pictured her, whether, finally, with the fury of a woman scorned, she had turned on Carroll. In her sudden flash of passion at our interview, there had been a hint of it.

But before I could put the question, Kennedy had drawn from his inside pocket a revolver and was closely examining the barrel, using first a pocket-lens, then swabbing it out and examining the marks on the white cloth.

"Box of cartridges—forty-twos," he muttered to himself. "But this gun hasn't been fired since it was cleaned last."

He appeared to be in a brown study as he contemplated the two revolvers that had figured in the case.

"Where did you get this?" I ventured.

Craig apparently heard me, but the question did not make any impression.

"Just an idea I had," he answered absently. "After I left Ransom, I paid a visit and did a little sneak-thieving—in the interest of science. By George, what an idiot I am! Why didn't I think of that before? Papers burning in the grate—yes—yes. Walter, I must get over to Woodworth's den immediately. Hurry!"

At the house we were admitted by Doyle himself, and the noise which we made entering the hall was enough to apprise Sylvia Woodworth of our presence. She came down the stairs eagerly, and it was easy to see that the strain was telling on her.

"I was afraid that you had deserted me," she whispered almost plaintively. "No one has called except Bennett—and every time he sees these detectives they almost have a fight. Tell me—has anything new been discovered?"

"I think so," returned Kennedy, watching her closely.

"Tell me," she repeated, meeting his eyes frankly.

She was either sincere or a great actress. For a full minute Kennedy and she faced each other, but she never wavered.

"I cannot," he said finally, turning toward the den. "Has the room been disturbed?"

"Only when the undertaker—" She shuddered and left the sentence unfinished.

Just then Doyle reappeared.

"Well," he rasped brusquely, "is there any change, anything you want to add to what you have told? My men are gradually piecing the truth together."

Sylvia flashed a quick glance at Craig, and I knew she knew Doyle was bluffing.

"You have no objection to my examining the den again?" asked Kennedy.

Doyle shrugged, and together we moved down the hall.

The body had been removed, but, as Sylvia had said, the room had been left in the same state as when we first saw it.

Immediately Kennedy began poking about in the fireplace among the charred papers. At first I thought that he might be attempting to find one which would have some bearing on the case, and the same idea was evidently in the mind of Doyle, who smiled quietly. He was satisfied that the papers were thoroughly consumed.

The fire had long since burned itself out and was cold. As Kennedy poked at it, I recalled that once he had used a process by which he had read what was written even

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on a charred bit of paper. Neither quest seemed to be in his mind just at present, for he continued poking at the ashes and actually breaking up what charred and unrecognizable bits there might be.

A sudden exclamation from him brought us crowding about him. There, fallen now underneath, and in back of the embers was a blackened and distorted cartridge shell. He examined it closely.

"A forty-two," he muttered to himself, a smile of satisfaction on his face. "The last link. Some one put it there, knowing that Carroll would light the fire and—"

He did not need to finish. The mystery of the shooting was now plain—the bullet from the forty-two, while there was a thirty-eight on the table, unused.

"Doyle," forestalled Kennedy, seeing that the detective was getting restive, "you have the requisite authority. Call Ransom and have him come up here immediately. Then I want you to send out and find Irma Macy, Merle Burleigh, and Bennett Brown—that man who was here. Meanwhile, Mrs. Woodworth is in my charge. I will be responsible for her."

Doyle obeyed reluctantly, not because he believed in Kennedy but rather for fear of criticism if he refused, for Kennedy had a way of making Central Office men feel mighty uncomfortable.

While we waited, Sylvia Woodworth tried frantically to maintain her grip upon herself. As the moments sped, I went over in my mind all the actors in this tangled case, beginning with Sylvia herself and my original estimate of her. Then there was Bennett Brown. He was the first to arrive. If he was in love with her—and he made no effort to conceal it—to what might that lead? I was frankly suspicious of him.

As for Irma, who came next, there was equal certainty that to her Carroll had meant much. He had refused her love. What might that mean?

Merle Burleigh arrived, blustering as usual. We had already plenty of evidence of his jealousy of Carroll Woodworth's hold upon Irma. Merle's infatuation for the girl was marked.

None of them seemed to take much pains to conceal their feelings, yet they were all the more baffling for that.

"This is a strange affair," began Kennedy, as the private detective, Ransom, was announced, and entered, to the startled gasp of Sylvia. "If I told you that it had all grown out of a dream, out of my psychoanalysis, rather, of a dream, you would most certainly doubt it. Yet that is precisely the situation."

Briefly, Kennedy sketched the Freud theory while I watched the faces before me. As he did so, repeating the dream of Sylvia Woodworth, Doyle's lips were curling in a superior smile. Ransom listened, but with a skeptical silence. As for Sylvia, the color had mounted again in her cheeks. She was on the *qui vive*. Irma watched Sylvia covertly, as did Bennett Brown openly. Merle was almost insulting as he fidgeted in his chair.

"Let us take the dream itself, without wasting any more time," concluded Kennedy, satisfied that nothing would convince them quicker than a concrete example. "It opens at a house-party. Why did Mrs. Woodworth, in her dream, place the time as last year, I asked myself. Why was she so specific? Because, that was the time when she married—last year.

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Now, recall that Freud tells us that all dreams are about self in some way, or about interests close to self. This dream, I take it then, was about her own relations with her husband."

It was a delicate and intimate subject, yet Kennedy handled it in a most impersonal way.

"Another point," he resumed: "What is the concept of Irma in the dream? Remember that the dream is almost entirely a dream of sex, as so many are, when you analyze them down. Is it not that she represents, rightly or wrongly, the 'other woman?' Remember, Sylvia Woodworth was going somewhere—up a hill—almost at the top—stopped—did not go any further. At that point in her subconscious, Irma seems to have entered. Why? She answers it herself in the dream—the fire. Love is often spoken of as a fire. Irma's passionate nature seemed to her like a fire. She herself had never really felt that burning fire—the dream shows it."

"Oh, I see!" interrupted Burleigh flippantly. "You have been reading the French detective-tales—*'Cherchez la femme.'*"

"Wait a moment," cautioned Craig with the utmost patience, keeping his temper. "Not too fast. I will answer that directly. Let me go on with my analysis as I see it. At the luncheon there were 'other men we knew'—so she writes. She tells it, 'There seemed to be ladies and gentlemen there whom we knew.'

"Now, as I delve deeper in my psychoanalysis, I fancy I detect something peculiar. From the very way in which the dream unfolded, clearly Sylvia Woodworth believed that Irma Macy was capable of a far different passionate love for her husband than she herself.

"Yet had she herself no longing for such a passion? Clearly she had—but suppressed. There is something indicated which she repressed consciously but the dream-censor released.

"Let us go back again to the written version. Here I find an important variation from the way in which she later told it. It seems that there was some pressing errand with danger from start to finish, something that had to be done. Doubtless that is the concept of passionate love. For, listen: 'I chose a man—a dark man—of rather bad reputation to do it, and put it up to him to do the work and redeem himself.' So she wrote first. Later, when she told it, it was considerably softened down for us." Kennedy was talking rapidly now, excitedly. "In short, there is something which we call a 'psychic scar' here, some soul-wound, a mental trauma. I recognized it the moment I began to analyze the dream. She married not for love—whatever she may say about it. Yet love, romantic love, was open to her, if she would only let herself go and snatch it as it was offered. But it was dangerous. She may not have realized it all—probably did not—possibly does not yet."

"And, before I go one step further, let me forestall what is going to happen by saying that when I touch the deep, true complex, as we psychoanalysts call it, I shall expect it to be rejected with scorn and indignation—thereby proving that I

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have probed down in this soul-wound and found the encysted bullet, so to speak." He paused moment, then added: "I saw the true state of affairs early in the case. I knew that if I could only get a few more facts on which to base my interpretation of the broad, general lines clearly shown in the dream, I might solve this mystery, which would forever be closed to the police. In short," he added, turning to Merle Burleigh, "there is a new rule here—*Cherchez l'homme!*"

Sylvia was now facing him in scornful anger as she realized at what he was driving.

"Then you think that a woman must be a fool—that she does not know with whom she really is in love—that she can really be in love with one she—she hates?"

I do not know that anyone else caught the flash of Kennedy's eyes toward me, in triumph at having touched at last the real complex.

"I did not say that," he hastened. "All that I implied was that, consciously, she may not love. That is the product of education, of society, of morality, of religion, the church, training—this thing we call 'civilization.' But unconsciously, still, she may love. Back of all the veneer of modern society lie those deep, basal, primal passions which millions of years of evolution have implanted. The wonder is not that they are so strong but that the veneer of a few hundred years covers, represses them so well."

Eagerly now Kennedy pressed home his point.

"The stuff that dreams are made of is very, very real. Suppose some one—who understood better than Sylvia did—learned in some way of her dreams—interpreted them—even recognized in her, without that, the type of woman she was. Suppose that person acted on the suggestion in the dreams—encouraged the dream-actors in real life each in his part to act as she fancied in her dreams—knew that, in time, she would quarrel—that her husband would leave her to work out her own destiny—placed the cartridge in the grate, knowing that it would explode like a trap."

Kennedy caught the eye of Ransom, the detective, who nodded involuntarily. *Blasé* though the group was, they were now as open-eyed as children at a picture-thriller.

"Suppose that person," raced on Kennedy, facing Sylvia, "suppose that person, knowing better than you that you were primally in love with him, saw the psychic scar that suggested to him a way to get both the Gildersleeve and Woodworth millions by marrying you, took advantage of the situation, promoted the coldness toward your husband, played on the passion of Irma, committed a clever murder that never under any ordinary circumstances would likely be traced to him?"

Kennedy flung down the exploded cartridge, the bullet, the box of forty-twos, and the pistol on the table.

"Psychoanalysis has lead me through Sylvia's soul-wound to Ransom and to the evidence in your own room that the exploded shell in the grate was yours—Bennett Brown!"

The next *Craig Kennedy* story, *The Star-Shell*, will appear in  
May *Cosmopolitan*.

## Virtuous Wives

(Continued from page 60)

new entanglement, knowing too well the exquisite finality of pain. When, therefore, quite unprepared, he had come face to face with Amy Forrester and experienced that quick thrill of all his senses, his first instinct was to retreat.

"If I see her—if I talk to her—I know what will happen," he said to himself. "Better to avoid danger."

But if he avoided her, his eyes could not refrain from seeking her charming silhouette in the play of moving colors. He tried the distraction of conversations; he fenced with Irma, who usually amused him, and found suddenly that what he was saying had no meaning to him. From time to time, his glance met Amy's. Her eyes, conscious of his scrutiny, sent him in turn their playful questioning:

"Why don't you tell me that I am charming, that I please you? What is the harm in that?"

And then she began to dance in the stately measures of the minuet. All at once, she left the Challoners and went to the shadow of a doorway, standing alone, sheltering himself behind an orange tree, his eyes fixed on the little figure in royal blue that was like the joy of the deep, clear sky through a parting storm.

In the long ballroom, the lackeys had cleared the floor. The guests, against the walls on little footstools or camped on rugs, framed the dancers with the glowing tangle of many colors. Overhead, a black-blue canopy, shot with a thousand little holes, let through, in starry radiance, jewel-rays of light from the masked chandeliers above. The windows and the doors, framed in foliage, gave faint vistas of lake and melting hills lost in the sylvan night. Illuminated trees in the four corners of the cleared floor sent golden shafts over the polished surface. The air, rescued from the electric whiteness of the modern night, floated in harmonious and gentle flood. From the orchestra hidden in the balcony came the awakened surge of violins. The dancers courtesied, took places, and lifted their graceful arms. In the costumed throng, the murmur of voices was hushed as each guest, under the spell of rhythmic beauty, yielded to the fairy-land of unreality.

At the first measure, Tody Dawson, troubled by this sudden concentration of many eyes, had a moment of stage fright. He blundered, missed his step, and threw the figure into disorder.

Another moment, and the confusion would have been inextricable. Amy saw it, and calmly, without embarrassment, clapped her hands. The orchestra came to a discordant pause.

"My fault," she said, in a clear, laughing tone. "I ask everyone's pardon—but such an audience is very, very terrifying! Everyone ready? Begin again!"

She felt mistress of the situation, and the little amical nod she sent Dawson restored his confidence at once. This time, the measure moved without a break, amid a buzzing appreciation of her tact and poise.

The moment was critical in her life. It needs only the intoxication of one waltz to change the destiny of a young girl—

# Why I Am Paid \$50,000 A Year

*How a Poor Young Man Trained for a Big Job—And Got It in Three Years*

AS TOLD TO EMERY E. HILL

**T**HERE are only a few \$50,000 jobs—yet of all the men in the country it is difficult to find enough to fill the few big jobs available. There are plenty of men for the \$25-a-week positions—but the thousand-dollar-a-week openings "go begging." How this young man trained himself for earnings of \$50,000 a year is one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of even present day fortune making. This is the story told me, almost word for word, by the young man who did it.

"Three short years ago I was \$5,000 'in the hole'—and earning \$30 a week. I had a wife and two children to support, and I used to worry myself sick about the future.

"Today—it seems like a dream—all my troubles are over. I am worth \$200,000—enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to.

"Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done I believe anyone can do. I am only an average man—not 'brilliant'—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—and their earnings probably average less than \$50 weekly while my income is over \$1,000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

"What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

"One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

"I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me*. Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to 'put it over'—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hands in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to demand and command *what I wanted*.

"With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power and in my investigation I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had completed the most thorough and

constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!' My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. You already know the success that my developed power of will has made for me

"People sometimes worry because they cannot *remember* or because they cannot *concentrate*. The truth is, will power will enable them to do both. The man who can use his will cannot only concentrate and remember but can *make use* of these two faculties. And I want to leave this one word with you—no knowledge, no plan, no idea, is worth a penny unless it is used—and it cannot be used unless someone's power of will does it!"

Prof. Haddock's rules and exercises in will training have been placed in book form, and I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 15-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life as it has to so many others.

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15-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

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**BEAUTY  
PROSPERITY**

how much more so such a triumph before a hundred rivals! As she danced, moving with swaying grace and poised with dainty gesture, hearing the murmured admiration which centered on her own loveliness, all the profound corruption in which she had moved—corruption of Morley, daily and insidious; corruption of the young fellows in her train who had infected her imagination with the craving for excitement; corruption of shops and the argus-eyed crowd; corruption of pleasant places and brilliant audiences—all the multiple corruption of New York, which had been fastening about her as a vine makes its capture, all this corruption reached its apotheosis in the ecstasy of this theatrical moment. This was her woman's career, her right to youth! If Andrew did not understand this, if Andrew did not realize what he had carried off like another Paris—then Andrew were blind indeed!

She danced, her head thrown back and a little to one side, smiling with half-closed eyes—at what? At the multiple public perhaps, every one of whom she wished to draw to her, to dazzle, to coax, and to entice. Her own sex was there, her dearest rivals. For this one night she could face them and defy them to pick a flaw. Glowing, serene, and awakened, her glance ran through the brilliant audience, seeking to visualize it. All at once, from beneath her eyelashes, she found the eyes of Monte Bracken set on her. From that moment, she danced to him. The complex public was comprehensible now in the smile on his lips and in his glance.

The minut over, she was caught in the crush of those who stormed about her with exclamatory compliments. She knew that he would not approach her in this public struggle. She waited the moment when he would seek her, a little restless at the insistent admirers who clung to her. The general dancing had begun. Escaping the crowd, she passed into the dining-room with its red-and-gold tent. He was not there or in the outer hall.

She came restlessly through the corridors. Why did he avoid her?

"Mr. Bracken!" He had seen her coming and started to turn away. "Do you know that you are the only one who hasn't said something nice to me?" she said impatiently. "Are you running away from me?"

"Perhaps."

"Then you didn't like my dancing?"

"My dear Mrs. Forrester," he said, in a low voice, "you must understand what I mean when I say that I was running away." This was the tribute she needed to complete her happiness. She felt a sudden wave of joy. He was afraid—a little afraid of her.

"Please don't run away," she said, smiling happily, "and do say more nice things to me. You're the one person who really knows."

She stood before him on tiptoe, looking up at him with the eyes of a child who looks out in surprise on the world, and her glance asked so plainly, "Am I pretty; do I please you?" that his caution was given to the winds of impulse.

"You are the only one that is real here," he said suddenly. "All the rest of us are actors, powdered and painted actors, without the glamour of the footlights.

## Cosmopolitan for April, 1918

You are the real thing. You are France, the beautiful days, the indolence that will never come again. How do you do it? How does it come so naturally to you—the grace, the lightness, the exquisiteness, every movement, every motion? Even now as you are listening, 'nymph of the downcast eye and sidelong glance,' pleased at what I am saying to you, you are so much more charming than what I have said that I feel as though I had told you nothing. You are so transformed that I don't know you—or, rather, this is so truly you, what you were meant to be, that I can't imagine you any other way."

She colored, and drew a long, delighted breath.

"Oh! I feel like running away myself!"

"Don't!" he said hurriedly, and his hand half rose to retain her. "Let's play. It's part of the masque. We have our parts, too. It's carnival-time! To-morrow is near enough."

"I don't know who I really am," she said, with answering excitement. "I feel—well, I feel so irresponsible, as though what I did or said was some one else. Do you understand?"

"You saw me watching you?" he said, looking at her.

She nodded.

"Of course I did! You know, I couldn't find you at first. I looked for you in the gallery, and then all at once I saw you beyond a tree. I wanted you to like me."

She stopped. He had that dangerous quality of making women seek him, that led them unconsciously to venture further. She knew that she was on dangerous ground. Yet she could not resist the intoxication of enjoying what she had at last won in him. Besides, it was all part of the masque, as he himself had said.

"You have arrived," he said quietly. "That sounds impudent, but it isn't meant so."

"You remember what you prophesied?"

"But I was mistaken in one thing."

"What?"

"You have come to be what I foretold, though a hundred times more bewitching and dazzling than I expected, but—you have kept your heart of a child."

"To-night I've been saying just the contrary," she said abruptly, sobered.

"No! No! It is there," he said softly. "It is still unspoiled—and that's what's dangerous—for others."

"You are awfully nice," she said, smiling at him. "Please always say things to make me happy."

She said this quite unconcernedly, as though she had received the most trivial compliment; nor was he able to divine whether this was the art of the woman restoring the barrier between them or the unconscious soul of a child that is ignorant of the desires it sows.

"And now, I must remember my duties," she said, with a pout, pronouncing that terrible word as only she knew how. "Will you come and ask me to dance later?"

"Often," he said, in a low voice.

The mischief was done, and he knew it. Had it been done consciously or not? Despite his varied knowledge of women, he felt as though her soft little hands had closed over his eyes, and a voice murmured, "If you follow me, follow me blindly."

## The Restless Sex

(Continued from page 84)

seemed to be hope that Stephanie might care for me. Then came that reckless escapade at Albany, where she was recognized by some old friends of your father and by schoolmates of her own. Cleland, I would gladly have shot myself then, had that been any solution. But there seemed to be only the one solution. She has told you, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was what was done. I think she cried all the way back. The Albany Post-road seemed like a road through hell to me. I knew then that Stephanie cared nothing for me in that way, that my place in her life served other purposes.

"I don't know what she thought I expected of her—what duty she believed she owed me. I know now that the very thought of wifedom was abhorrent to her. But she was game, Cleland. What line of reasoning she followed, I don't know. Whether my love for her touched her, or some generous impulse of renunciation, some childlike idea of bringing to me again the inheritance which I had forced on her, I don't know. But she was game. She came here that night with her suitcase. She was as white as death, could hardly speak. I never even touched her hand, Cleland. She slept there—behind that curtain on the iron bed. I sat here all night long.

"In the morning, we talked it over. And with every generous, plucky word she uttered, I realized that it was hopeless. And do you know—God knows how—but, somehow, I kept thinking of you, Cleland. And it was like clairvoyance almost, for I could not drive away the idea that she cared for you unknowingly, and that, when you came back, some day she'd find it out."

He rose from the couch and began to pace the studio slowly, his hands in his pockets.

"Cleland," he said, "she meant to play the game. The bed she had made for herself she was ready to lie on. But I looked into those gray eyes of hers and I knew that it was pity that moved her, square dealing that nerved her, and that already she was suffering agonies to know what you would think of what she had done—done with a man you never liked—the son of a man whom your father held in contempt, because—because he considered him dishonest." He halted a pace from where Cleland was sitting. "I told her to go back to her studio and think it over. She went out. I did not think of her coming back here. I was standing in front of that cracked mirror over there—to get a sure line on my temple. That's what shattered the glass—when she struck my arm up.

"Well, a man goes to pieces sometimes. She made me promise to wait two years—said she would try to care for me enough in that time to live with me. The child was frightened sick. The terror of my ever doing such a—fool thing remains latent in her brain. I know it. I know it's there. I know, Cleland, that she is in love with you. And that she dare not ask me for her freedom for fear that I shall do some such silly thing." He began to laugh quite naturally, without any bitterness at

all. "I tried to make you understand. I told you that I would do anything for you. But you didn't comprehend. Yet, I meant it. I mean it now. She belongs to you, Cleland. I want you to take her. I wish her to understand that I give her the freedom she's entitled to, that she need not be afraid to take it—need not fear that I might make an ass of myself." He laughed again, quite gaily. "No, indeed; I mean to live. I tell you, Cleland, there is no excitement on earth like beating Fate at her own game. There's only one thing—"

After a pause, Cleland looked up into the man's wistful golden eyes.

"What is it, Grismer?"

"If I could win—your friendship—"

"Good God!" whispered Cleland, rising and offering a hand that shook. "Do you think I'm worth it, Oswald?"

Their hands met, clasped; a strange light flashed in Grismer's golden eyes.

"Do you mean it, Cleland?"

"With all my heart, old chap! I don't know what to say to you—except that you're white all through—straighter than I am, Grismer—clean to the soul of you!"

Grismer drew a long, deep breath.

"Thanks," he said. "That's about all I want of life. Tell Stephanie what you said to me—if you don't mind. I don't care what others think—if you and she think me straight."

"Oswald, I tell you you're straighter than I am—stronger! Your thoughts never wavered; you stood steady to punishment, not whimpering. I've had a curb-bit on myself, and I don't know now how long it might have taken me to get it between my teeth and smash things."

Grismer smiled.

"It would have taken two to smash the Cleland traditions. It couldn't have been done—between you and Stephanie. Are you going back to Runner's Rest tonight?"

"Yes—if you say so," he replied, in a low voice.

"I do say so. Call her on the telephone as soon as you leave here. Then take the first train."

"And you? Will you come?"

"Not to-night."

"Will you let us know when you can come, Oswald?"

Grismer picked up a shabby dressing-gown from the back of a decrepit chair and put it on over his undershirt and trousers.

"Sure," he said pleasantly. "I've one or two matters to keep me here. I'll fix them up to-night. And please make it very plain to Stephanie that I'm taking this affair beautifully, and that the last thing I'd do would be to indulge in any foolishness to shock her. I'm really most interested in living. Tell her so. She will believe it. For I have never lied to her, Cleland."

They walked together to the area-gate.

"Stephanie should see her attorneys," said Grismer. "The easiest way, I think, would be for her to leave the state and for me to go abroad. Her attorneys will advise her. But," he added carelessly, "there's time to talk over that with her. The main thing is to know that she will

be free. And she will be. Good-night, Cleland." He laughed boyishly. "I've never been as happy in my whole life."

### XXXVI

WITH the clang of the closing gate, Grismer's handsome face altered terribly, and he turned deathly white for a moment. Two policemen lounged by in the glare of the arc-light; one of them glanced down into the areaway and saw a pallid face behind the iron-bars, turned sharply to look again.

"Gee," he said to his mate, "d'yeh get that guy's map?"

"Coke," said the other carelessly. "Looks like a feller I seen in Sing Sing waitin' for the priest—what's his name now—" The voices receded. But Grismer had heard.

Perhaps his brain registered the scene sketched by the policeman—a bloodless face behind the death-cell grating, the distant steps of the procession already sounding in the corridor.

He opened the gate and went out to the sidewalk, where a young girl, unskillfully painted, stood looking about her.

"Hello!" she said tentatively.

"Ah," he said pleasantly, "a goddess of the stars!"

"What's the matter?" she asked, glancing at his shabby dressing-gown. "Up against it?"

"What I'm up against," he said absently, "will look good to you, too, some day."

"What's that?"

"Death, my dear."

"Quit kiddin'!" she retorted, with an uneasy laugh. "You got your looks yet." She stepped nearer, gazing at him curiously. "Nothing like that," she said. "You're a looker. Buck up, old scout!"

She was leaning against the railing where he stood, resting his back. Presently he turned and surveyed her.

"You are young," he said. "You'll be a tired girl before you're up against what I am."

"What have you done?" she inquired curiously.

"Nothing."

"Sure. That's why we all go up the river."

"I'm going across the river," he remarked, smiling.

"Which?"

"The Styx. You never heard of it, I suppose."

"One of them dirty rivers in Jersey?" He nodded gravely. "What's out there?" she inquired.

"I don't know, my dear."

"Then what's the idea?"

She waited for an answer, but his golden eyes were dreamily remote. The girl lingered. Once or twice professional sense suggested departure, but when her tired eyes of a child rested on him, something held her inert.

When she again interrupted his reverie, he looked around at her as though he had never before seen her, and she repeated what she had said.

"What?" he asked sharply.

"I got a fiver that ain't workin'," she

Cosmopolitan for April, 1918

said again. "You can use it in your business if it's any good."

"My dear child," he said pleasantly, "you're very kind, but that's not what the matter is." He turned, dropped his arm on the railing, facing her. "What's your name?"

"Gloria Cameron."

"Come on," he said good-humoredly; "what's your other name?"

"Anne."

"Anne what?"

"O'Hara."

"Will you wait a minute?"

She nodded uncertainly. He went back through the area, entered his studio, and dressed in his shabby street clothes.

The check was still lying on a small table where Cleland had placed it at his request. And now he picked it up, dipped a rusty pen into an ink-bottle, and indorsed the check, making it payable to Anne O'Hara. Then he took his straw hat and went out. The girl was waiting.

"Anne," he said, "I want you to read what's written on this pretty perforated piece of paper." He held it so that the electric light fell on it.

"Is it good?" she asked, in an awed voice.

"Perfectly." He turned the check over and showed her the indorsement.

She found her voice presently.

"What are you putting over on me?"

He said,

"I'd give this check to you now, but it wouldn't be any good when the banks open tomorrow." She stared her question, and he laughed. "It's a law concerning checks. Never mind. But there's a way to beat it. I had a lot of money once. They'll take my paper at 'Square Jack' Hennesy's. Shall we stroll up that way?"

She did not understand. It was quite evident that she had no faith in the scrap of paper, either. But it was still more evident that she was willing to remain with him, even though she was facing the obloquy of being "kidded."

"Come into my studio first," he said.

She went without protest. In the brightly lighted basement he turned and scrutinized her coolly from head to foot.

"How old?" he asked bluntly.

"Seventeen."

"How long are you on the job?"

"Two years."

"Whose are you?"

"I'm for myself—"

"Come on! Don't lie!"

She straightened her thin figure in defiance.

"What are you? A bull?"

"You know I'm not. Who are you working for? Wait! Never mind! You're working for somebody, aren't you?"

"Y-yes."

"Do your folks know it?"

"No."

"What was it—cloaks, feathers, department store?"

She nodded.

"You can go back?"

She remained silent, and he repeated the question. Then the girl turned white under her paint.

"What are you trying to do to me?" she said.

"Send you home, Anne, with a couple of thousand real money. Will you go?"

"Show it to me!" she said, but her voice had become childish and tremulous.



## 'This, Madam, is the Book!'

**I**N a New York bookstore the other day, a woman customer asked for the "best book on the War."

The clerk showed her two or three of the more popular sellers, but the woman was not satisfied—she seemed to be looking for something better.

An Army officer of rank standing nearby happened to overhear the conversation. Finally, he said:

"Pardon me, Madam, but I may be able to help you. As a part of my business, I study all these books very carefully. And, in my opinion, there is only one really worth-while authentic history of the war.

"And"—he continued, as he reached for a copy of **Hilaire Belloc's**

### ELEMENTS OF THE GREAT WAR

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"I'm going to show it to you," he said pleasantly. "I'll get it at 'Square Jack's' for you. If I do, will you fly the coop? I mean now—to-night. Will you?"

"W-with you?"

"Dear child, I've got to cross that dirty Jersey river. I told you. You live up-state, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Hudson."

"All right. Will you go now, just as you are? You'd stand a fat chance if you went back and tried to pack up. That thing would batter you to a pulp, wouldn't he?"

And now I'm going to admit something which will ease your mind immensely. The situation was so impossible that I, also, began to weary of it a little. You are entitled to the truth.

And now life looks very inviting to me. Liberty is the most wonderful thing in the world. And I am restless for it, restless to begin again.

So, if I come to you as a comrade, don't think for a moment that any sympathy is due me. Alas, man belongs to a restless sex, Stephanie, and the four winds are less irresponsible and inconstant.

As a comrade, I should delight in you. You are a very wonderful girl—but you belong to Cleland and not to me. Don't

**A New Novel**  
**By Robert W. Chambers**  
***The Moonlit Way***  
begins in  
**May Cosmopolitan.**

The story opens in Constantinople in 1913, shifts to a Parisian villa and then to New York. The main action covers the first two years of the war which is responsible for the romantic and exciting happenings to the principal characters—a vaudeville actress with a great European reputation, a New York artist's model, a portrait-painter, and a sculptor.

She nodded. "All right," he said. "Take off your hat and wash your face, Anne. They'd be on to you at home. I've got to pack a few things for my journey and write a couple of letters. Get all the paint off while I'm busy. There's soap, towels, and a basin behind that screen."

She came slowly up to him and stood looking at him out of her disenchanted young eyes.

"Is this on the square?" she asked.

"Won't you take a chance that it is?" he asked, taking her slim hands and looking in her eyes.

"Yes; I'll take a chance with you—if you ask me to."

"I do." He patted her hands and smiled, then released them. "Hustle," he said; "I'll be ready very soon."

He wrote first to Cleland.

DEAR CLELAND:

I think I'll go up to-night, stay at Pittsfield, and either drive across the mountain in the morning or take an early train through the tunnel from North Adams. Either way ought to land me at Runner's Rest station about eight in the morning.

I can't tell you what your kindness has done for me. I think it was about all I really wanted in the world—your friendship. It seems to clean off my slate, square me with life.

I shall start in a few minutes. Until we meet, then, your friend,

OSWALD GRISMER.

He directed the envelop to Cleland's studio in town.

The other letter he directed to Stephanie at Runner's Rest and stamped it. He wrote to her:

I'm happier than I have been in years, because I can do this thing for you.

worry. I'm absolutely satisfied. Until we meet, then,

Your grateful friend,

OSWALD.

"I'll get a special-delivery for this letter on our way up-town," he said, voicing his thoughts aloud to the girl, who was scrubbing her painted lips and cheeks behind the screen. When she emerged, pinning on her hat, he had packed a suitcase and was ready.

They found a taxi in Washington Square. On the way up-town he posted his letter to Stephanie, sent a district messenger with his letter to Cleland's studio, sent a night letter to Runner's Rest saying that he would take accommodations on a train which would be due at Runner's Rest station at eight next morning, stopped at the darkened and barred house of "Square Jack" Hennessy, and was admitted after being scrutinized through a sliding grill.

When he came out, half an hour later, he told the driver to go to the Grand Central Station, and got into the cab.

"Anne," he said gaily, "here's the two thousand. Count it."

The sheafs of new bills pinned to their paper bands lay in her lap for a long time before she touched them. Even then, she merely lifted one packet and let it drop without even looking at it. So Grismer folded the bills and put them into her reticule. Then he took her slim left hand in both of his and held it while they rode on in silence.

At the station he dismissed the taxi-cab, bought a ticket and sleeping-car accommodations to Hudson—managed to get a stateroom for her all to herself.

"You won't sleep much," he remarked, smiling, "so we'll have to provide you with amusement, Anne."

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Carrying his suitcase, the girl walking beside him, he walked across the great rotunda to the news-stand. There, and at the confectionery counter opposite, he purchased food for mind and body—light food suitable for a young and badly bruised mind, and for a soul in embryo, still in the making.

Then he went over to another window and bought a ticket for himself to Pittsfield and sleeping-accommodations.

"We travel by different lines, Anne," he said, opening his portfolio and placing his own tickets in it, where several letters lay addressed to him at his basement studio. Then he replaced the portfolio in his breast-pocket. "I'll go with you to your train," he said, declining, with a shake of his head, the offices of a red-capped porter. "Your train leaves at twelve-ten, and we have only a few minutes."

They walked together through the gates, the officials permitting him to accompany her. The train stood on the right—a very long train, and they had a long distance to walk along the concrete platform before they found her car. A porter showed them to her stateroom. Grismer tipped him generously.

"Be very attentive to this young lady," he said, "and see that she has every service required, and that she is notified in plenty of time to get off at Hudson. Now you may leave us until we ring."

He turned from the corridor and entered the stateroom, closing the door behind him. The girl sat on the sofa, very pale, with a dazed expression in her eyes. He seated himself beside her and drew her hands into his own.

"Let me tell you something," he said cheerfully. "Everybody makes mistakes. You've made some; so have I; so has everybody I ever heard of. Everybody gets in wrong at one time or another. The idea is to get out again and make a fresh start. Will you try?" She nodded, so close to tears that she could not speak. "Promise me you'll make a hard fight to travel straight?"

"Yes."

"It won't be easy. But try to win out, Anne. Back there—in those streets and alleys—there's nothing to hope for except death. You'll find it if you ever go back—in some hospital, in some saloon-brawl, in some rooming-house—it will surely, surely find you by bullet, by knife, by disease—sooner or later it will find you unless you start to search for it yourself." He patted her hand, patted her pale cheek. "It's a losing game, Anne. There's nothing in it. I guess you know that already. So go back to your people and tell them the last lies you ever tell. And stick. Stay put, little girl. You really are all right, you know, but you got in wrong. Now, you're out."

He laughed and stood up. She lifted her head. All her color had fled.

"Don't forget me," she whispered.

"Not as long as I live, Anne."

"May I—I write to you?"

He thought a minute; then, with a smile,

"Why not?" He found a card and pencil, wrote his name and address, and laid it on the sofa. "If it would do you any good to think of me when you're likely to get in wrong," he said, "then try to remember that I was square with you. And be so to me. Will you?"

"I—will."

That was all. She was crying, and her eyes were too blind with tears to see the expression of his face as he kissed her.

He went away lightly, swinging his suitcase, and stood on the very end of the cement platform looking out across a wilderness of tracks branching out into darkness, set with red, green, and blue lamps.

He waited, lighting a cigarette. And presently her train began to move very slowly out through the wilderness of yard-tracks. Car after car passed him, gaining momentum all the while.

When the last car sped by and the tail-lights dwindled into perspective, Grismer had finished his cigarette.

Behind him lay the dusky, lamplit tunnel of the station. Before him, through ruddy darkness, countless jeweled lamps twinkled, countless receding rails glimmered, leading away into the night.

It was in him to travel that way—the way of the glimmering, jeweled lamps, the road of the shining rails.

But first he shoved his suitcase with his foot over the platform's edge, as though it had fallen there by accident. And, as though he had followed to recover it, he climbed down among the tracks.

There was a third rail running parallel to the twin rails. It was roofed with wood. Lying flat, there in the shimmering dusk, he could look up under the wooden guard rail and see it. Then, resting both legs across the steel car-tracks, he reached out and took the guarded third rail in both hands.

### XXXVII

THE train that Cleland took, after calling Runner's Rest on the telephone, landed him at the home station at an impossible hour. Stars filled the heavens with a magnificent luster; the July darkness was superb and still untouched by the coming dawn.

As he stepped from the car, the tumbling roar of the river filled his ears—that and the high pines sighing under the stars and the sweet-scented night wind in his face greeted and met him as he set foot on the station platform and looked round for the conveyance that he had asked Stephanie to send.

There was nobody in sight except the baggage-agent. He walked toward the rear of the station, turned the corner, and saw Stephanie standing there, bareheaded in the starlight, wrapped in a red cloak, her hair in two heavy braids.

"Steve!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth did you come—you darling!"

"Did you imagine I wouldn't?" she asked unsteadily.

"I told you over the wire to send Williams with a buckboard."

"Everybody was in bed when the telephone-bell rang. So I concluded to sit up for you, and, when the time came, I went out to the stable, harnessed up, and drove over here."

Her hand was trembling in his while she spoke, but her voice was under control.

They turned together and went over to the buckboard. She stepped in; he strapped his suitcase on behind, then followed her and took the reins from her.

"I have a night letter from Oswald," she said. "They telephoned it up from



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the station. He is coming to-morrow morning."

"That's fine. He's a splendid fellow."

"I have always known it."

"I know you have. I'm terribly sorry that I did not know him better."

The buckboard turned from the station road into a fragrant wood road.

"Tell me," said Stephanie, in a low, tremulous voice.

He understood.

"It was entirely Oswald's doing. I never dreamed of mentioning it to him. I was absolutely square to him and to you, Steve. But I went there knowing that he knew I was in love with you—and that you cared for me. He met me with simple cordiality. We looked at his beautiful model for the fountain. I don't think I betrayed in voice or look or manner that anything was wrong with me. Then, with a very winning simplicity, he spoke of you, of himself. There seemed to be nothing for me to say; he knew that I was in love with you, and that you had come to care for me. And I heard a man speak to another man as only a gentleman could speak—a real man, rare and thoroughbred. It cost him something to say to me what he said. His nerve was heart-breaking to me when he found the courage to tell me what his father had done.

"He told me, with a smile, that his pride was dead—that he had cut its throat. But it was still alive, Steve—a living, quivering thing. And I saw him slay it before my eyes—kill it there between us, with his steady, pleasant smile. Well, he meant me to understand him and what he had done. And I understand. And I understand your loyalty now. And the dreadful fear which kept you silent. But there is no need to be afraid any more."

"Did he say so?"

"Yes. He told me to tell you. He said you'd believe him because he had never lied to you."

"I do believe him," she said. "I have never known him to lie to anybody."

The light over the porch at Runner's Rest glimmered through the trees. In a few moments they were at the door.

"I'll stable the horse," he said briefly.

She was in the library when he returned from the barn.

"The dawn is just breaking," she said.

"Do you hear the birds?"

"Do you want to go to bed, Steve?"

"No. Do you?"

"Wait for me, then."

She waited while he went to his room. The windows were open and the fresh, clean air of dawn carried the perfume of wet roses into the house.

The wooded eastern hills were very dark against the dawn; silvery mist marked the river's rushing course; thickets rang with birds' songs.

She walked to the porch. Under its silver-sheeted dew, the lawn looked like a lake. Very far away, across the valley, a train was rushing northward. She could hear the faint vibration, the distant whistle. Then, from close by, the clear, sweet call of a meadow-lark mocked the unseen locomotive's warning in exquisite parody.

Cleland came down presently, freshened, dressed in flannels.

"Steve," he said, "you've only a night-robe on under that cloak."

"It's all right. I'm going to get soaked, anyway, if we walk on the lawn."

She laughed, drew off her slippers, flung them into the room behind her; then, with her lovely little naked feet, she stepped ankle-deep into the drenched grass, turned, tossed one corner of her red cloak over her shoulder, and looked back at him.

Over the soaking lawn they wandered, his arm encircling her slender body, her hand covering his, holding it closer at her waist.

The sky over the eastern hills was tinted with palest saffron now; birds sang everywhere. Down by the river, catbirds alternately mewed like sick kittens or warbled like thrushes; rose-breasted grosbeaks filled the dawn with heavenly arias; golden orioles fluted from every elm; song-sparrows twittered and piped their cheery amateur efforts, and there came the creak and chirr of purple grackles from the balsams, and an incessant, never-ending rush of jolly melody from the robins.

More swiftly now came the transfiguration of the world; shell-pink and gold stained the sky; then a blaze of dazzling light cut the wooded crests opposite as the thin knife-rim of the sun glittered above the trees.

All the world rang out with song now; the river-mists lifted and curled and floated upward in silvery shreds disclosing golden shoals and pebbled rapids all crisscrossed with the rosy lattice of the sun. The girl at Cleland's side leaned her cheek against his shoulder.

"What would all this have meant without you?" she sighed. "The world turned very dark for me yesterday. And it was the blackest night I ever knew."

"And for me," he said, "I had no further interest in living."

"Nor I. I wanted to die last night. I prayed I might. I nearly did die—with happiness—when I heard your voice over the wire. That was all that mattered in the world—your voice calling me—out of the depths—dearest—dearest—"

With her waist closely enlaced, he turned and looked deep into her gray eyes.

"The world is just beginning for us," he said. "This is the dawn of our first morning on earth."

The slender girl in his arms lifted her face toward his. Both her hands crept up round his neck. The air about them rang with the storm of bird-music bursting from every thicket, confusing, almost stunning their ears with its heavenly tumult.

But within the house there was another clamor which they did not hear—the reiterated ringing of the telephone-bell. They did not hear it, standing there in the golden glory of the sunrise, with the young world awaking all round them and the birds' ecstasy overwhelming every sound save the reckless laughter of the river.

But, in the dim house, Helen awoke in her bed, listening. And, after she had listened a while, she sprang up, slipped out into the dark hall, and unhooked the receiver from the hinge.

And after she had heard what the distant voice had to say, she wrote it down

on the pad of paper hanging by the receiver—wrote it, shivering there in the darkened hall.

Oswald Grismer, on his way last night to visit you at Runner's Rest, was killed by the third rail in the Grand Central Station. He was identified by letters. Jack was notified, and has taken charge of the body. There is no doubt that it was entirely accidental. Mr. Grismer's suitcase evidently fell to the track, and, attempting to recover it, he came into contact with the charged rail and was killed instantly.

MARIE CLIFF BELTER.

When she had written it down, she went to Stephanie's room and found it empty.

But through the open window sunshine streamed, and presently she saw the red-cloaked figure down by the river's edge, heard the girl's sweet laughter float out among the willows—enchanting, gay, care-free laughter, where she had waded out into the shallow rapids and now stood knee-deep, challenging her lover to follow her if he dared.

Then Helen saw his white-flanneled figure wading boldly out through the water in pursuit, saw the slim, red-cloaked girl turn to flee, went closer to the window and stood with the written message in her hand, watching the distant scene through eyes dimmed with those illogical tears which women shed when there is nothing else in the world to do.

It was plain that they thought themselves all alone in the world.

Twice the girl narrowly escaped capture; above the rush of the river their gales of laughter came back on the summer wind. Suddenly she slipped, fell with a cry into a deeper pool, and was caught up by him and carried shoreward, with her white arms round his neck and her lips resting on his.

And as the tall young lover, dripping from head to foot, came striding across the lawn with all he loved on earth laughing up at him in his arms, the girl at the window turned away and went into her own room with the written message in her hand.

And there, seated on the edge of her bed, she read it over and over, crying, uncertain, wondering whether she might not withhold it for a few hours more.

Because life is very wonderful, and youth more wonderful still. And there is always time to talk of life and death when daylight dies and the last laugh is spent—when shadows fall and blossoms close and birds grow silent among the branches.

She did not know why she was crying. She had not cared for the dead man.

She looked out through drawn blinds at the sunshine, not knowing why she wept, not knowing what to do.

Then, from the hall, came Stephanie's ecstatic voice:

"Helen! Wake up, darling, and come down! Because Jim and I have the most wonderful thing in the world to tell you!"

But on the paper in her lap was written something more wonderful still. For there is nothing more wonderful than that beginning of everything which is called the end.

THE END



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142. "My Man"

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Cosmopolitan for April, 1918

## Camilla

(Continued from page 27)



## The Saddest Thing in All the World

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in comparison with— So now she has the impudence to go about giving it out that she's engaged to Leroy!"

Out of the depths, "Perhaps it is that he isn't ready to tell you just yet," Camilla suggested, and, before Mary could answer, there he was, collecting them for the drive home. Yes; he was engaged to Linda, and that was why he hadn't—

This time, he sat outside with the driver.

There was much less general chatter going than coming. Harrington told her a long, disjointed story about camping in Arizona. Camilla sat with eyes on the square-shouldered figure by the chauffeur. When the head turned a little, her heart beat as if Leroy had called her—though the turning was only to say: "Left! Bad corner here, on the right." She was struck suddenly by something severe about the face which had escaped her before. Then the impression was wiped out, remembering what he looked like when he said those amazing words: "Because *you're* here." Was that only flirting? Something in her told her, whatever it was, it wasn't *that*. In spite of her acceptance of the Linda theory, she kept on dropping Linda out of the immediate account between herself and Roy, kept on going back to those minutes in the white boudoir, to those seconds, above all, in the dark. He hadn't wanted to kiss her—hadn't thought of it. Over and over, all the way back to New York, she lived again through the inexplicable little scene.

If it had "just happened like that," any one of the lovers in the novels would have seized the happy chance. But deliberately to create the opportunity, and then to turn his back on it! Oh, it couldn't mean but one thing!

She sat on the ship's deck ten years after, conscious that she was feeling it to this hour—after all she had gone through since—feeling again the terrible tumbling sensation of the fall from that high place he'd set her on, with, "Because *you're* here," down, down to earth's deepest pit of hopelessness. "He never even *thought* of it," she said to herself, as the car rushed along the mighty river. "I'm not the kind."

Well, one thing, at least, was clear. She couldn't go on with this visit. She devised plans for its abrupt termination. There'd be a telegram from her father when she got back. He wanted her at once. Behind this playing at escape was the picture of the reprieve she could surely count on when the penitential drive should come to an end. She lived for the moment when she could go away from all these light-hearted people and be alone in her room—that room that Mrs. Sambourne felt Linda ought to have! Camilla saw herself leaving them all down in the hall and hurrying up-stairs. She would lock the door. Then she could throw herself on the bed and lie with her face hidden and cry: "Roy! Roy!" into the pillow.

The dream was too flattering. When she reached her bedroom door, Tina came in, too—on pretense of restoring two gold hatpins she'd borrowed. She stood talking and taking off her things.

"Don't you just love that house? Aunt Marion, they say, had the most perfect

taste. It's uncle James who goes crowding in all those things that don't 'belong.' Like her stepsister, she seemed to resent Camilla's silence. "Well? And what do you think of our cousin?"

"I've seen him before." She presented the fact as if she hoped it would excuse her from a revaluation. But Tina's mischievous face was lifted waiting.

"He looked more like seventeen than twenty-one. Now—he looks older than twenty-six."

"Not surprising." Tina laughed. "A great deal has happened in these five years."

"Yes—the war has happened, poor fellow!" Camilla found herself saying.

Tina stared at that "poor fellow," and then dropped her eyes.

"The war? Yes; and a great deal else." She hesitated, and then, with a kind of deliberate brusqueness, "Of course I don't know what he said to you when he carried you off this afternoon—"

"What he said?"

"Or did—come to that."

"He did *nothing*—except show me a picture."

"Oh, very well; you needn't look so outraged. I should think you were the only pretty girl Leroy had ever had in a dark room without trying to—"

"Well then, I am that girl."

"Glad there's one," Tina mocked. "But it wouldn't be fair not to tell you there isn't a greater flirt in all New York than Roy Trenholme."

"Yes," said Camilla, with a twist at her heart; "I know."

"Just so you know, it's all right. We've seen him like this more times than we can count."

Mr. Sambourne took her out to dinner and put her between himself and Harrington. Leroy was at the opposite end, between Miss Mary and a girl friend of Tina's whom Mr. Sambourne and Jim had met on the way back from the park.

Leroy seemed to know this Miss Pansy Dillon, too. They were very gay at that end.

Mr. Sambourne did his best with ready talk and pleasantries. He paid the kind of full-bodied compliments which, at a less preoccupied time, would have made for flushing and embarrassment. She accepted them to-night with a calm that much intrigued the man of the world.

Harrington, too, on his side, was living up to the high family standard of agreeableness. When he couldn't find out what specially interested her, he did the next-best thing—talked about what specially interested him. He had brought to his profession of architect a very real enthusiasm. He talked about his plans with the shining looks, the eagerness of a lover. Camilla caught Leroy's eye every now and then as it went from Harrington to her. Her wandering glance did not escape Harrington. He wasn't good at describing, he said. He'd wait till he could show her an example of what the new men were trying to do in this country. Did she like dancing? Then he'd make up a party and take her to see the new ballet. And the moment she'd done with school, she must come to their camp in the Adirondacks. And so on for countless thousands of years, while, at the other end of the table, Pansy Dillon made eyes at Leroy—very, very beautiful eyes.

In the parlor after dinner, Leroy left the group of which Pansy was the scintillant center and came across the room at a moment when Harrington had left Camilla to get an Indian lance-head out of the cabinet. Leroy bent down at Camilla's side to pick up a glove she had dropped.

"Give me time," he whispered. "If you should care for anybody but me, I'm damned forever."

When she recovered her breath, "How can you talk like that," she said gravely, "when you're engaged?"

He stared, and then, in his quick way:

"If I am engaged, I can only say it must be to you. I was feeling exactly like that myself."

She caught her breath.

"I—I don't like joking about such things."

He bent down.

"How serious do you give me leave to be?"

And there was Harrington pushing in between them, holding out several objects on his palm. She stood up with a feeling of extraordinary insecurity in her knees, a sense of instability in all hitherto firm things, and looked at Harrington's Indian flints. Yes; she liked them.

"Nonsense!" Leroy said. "She doesn't like them at all."

The two men argued, pretending hostility.

"She can't care about looking at things like that. She's only saying she does to please you."

"Well, if it wasn't true, let her say why she liked them."

"Because—because they've lasted so long."

They laughed at her and carried her off with the rest to the billiard-room. She didn't play billiards? Oh, she *must* play billiards. Leroy would teach her.

They were never alone a minute. Yet had they been by themselves in a desert, though he might have said other things, he could hardly have conveyed more than he did as he passed her from time to time, going round the billiard-table, or in bending over to show her how to hold her cue, or "bring it here, and let me chalk it for you." Then a single sentence or just a phrase. His ingenuity in communication, was a sort of *legerdemain* to the candid soul. And, heavens, the conviction he could throw into the wildest extravagance! He told her the most amazing things about herself. Things that made her hot and exultant—things that gave her a sensation of dizziness. Oh, yes; the pace was terrific! You had to hold your head on with both hands.

When bedtime came, Harrington pressed his plan for the next day—a plan to motor over to Orange, where his firm was building "a splashin' fine country house. American architecture in these days—well, she'd just see."

Leroy poured scorn on the project.

"Of all the boring—"

"Well, if it bores you, old fellow, there's a cure for that. Don't come."

"But I've got to come—if Camilla does."

"Camilla!" echoed Miss Mary, laughing and raising her eyebrows.

"And why have you got to come if Camilla does?"

"Because it's the custom—when people are engaged."



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From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon *E*.

Write this circle at the beginning of */* and you will have *Ed*.

By letting the circle remain open it will be a hook, and this hook stands for *A*. Thus */* will be *Ad*. Add another *A* at the end, thus */* and you will have a girl's name, *Ada*.

From *m* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for *O*.

For the longhand *m*, which is made of 7 strokes, you use this one horizontal stroke *—*.

Therefore, *—* would be *Me*.

Now continue the *E* across the *M*, so as to add *D*—thus */* and you will have *Med*. Now add the large circle for *O*, and you will have */* (medo), which is *Meadow*, with the silent *A* and *W* omitted.

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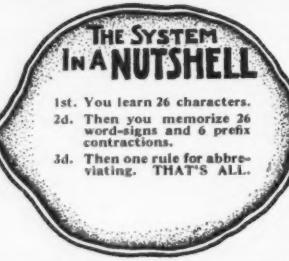
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*Cosmopolitan* for April, 1918

Their towering amazement—her own outtopping theirs.

"Are you engaged?"

"She says so," said Leroy.

"Oh, Le—Mr.—I never said—"

"Now, now—didn't you tell me, sitting on that chair in there by the piano not two hours ago, that you didn't see how I could talk like that when I was engaged? He waited while she struggled with a paralyzed tongue. "And didn't I say that I'd just been growing conscious of a very engaged sort of feeling myself, and I was glad you agreed?"

Everybody laughed except Camilla and Miss Mary. Looking round, Leroy went on:

"You appreciate now the cruelty of your behavior to-night. I haven't had a moment alone with her since we were engaged. Here you all are now, standing round us and making us feel shy—don't they make us shy, Camilla?—so shy, I'm not daring to say good-night to you. Not properly, that is."

He held out his hand, and Camilla fled up-stairs out of a shower of laughter.

Tina stopped her, with arms out, barring the way.

"It's bad enough," said Leroy, looking over the banisters, "without all this chaperoning, to be engaged to somebody who scares you as much as she scares me."

"Scares you, does she?" Mr. Sambourne was chuckling.

"I should pretty nearly think she did! I'm more scared of my future wife than I ever was of anybody in my life. Bad beginning, hey? Right! Come back and reassure me, Camilla. No? Good-night, then. I hope you'll sleep well. I know I shan't."

This unnerving flippancy was perhaps worst of all. He couldn't mean anything—talking like that before everyone.

So she told herself. But her body refused to believe her mind. She lay awake, thrilling, wondering, loving.

XXI

#### THE BEST-OF-ALL LETTER

AT about six in the morning, a faint sound like a mouse scratching. In the act of sitting up in bed to stare about, she saw a corner of white paper move toward her from under the door. An envelop! She sat a long while staring at it before she gathered courage to get out of bed and pick it up.

MISS CAMILLA CHARLTON

She sat on the bed, shaking with excitement, and held the envelop against her for several minutes before she opened it. There was no "Dear" anything at the top. It began "bang in the middle," as Leroy usually did.

It only seems sudden to us because we weren't in the secret till yesterday. We didn't know that life, all this time, ever since we were born, before we were born, was leading us to that moment when you looked up at the window and found me looking out for you.

It isn't I that tell you to love me. It's something infinitely greater. Aren't you feeling that, too, Camilla?

Oh, that "best-of-all letter!" What did it matter that long, long it had been

ashes? It had been printed on her heart when her heart was very tender, very young. Roy wasn't satisfied with pointing out that it had been decreed from the beginning that she must love him.

Swear you'll love me forever! The moment you stopped loving me I should want to die. Forever and forever, Your

LEROY.

Forever!

She went in to get Miss Mary to go to breakfast with her. The bell hadn't rung, but Miss Mary had gone. Tina hadn't, mercifully. On the summons, they made their way down together. Tina behaved well—as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Leroy was in the breakfast-room with Miss Mary and Mrs. Sambourne. He was laughing, and so were they, at something he'd been reading out of the paper. "Listen to this, Camilla!" As if she could listen to something in a newspaper! But she stood with a receptive air, hoping that she wasn't looking as if she thought anything particular had happened the night before. And had anything particular happened? "We've seen him like this more times than we can count," Tina had said. They all took that outburst on the stairs for Roy's nonsense. Ah, but they didn't know about the letter! And, indeed, in the light of common day, Camilla mightn't herself have "known" but for the letter safe and warm at her heart.

Half-way through the meal, Harrington began again about going to Orange.

"Oh, say, put it off till to-morrow," Leroy said, in the tone of one appealing to the dictates of reason.

Harrington, with a stubborn look, asked, "Why to-morrow?"

He was told "the governor'll be back to-morrow. This morning, we are going to ride—" Leroy turned to Camilla. "I've ordered the horses for ten. That do?"

Camilla sent an agitated glance scouting round for counsel. Mrs. Sambourne had fixed her husband with a mandatory look not lost upon the gentleman.

"We shouldn't dream of letting you run off with Camilla," he said pleasantly. "Anyhow, Harrington and I have arranged to take her to Orange. You can come if you are good."

"She told me she wanted to ride." And Camilla's widened eyes convicted Leroy so publicly of fibbing that everybody laughed.

"Your horses, my dear Roy!" His aunt shook her head. "I shouldn't have a moment's peace. You see, we are responsible for Camilla till her father comes back."

Leroy turned to her.

"Let's telegraph your father. Shall we?"

"To know if Camilla may go riding at ten?" Miss Mary answered for her.

As they rose from the table, Mrs. Sambourne put her arm through Camilla's and drew her aside.

"What is this about Leroy and you?"

"What is it?" the girl repeated. They looked at each other.

"It was a surprise to Mary that you had ever met him before."

"Yes," said Camilla, with a safe economy.

"We all love Leroy—but—" The slight movement of withdrawal on the part of the girl was warning enough, answer enough. "Anyhow, to-day I think you'd better let Granger and Hal take you to Orange."

"I should like that," said Camilla, with marked absence of enthusiasm. Two maids came in and hustled about. Mrs. Sambourne led the way into the hall. Roy was there.

"Ready now?" He looked round. "We'll go in here and write our telegrams." When Camilla had passed silently in, he made as if to shut the library door. "Oh, I beg your pardon, aunt Rosamond!" He stood aside as Mrs. Sambourne came in.

"Here are the blanks," she said, and stood talking about predilection in the matter of pens.

"Oh, any old pen'll do for me!" He seized the first to his hand and made a pass with it. "Clear the decks!" he seemed to say. The lady, far from clearing, continued to cumber the ground. She opened the morning paper, stood there, and with marked—one might say offensive—deliberation, she sent her eye up and down the columns. Leroy, in turn, sent his eye up and down the intrusive person. Something about his aunt in this new light struck him as funny. To Camilla, at the fire, he observed in a stage whisper:

"She learned this in the effete monarchies of Europe. This distrust of her kind." Mrs. Sambourne seemed not to hear. "Come along, Camilla!" He seated himself at the writing-table and began, "George Charlton, Steam Yacht Aloha, Old Point Comfort." Now what?

Camilla could think of nothing but what Mrs. Sambourne must be thinking. But it didn't matter, for Leroy wasn't bothering any longer about the lady.

"You'd better say: Am going to marry—to (economize the 'I' shows our heads aren't turned). Am going to marry Leroy Trenholme. Please send approval care Sambourne, and say when to expect you. Now sign it." He held out the pen.

Camilla hung there, half-way between the fire and the writing-table. Over the top of the newspaper, she caught Mrs. Sambourne's eyes.

"Things can't go so quick," the girl brought out.

"Why can't they?" He jumped up. Under the older woman's nose he took Camilla's hand and drew her into the bay of the window. "Things have got to go quick if they're to go at all," he said, in his headlong fashion. "Can you stand all these eyes pecking at us? I can't. That was why I broke loose last night. I saw if I didn't do or say something quick, to make 'em blink—shut up, you know—they'd go on for weeks pecking at us." He repeated his phrase with indignation, and then, with a glint toward his aunt, "Got rid of all but one now."

"Yes—but still," Camilla protested, very low, "last night—what a thing to say!"

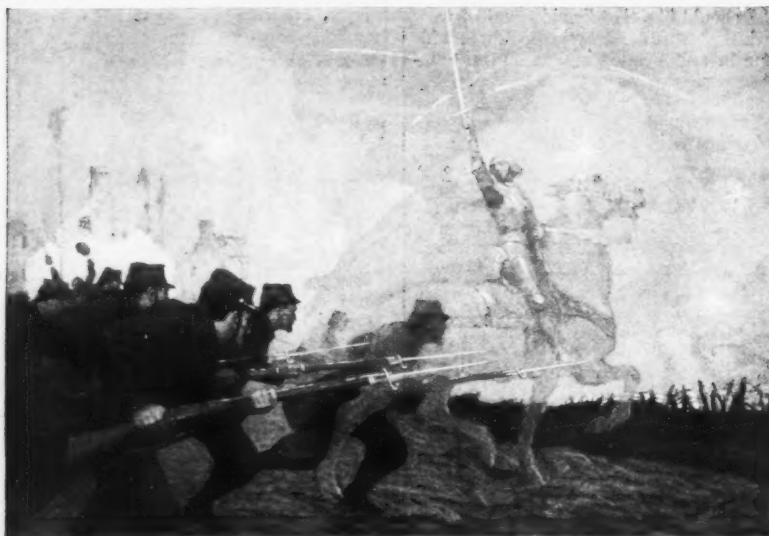
"The right thing! The only thing! If I hadn't, we'd have been weeks, months getting past all those barriers you'd be wanting to set up—yes, you, too!"

"What barriers?" Camilla said, in the same charged undertone.

"God knows! But you'd find 'em. And I'd be helpless, because it's true what I said about your scaring me. The first time I saw you yesterday, though I knew instantly what you meant, you gave me buck fever. Don't know what buck fever is? Well, it's what some hunters get the first time they see a buck. Sort of paralysed feeling your greenhorn has—old

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hand, too, sometimes; that's the worst of it—at the very moment when he's taking aim at his grizzly or his tiger—whatever it is he's got to bring down. Awful feeling of: 'Suppose I miss?' You can hear your bones being crunched, and your hand goes dead. And that second makes all the difference. You just *haven't* stopped the brute in time. But you're dead in your own mind before he gets his claws in you. 'Tain't nice—buck fever.'

"Did you ever have it?" she asked, staring at a dreadful scene—Roy, with only one charge left, confronting an infuriated wild animal.

"Oh, yes—twice. Once, when I was seventeen and they got me up on my legs to make an after-dinner speech. Everything in you just *stops* for that second. I tell you buck fever makes you weak as a baby. That's what you did to me. And you'd have gone on giving me buck fever if I hadn't just rammed the charge in and blazed away before they could wink. But you mustn't go on scaring me like that—or I'll go and die of buck fever." He laughed, and then, grave again, "Oh, you beautiful!" He lifted the hand he held and pressed it against his lips.

Camilla's startled eyes met Mrs. Sambourne's a second time over the open newspaper.

"Oh, she won't mind this!" Roy said, in a loud, cheerful tone. "Aunt Rosamond's accustomed to this in the exalted company she keeps abroad." Then his voice sunk to a whisper against her hand. "The real truth is, I couldn't wait. I wanted you to know. You weren't sorry. Can you say you were sorry?"

It appeared she couldn't.

"Well, my dear, have you reached a decision?" Mrs. Sambourne's cool voice and the deliberate crackling of the paper sounded strangely loud. "If it isn't to be Orange, we must let them know."

It was Orange, after all. Leroy went, too. They lunched with some friends, and then, with maddening slowness, they went all over the big, elaborate country house of which Harrington would spare them no single aspect or detail. In the upper hall, Leroy detained Camilla a moment on the pretext: "Oh, I've got a telegram I'd like to show you." And when he unfolded it, she saw it was the one he had written out for her and which she had signed.

"You never sent it!"

"Did you think I'd part with the signed contract?" He kissed her name and put the paper back in his pocket. "That was a waste, I admit, when I've got you." The banality was lifted up, glorified, not by the happiness only but, as so often before, by the sheer beauty of his face.

On her own initiative, Camilla had telegraphed to her sister Julia. She found the answer that evening when they got back.

Loving congratulations. Leaving for New York Saturday. JULIA.

Dinner had to be postponed to give the Orange party time to dress. And they sat so long at the table that the evening was far spent when, at last, they came out into the hall. With an air that seemed to deter the objector, Leroy took possession of Camilla. He guided her to the sofa in the corner of the hall.

"This is the half-way station." He planted himself in front of her. When the others, warned, perhaps, by the advertise-

ment of that "cold" shoulder, had passed on, Leroy sat down with a triumphant smile. "Half-way to the library. If it was anybody but you, I'd take you there straight." And then, aghast at the unconscious admission of the many others and the different methods, he looked down at the unsuspecting face.

"Oh, no—not the library!"

"Why not?"

"We must go in a minute and help with the singing."

"I won't help with the singing—or let you!" He allowed that to sink in; then, "We've got our affairs to settle."

"We can't settle anything till father comes."

Well, they would give Mr. Charlton time to get here. But Leroy'd be hanged and drawn and quartered if he'd wait for Mrs. Plumstead Atherley.

Camilla stared. What on earth did he mean?

"I'll bet she's the kind of woman that won't travel straight through. Stays all night at Jacksonville."

Well, yes; they all did that.

"Very well then; she'll be too late for the wedding." Camilla gasped. He seized her hand and crushed it. "I'm so horribly afraid something might happen—haven't an idea *what*," he added hastily, "but *something*." Then, in that dreadful way he had of drubbing the romance out of what he'd been saying, "The thought of losing you makes me bellow in my sleep."

She longed to tell him, "You won't lose me," but, instead of that,

"You see," she began, in grave haste, "there's so much—"

"Don't begin on clothes!"

"I wasn't going to."

"Well, what is there so much of?"

"So much for us both to know. Specially for me." She raised her eyes. "Tell me about you."

"What is it you want to know?" he spoke a little brusquely. But that might have been because the head of Harrington Sambourne had appeared, craning out of the parlor door.

"Come and sing, Camilla."

"She can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because I won't let her."

Harrington forced out a laugh, shrugged, and disappeared.

"The nerve of some people!" Leroy's eyes caught on the violets pinned at her belt. "I didn't send you those."

"No; Mr. Sambourne."

"The old man?"

"He isn't so old."

"Old enough to know better."

"I loved your lilies," she said, thinking to soothe him, "but I thought I ought to wear what my host sent me."

"Host!" What's a host compared to—Listen, darling!" He slipped his arm behind her. "You are never, never to wear any flowers but mine." She had no answer and no more than astonished looks when he took Mr. Sambourne's violets out of her belt and dropped them behind the sofa-back. He looked fixedly at her for a moment. Then he took her face in his hands and kissed her.

Even then, no word; but she was trembling as she stood up.

"No! No!" he whispered thickly, his hand on her arm. "Be good. I won't—I'll try not to do it—for a while," he



## Which Do Boys Like Better?

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added, with a suppressed laugh. "Come; sit down."

Slowly she slipped back into her seat. "What is it you were wanting to know?"

"About you."

"What about me?"

"Everything."

He gave her a sharp look.

"Oh! You want to know everything?" She glanced up at him with surprise.

"You want me to, don't you?"

"Well, I'm not so sure." He made a comic face. "'Everything' is a large order. For one thing, takes up such a lot of time. Why should we bother about things that are done with? We've got the future!" he triumphed.

But he did speak of his father—with curt approval and an undertone of something more than respect. ("Heavens!" thought Camilla, "if Roy is afraid of Mr. Trenholme, what shall I be?") "My father's the only person I've ever known whose opinion I cared *that* about."

"Didn't you care—"

But he didn't wait.

"I suppose what you want to know about is the women."

She winced inwardly at the plural. And then forgot the jar in listening to the story of Minnie Hale—the girl he was in love with when he was fifteen. She married an under-gardener. Then there was Luella Featherstone. One of those Atlantic-liner girls that haven't got any business on land.

"Why haven't they?"

"Search me! All I know is, the minute they step off the gangplank—" He pursed his lips and blew out an imaginary match.

Camilla contemplated this phenomenon with a wide-eyed gravity that threw Leroy into contortions of laughter.

"You are *too* beautiful!" He was driven to gather her into his arms. She was so intensely still that he drew away a little the better to see the face he had kissed. "Can't you understand," he whispered, "what it is after all the racket to find you? It's like coming out of one of our blazing, banging engine shops into my blue-grass field down in Kentucky. Only horses about. Nice, silent creatures, with satin coats and soft eyes. Plenty of mettle, too. I'm sure you've got mettle."

Camilla considered the point with misgiving.

"I'm afraid—"

"If you're *roused*—the thing is, you've never been roused."

"You haven't told me yet—" she began.

He slurred very lightly over the Isabelle episode. It has been nothing more, and it was ended.

"And where—where does"—she overcame a difficulty—"where does Linda Ballard come in?"

He laughed.

"What have they been telling you about Linda?"

"They say—" She had it all arranged in her mind in a neat little pile, as a housewife gathers together dust and rubbish. Camilla was therefore unexpectedly ready to throw out the Linda sweepings. "They say she takes money from men—and tells lies—and—"

"Mary told you that," he interrupted. "Aunt Rosamond is fairer to Linda. But why are we wasting time over irrelevant people?"

So Linda was "irrelevant." As if to call

her so wasn't enough, the relevant person was being kissed. All questioning shriveled, and fears fell away.

"Leroy!" Mrs. Sambourne was standing there.

"Yes?"

"I think some one of us ought, at least, to send a little message to meet Linda down at the docks, don't you? What ship is she taking?"

"How should I know?"

"Oh, I thought you naturally—"

Faint, far off, a bell sounded. They all three looked round.

"Now, who on earth is that at this time of night?" Mrs. Sambourne demanded. Leroy sat strangely still—waiting. They all three waited.

"What makes my heart beat so?" Camilla wondered. A servant came out of the dining-room and went to the door. "Suppose," thought Camilla, "suppose Mrs. Sambourne's letter is too late. Suppose it's Linda—"

A man stood there, explaining that this had been left next door by mistake. He handed in an envelop.

Mrs. Sambourne, in the act of moving forward to take it, threw out,

"She usually travels by the Cunard, doesn't she?"

Roy said he hadn't the least idea. He looked sharply at the envelop in Mrs. Sambourne's hand.

"Well, I think I'll *try* Cunard." She paused at the library door and opened the telegram.

"She's a wasp, that courtesy-aunt of mine!" Leroy whispered, between his teeth.

"Oh, it's for Miss Charlton!" the courtesy-aunt was saying.

The telegram was from Camilla's father.

Returning to-morrow night.

She scanned the words a trifle anxiously. He might have added something kind. But Leroy had recovered his buoyant spirits.

"Splendid! This time to-morrow—" he seized her hand again—"this time to-morrow night it will all be arranged." She knew she would have been in his arms again but for the courtesy-aunt and the others, who came pouring out of the parlor, on the way to bed. "To-morrow night!" he repeated the last thing.

She carried up-stairs the sensation—and it kept coming back again and again—as of a person lightly, unsuitably clad, being whirled along in a racing car, with the wind sweeping back hair and laces—nearly blowing your head off. You tried to hold it on—tried so hard you lost hold upon your thoughts. They went streaming out to the four quarters of the world. And you, dizzy with the flicker of the fences and the flying landscape, too confused to take in spoken words, were conscious only that the most glorious part of your life was madly cinematographing by.

The first pause in this breathless pace seemed to come with the news that awaited Camilla at the breakfast-table when she came down next morning.

A telephone message from Mr. Trenholme.

"Leroy off like that!" Mr. Sambourne showed his white teeth in a mocking smile.

Harder than ever now to catch that early worm before he went down-town.

Camilla wanted to know why it was harder.

"Well, my dear, formerly James Trenholme used to ride in the morning. Then he found that he could keep himself in condition by doing some pettigogging exercises. He couldn't get anything of a ride and change in less than an hour and a half to two hours. His horrible exercises only take fifteen minutes. So he's at the office anywhere from an hour to an hour and a quarter earlier than he used to be. Shouldn't wonder if he were a trifle longer getting off this morning. Long enough to put a spoke in my gentleman's wheel!" Mr. Sambourne chuckled as he looked at Camilla.

All the talk of the table circled round the father and son who had come together after an alienation that had tried them both.

"Specially Roy," Miss Mary thought. "I remember a talk with him after he'd done his best to see his father and been rebuffed. It was the only time in my life I ever saw tears in Roy's eyes."

"Yes; they're a funny pair," Hal said. "Both of 'em hard as nails really."

Mr. Sambourne contested that.

"There's a soft spot in every Trenholme. But *selfish!*"

Camilla asked for instances. The instances didn't convince her.

"I don't call *that* selfish."

They laughed at her for defending a man so extremely well able to defend himself.

"Not here, he isn't. He doesn't seem to have a friend." She looked round the table.

"Except Camilla!"

"Oh," said Mr. Sambourne, "I suppose you think you'll understand that sphinx?"

"Better than some," she said, with astonishing confidence.

But Mr. Sambourne reiterated:

"Yes, selfish. And jealous—with the worst sort of jealousy." What was the worst? The silent sort. That was the trouble between James Trenholme and his wife. He got it into his head. "Foolishness, pure, unadulterated foolishness," Mr. Sambourne said. "Never a better woman born. But I've always believed James broke her spirit. A ruthless beggar! He'd like to treat the people he disagrees with as he treats strikers. If James makes up his mind to put a spoke in your wheel, God help you!"

"Suppose he's putting in a spoke this minute," Camilla kept thinking, as one half-hour went after another. Oh, yes; the mere thought of Leroy's father put on the brake!

On the pretext of writing to Lucy, Camilla had escaped to her room. She sat with empty hands, recalling all she had ever heard of this man, whose hatred of publicity was no makeweight in the scale as against public curiosity. Camilla's knowledge up to now was only that which no one could escape who read the newspapers. Through that medium, too, she, in common with all the world, was familiar with his face. It frightened her to think of his face. That it should have some faint resemblance to his son's was a libel, an obscure menace. It was Leroy on a smaller, meaner scale to start with. Leroy with the glorious youth drained out of him, the contours sharpened, the eyes narrowed till they shut out joy. The mouth—oh, the mouth was terrible above all! A steel trap that had snapped upon its victim.

Poor Leroy!

